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OCTOBER 1993 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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Mordecai Richler on Kim Campbell

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Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have been successful conducting campus programs and battling political correctness.

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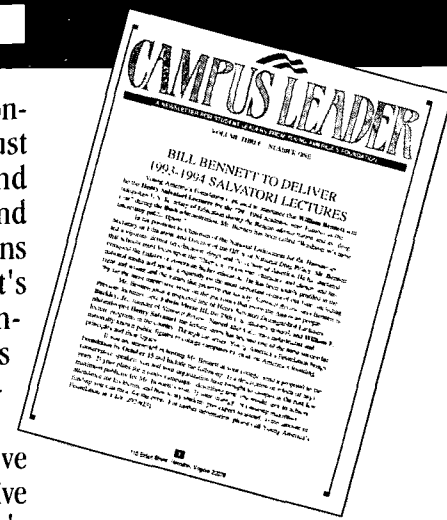
Now more than ever conservative students must be prepared to defend their beliefs. Knowledge and information are key weapons in this battle, whether it's understanding how to conduct a conservative speakers program, ward off "politically correct" administrators, or run an alternative publication. For twenty-five years Young America's Foundation has helped students with speakers, publications, training and advice. Now we introduce the "Campus Activist Package," a selection of Foundation publications that can give you the know-how and information to promote your ideas on campus.



Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It contains information on resources available from the Foundation, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters have decorated thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

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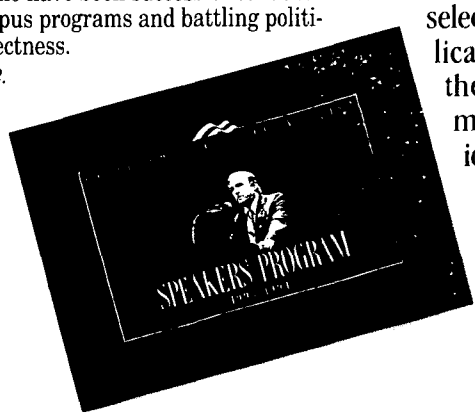

Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Russell Kirk, Bay Buchanan, William Bennett, Dinesh D'Souza, Phyllis Schlafly, Walter Williams, and many more. In recent years these speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

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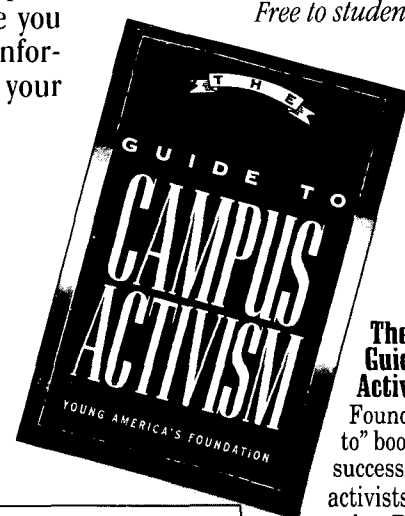

The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. Includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conducting speaking events, fundraising, how to defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

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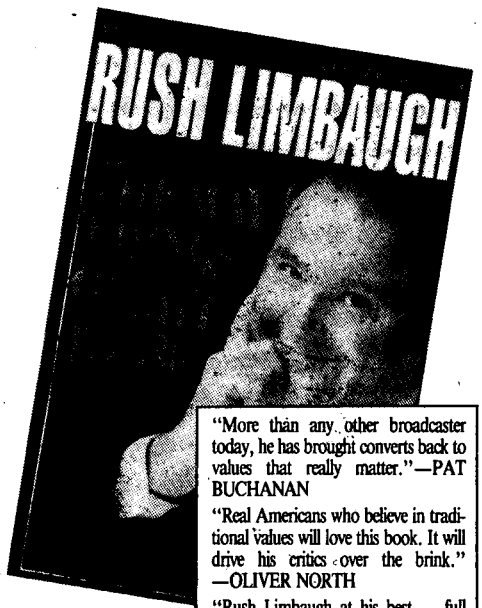

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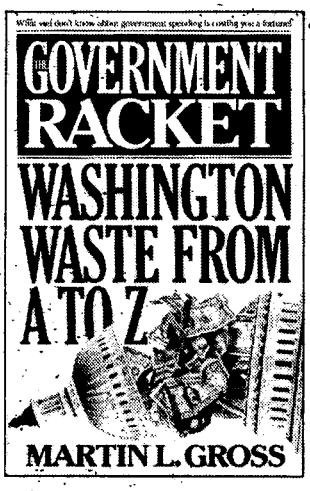

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> "A new idea, perhaps even a good one...but it needs to work both ways to be valid and effective."

Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came.

Should be 2-way street. In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installation of Sharm-el-Sheik, and the oil fields that Israel had developed. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible. No compromise, no concession is ever possible.

Conflict is with Arab nations. The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), the Gaza region and the Golan Heights. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But no peace will come about by Israel's giving up these areas of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use these lands as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the Palestinians. It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank", Gaza and the Golan Heights to Israel for the sake of peace. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

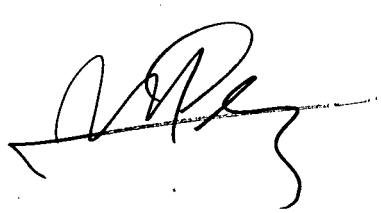
by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

ANOTHER APPOINTMENT, and Bill Clinton steps in it again. Trying to score big points while nominating Gen. John Shalikashvili to be the next chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Clinton recounted "a great American story" that began with young John "in 1944, when he was 8 years old, [fleeing with] his family . . . in a cattle car westward to Germany in front of the Soviet advance." Anyone with half a brain should have smelled something fishy, inasmuch as anyone fleeing to Germany in 1944 must have had collaborationist reasons for doing so, as apparently Dad did. Of course, countless people were forcibly transported into Germany in 1944 under conditions not even fit for cattle—to concentration camps and labor camps. But why complicate a cheap script?

MAYBE THE PRESIDENT should appoint a commission to combat historical illiteracy—and why not throw in geographic illiteracy while we're at it? The September 6 issue of *Time* has Boris Yeltsin recently "visiting Poland's Katyn Forest." Too bad the forest is located in western Russia, roughly a thousand kilometers from Warsaw, where Yeltsin did visit the Katyn memorial located in the Polish capital. Maybe it's just that the newsweeklies have a hell of a time keeping their facts straight, as Presswatch columnist John Corry demonstrates in reviewing coverage of the Vince Foster story (see page 54). An even bigger problem, he writes, is what goes unmentioned. Consider KAL 007. As James Oberg reports on the tenth anniversary of the Soviet shootdown (see page 37), all the facts are in, but the media aren't about to acknowledge their complicity in a decade's worth of mendacious coverage. Even a sober liberal journalist like David Remnick, who turned his Gorbachev-era reporting for the *Washington Post* into a widely praised if disappointing vacation book from Random House entitled *Lenin's Tomb: The Last Days of the Soviet Empire*, could travel to Sakhalin island—at a time when all the big lies about Soviet history were being exposed—and not mention the biggest big lie affecting the place. At least he discusses Chekhov.

THIS MONTH, TO RECTIFY some of the enormous gaps and misconceptions in our historical and cultural awareness, we begin a new column by the literary historian Kenneth S. Lynn (see page 50). His first assignment is Bobby Kennedy: the myth, the man—and the politician. Now here's a final test for President Bill: Which pol does he really prefer, Bobby, or that novice prime minister of the North, Kim Campbell? He met her in Tokyo, but thanks to Mordecai Richler (see page 43), he'll get to know her a lot better.



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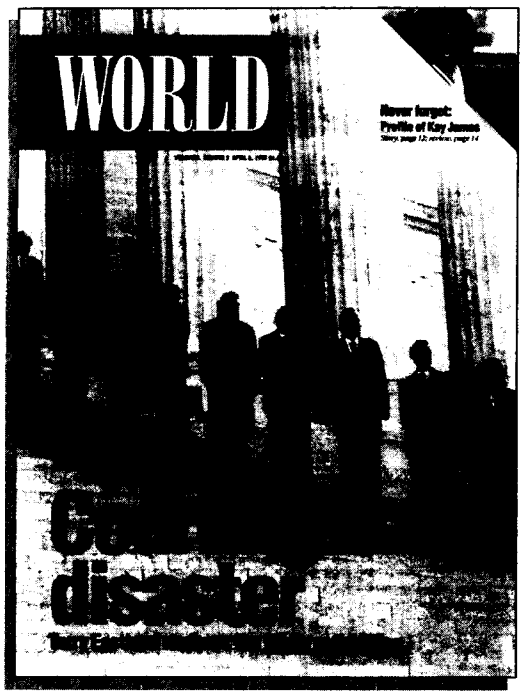

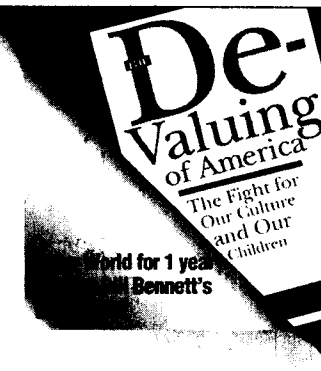

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Not to mention Ricki Seidman, Wendy Sherman, and many other anti-Clarence Thomas alumni determined to work under Bill and Hillary. It won't come easy if Senate confirmation is required, as Napolitano is about to find out—even with Senator DeConcini as her sponsor.

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The biggest bribery scandal this century has blown the Italian political class to pieces. Some lessons for our own corrupt elites.

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For 120 million mainlanders, maybe it already is.

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On the tenth anniversary of the shootdown, a U.N.-sponsored report has cleared up all the lies and disinformation surrounding the flight—and the Western press has chosen to ignore it.

Northern Exposure, by Mordecai Richler **43**

Canada's first woman prime minister, Kim Campbell, faces a tough election this fall. Is she woman enough to clean house? Or will she wind up paying for Brian Mulroney's brazenly corrupt departure?

Cover illustration by John Springs. Interior art by John Springs and Jake Tapper.

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• In August, Rachel of Toronto turned 4. Her birthday pageant was celebrated over three days. Tommy of Hollywood, age 6, spent a long weekend in northern California in honor of his special day. I imagine countless other youngsters found similar ways to prolong their birthday festivities. But topping them all was the biggest kid on the North American block, Bill Clinton. He spent at least nine days turning 47, partaking in at least three parties in at least three different geographic locations, the sort of observance normally set aside to commemorate the birth dates of the late George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Martin Luther King, Jr. President Bill received countless gifts, including from the hapless Al Gore a mediocre new biography of Thomas Jefferson that the *Washington Post* has compared to a high school term paper. Most curious of all the birthday tributes paid our leader, however, was the Four Tops' live South Lawn rendition of "Sugar Pie, Honey Bun." As Ben Stein would say, hmmm.

• The president revealed himself in other ways. On the golf course, for instance, it turns out that Mr. Clinton carries a lot more than fourteen clubs, in clear violation of USGA, PGA, and presumably EPA regulations. What's more, he takes so-called mulligans on any bad shot and hits a second ball, and a third, and a fourth, with only the last counting in his inflation-adjusted score. By month's end, there was new information confirming P.J. O'Rourke's thesis that Jimmy Carter's presidency was vastly superior to Bill Clinton's. Whereas under J.C. poverty in the U.S. Army was restricted to GIs on food stamps, under B.C. destitution in the military extends to the Secretary of the Army himself, John V. Shannon. On August 27, Shannon was accused of shoplifting $30 worth of goods from the Fort Myer Post Exchange. Lucky for General Colin Powell that Random House will pay him $6 million for his memoirs. Incidentally, was that a former general welcoming Bill Clinton to Oakland, California, with the sign, "Does anyone still support this dope-smoking, draft-dodging, wife-cheating tax sucker?"

• Fathers and sons was another prominent theme. There were accusations that Bill Clinton's biological father was a bigamist, and the name of another Clinton half-sibling surfaced. "Only in America," as Bill said on appointing General John Shalikashvili to replace General Powell as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on August 11. Whereupon it turned out that the elder Shalikashvili had fought on the Nazi side during World War II—against the Allies in Normandy! The daughter of Rep. Dan Rostenkowski was arrested in Chicago on cocaine possession charges.

• Vegetarians beware! Police in Frankfort, Indiana, arrested 20-year-old Mr. Brian K. Lyman for eating the bark off the saplings newly planted on the courthouse square. The tree skin would have made a tasty appetizer at California state senator Tom Hayden and actress Barbara Williams's wedding reception in sylvan Tofino, British Columbia. The two were married in a Buddhist ceremony in which they pledged to preserve old-growth forests. Now that Communist Vietnam is desperate to join the world's market economies, the previous Mrs. Hayden, Miss Jane Fonda, felt compelled to issue this directive to animal rights activists angered at her participation in La Crosse, Wisconsin's International Bison Conference and Trade Show: "If you are going to save buffalo, there has got to be a market element to it." Hail to the newest New Democrat!

• In other matters of the heart, a New Delhi judge has refused to ban a new movie because its theme song is entitled "What's Beneath the Blouse." His reasoning was based on the lyrics themselves, which, as sung by Miss Madhuri Dixit, are self-explanatory: "There's a heart beneath my blouse." In La Plata, Argentina, a 17-year-old budding Senator Packwood marched to city hall to fill out a death certificate for his fiancée, who refused to provide him with a "*prueba de amor*." Under cause of death, he wrote: "*Frigidez*." That doesn't seem to have been the problem between William and Elizabeth Greecham of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, UK, who carried on a "loud, aggressive, and terrifying" domestic battle for thirteen hours, much to the distress of neighbors living as far as 600 yards away. In court, Mrs. Greecham admitted there'd been an argument, but claimed it lasted no more than fifteen minutes. How time flies when you're having fun!

• Shortly after NAACP executive director Rev. Benjamin Chavis welcomed Mr. Rodney King into the fold, and said that King "has gone through an evolution" and will "work in Los Angeles in the 'hood with us," Mr. King did indeed get down to business. On August 21 he crashed his car into a wall in downtown Los Angeles and was arrested for drunk driving. On

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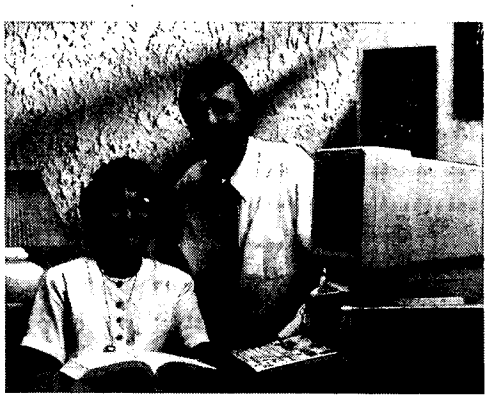
August 27, federal prosecutors said they would appeal as too lenient the two-and-a-half-year sentences meted out to his convicted malefactors, Stacey Koon and Laurence Powell. Bring back the cat! On August 7, ABC's "Nightline" program devoted an entire broadcast to charges that former President George Bush is a World War II–era war criminal, and a few weeks later the *New York Times* accused the Reagan administration of staging tests in 1984 to deceive the Soviets about Star Wars. Bring back Brezhnev! In Albany, New York, Governor Mario Cuomo finally found a piece of legislation that played to his philosophical interests when he signed into law a measure that allows public officials to insist on being called by gender-specific or gender-neutral titles. *The Hidden Life of Dogs*, a new book by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas, crept onto the *New York Times* bestseller lists, and the *American Kennel Club Gazette* produced new material to support Ms. Thomas's insights into the canine intellect. According to the *Gazette*, dogs can bark in a number of languages besides English. For instance, there's *haf-haf* in Czech, *vuf-vuf* in Danish, *ham-ham* in Romanian, and *hong-hong* in Thai.

• As the dog days of summer gave way to the season of back-to-school and college football, tragedy struck Wild Willie, the steer that was sexually harassed last fall by the Mississippi State football squad. On August 15 Willie broke a leg outside his Morgan, Mississippi pen, and is out for the season. In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, "Slow Children" street signs have been adjudged demeaning and at $100 a pop are being replaced by "Watch Children" signs, which should be more to Michael Jackson's taste. But why stop there, Harleysville, Pennsylvania's Mr. Jean-Pierre Maldonado asked the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. What about the blatant sexism of such highway signs as YIELD, SOFT SHOULDERS, CURVES AHEAD, and SLIPPERY WHEN WET?

• Law and order came to the Mediterranean resort of Cap d'Agde, where beach patrols cracked down on all sunbathers who ignored the "Nudity Obligatory" signs prominently displayed along a half-mile stretch of sand. In an obvious ploy to win foreign aid from the Clinton crowd, President Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe announced he will deport all whites who refuse to abandon their racist attitudes. Hate crimes against Rush Limbaugh multiply, ranging from Speaker Tom Foley blaming "advocacy radio" for Congress's lousy image to hit-men biographers promising to "make Rush blush." Just for the Limbaugh haters who may be reading, enjoy this juicy excerpt from the *Chicago Tribune*: "For many years, Rush was a deadbeat. When he and his wife split, Rush was ordered to pay child support. Maybe I am old fashioned. . . . I believe that when you father children, you are financially responsible for them. Apparently Rush doesn't share this view because he fell thousands and thousands of dollars behind. His wife would go to court, the judge would issue an order, and Rush would ignore it. His wife had to live, so she went on public aid." Sorry, fellas. I've been quoting from a Mike Royko column about Bobby Rush, deadbeat dad, former Black Panther, and—*pace* Tom Foley—current United States Congressman.

—*WP*



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Is It Unreal, Or Is It Immunex?

An article entitled "Another AIDS Scam" (by Byron York and Joe Johns) in your August 1993 issue discussed an experimental drug, alpha interferon, which was referred to in the article several times as "Immunex." The use of the mark IMMUNEX with respect to this experimental product violates Immunex Corporation's trademark and trade name rights. Such use has created confusion in the medical community and with our shareholders, and I would like to set the record straight.

Immunex Corporation is a Seattle-based biopharmaceutical company developing treatments for cancer and autoimmune disease. Alpha interferon is not a product of Immunex Corporation, nor is it related to Immunex Corporation in any way. Immunex has been using the name IMMUNEX since at least as early as August 1981. Since that time, the company has garnered substantial goodwill in its name and trademark.

Immunex Corporation takes no position on the efficacy or safety of alpha-interferon products used in the treatment of AIDS patients. However, we do object to the use of our trademark and trade name with respect to such products. We seek to avoid customer confusion, and we hope this letter clarifies this issue for you and your readers. —*Valoree E. Dowell*
Vice President, Corporate Communications
Immunex Corporation
Seattle, Washington

Byron York and Joe Johns reply:

Ms. Dowell is right. Her company doesn't have anything to do with the drug mentioned in the article. But in some parts of the black community, the drug is widely known as Immunex—because that is what Dr. Abdul Alim Muhammad and his followers in the Nation of Islam called it. It was sold under that name in Africa, and Muhammad made a point of referring to it as Immunex because he claimed to be selling the genuine treatment developed by scientists there. Other importers of the drug, respecting Immunex Corporation's trademark, sold it in the U.S. under another name. At one point, Muhammad took to calling the product Immuviron, but most of the time he has referred to it as Immunex.

Politically Koresh

As I am far to your left politically, I had never read *The American Spectator* until I picked up the August 1993 issue to read Daniel Wattenberg's article on the Koresh massacre ("Gunning for Koresh"). I confess that the *Spectator* is well-edited, well-written, consistently sprightly and informative and provocative, though much too ostentatiously conservative for my bent.

The Wattenberg article and Jeremy Rabkin's review of the gun control books were particularly insightful and interesting. As one who practices constitutional law for a living, I was impressed by Wattenberg's understanding of the relevant constitutional principles and his ability to present them in terms accessible to lay readers. The depth of his research and his mastery of the non-legal facts and their implications serve to make the article truly an outstanding effort on this subject, particularly in light of the sensationalism and credulity that have marked its treatment in the media generally.

—*Don B. Kates, Jr.*
San Francisco, California

It is of course a fair subject of commentary that a government agency is guilty of mismanagement. Daniel Wattenberg's paean to David Koresh (or, viewed differently, his diatribe against the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms) does not even make a convincing case of mismanagement. Instead, Wattenberg offers up second-hand charges of "sexual harassment" at ATF and a half-hearted defense of Koresh's sexual intercourse with minors and possession of a cache of machine guns. Since when does *TAS* cite "60 Minutes" or Hillary Rodham Clinton as an authority for anything?

With the substitution of "the Black Panthers" or some other subversive group for "Koresh," the rest of the article—an unconvincing apologia for the murder of four law enforcement officers and an armed standoff that lasted almost fifty days by a deranged and heavily armed cult leader—could have appeared in any number of leftist publications during the 1960s and 1970s. . . .

—*Mark S. Pulliam*
San Diego, California

Hats off to Daniel Wattenberg for the story on Waco, ATF, and all that.

I have one minor correction to Wattenberg's otherwise thorough research. Wattenberg writes that, if ATF fired first (as seems likely), then the Branch Davidians were acting within the law by returning fire. So far, so good, but Wattenberg adds, "There is no law anywhere that requires someone to offer himself as target practice, to federal agents or anyone else." In this, he errs.

It will not surprise readers of *TAS* that the law Wattenberg misses is found in the State of New York. There, it is illegal to wear body armor when the government decides to shoot you:

> **P. L. 270.20(1)**—A person is guilty of [a Class E Felony] of the unlawful wearing of a body vest [bullet-resistant soft body armor] when acting either alone or with one or more persons he commits any violent felony offense defined in section 70.02 while possessing a firearm [pistol, revolver, sawed-off shotgun/rifle] and in the course of and in furtherance of such a crime wears a body vest.

Of course, this is only the law for New York State. So far as I know, Wattenberg would be correct to assert something like, "There is no federal law, nor one anywhere in Texas, that requires one to offer oneself as target practice."

—*Jack Douglas Stecher*
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Congratulations for having the guts to do a piece on the Waco fiasco. The incident has been a great winnower of conservative men from conservative boys, the latter in general ignoring the incident (Rush Limbaugh) or even justifying the massacre (Oliver North).

The mature conservative will always be

(continued on page 86)

Correction

Due to an editing error in the September issue of *TAS*, Joseph G. Conti and Brad Stetson, authors of *Challenging the Civil Rights Establishment*, were listed as the book's editors in M.D. Carnegie's review. Apologies to Messrs. Conti and Stetson, to Mr. Carnegie, and to our readers.

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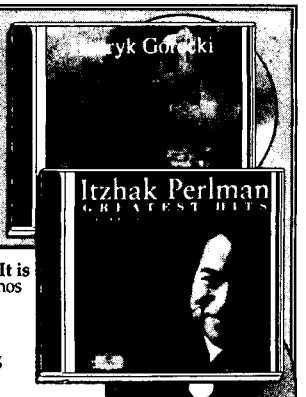

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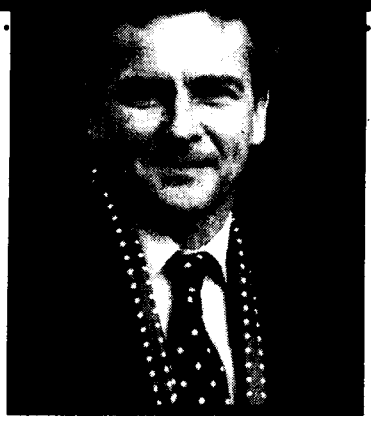

Stopping the Violence

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Connoisseurs of the national follies await the requisite outcry against the brutal and gratuitous murder of Michael Jordan's father. Then too, we await the outcry against the claim that Deputy White House Counsel Vincent Foster, before committing suicide, tore his suicide note into thirty or so pieces without leaving any fingerprints.

Is it possible that the nation's pundits and keepers of the national conscience are going to accept that the note found in Vincent Foster's attaché case had no fingerprints on it? What happened? Did Mr. Foster don rubber gloves before writing the note? Or did someone wipe the scraps clean? And if so, why? And what of the palm print we now hear was found on the paper? The redoubtable William Safire tells us that Mr. Foster oversaw certain questionable financial dealings on behalf of the Clintons. Should there not, now, be the full investigation into the Foster death that some of us have been calling for? Instead, from Official Washington there is silence.

And what about the murder of James Jordan? It now turns out that, while resting by a roadside in rural North Carolina, he was shot by two hooligans with a dozen or so unprocessed crimes between them. One had spent two years in jail for slamming a fellow youth over the head with an ax. The victim will be disabled for years, probably forever. The other brute had committed similarly ruthless acts and multitudes of other petty crimes. The brief lives of both can be duly characterized as crime sprees. Yet they were free in the early hours of July 23 to murder a man who was merely doing what all adults are advised to do when becoming weary behind the wheel, to wit, pull over and nap.

And what is the response from our pundits? Well, they urge that Michael Jordan, the victim's son, enter upon a personal campaign of pontification against violence, appearing in classrooms and on television ads. After all, as the *Washington Post* editorializes from the Fantasyland it inhabits, "Michael Jordan is probably the most famous man on Earth." Perhaps this is an inadvertent admission of what vacuums our intellectual authorities have become. For decades, the writers, scholars, and general eggheads of the progressive miasma have been absorbed with the so-called rights of criminals, the hypocrisy of society, the fascinating human interest stories of common thugs. The progressives who still dominate our culture continue to doubt the efficacy of punishment and the justice of retribution. Hard-working and law-abiding men and women bore them, while they remain smitten by the perverse and the violent. Naturally their reflexive response to this murder is the humbuggery of "gun control."

Of course, the solution to the violence that spreads ever wider throughout our society is not gun control. A society that cannot interdict so many other species of contraband will not interdict guns. Moreover, there are so many guns in the country that the authorities will not even be able to collect them. Nor will a society that cannot lock away the kinds of savages that allegedly murdered James Jordan punish gun owners or even indict them. Our courts are already overwhelmed with cases, many of which are frivolous, the frivolous being heaved in with the serious.

Actually, the country has a pretty good idea how to relieve the present wave of violence. Speedy prosecution of violent

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

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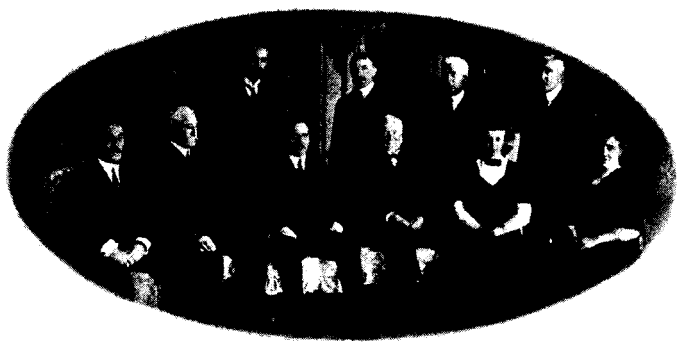

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offenders followed by severe sentencing is required. This, of course, means more courts and more prisons. It might even mean that judges give short shrift to the frivolous lawsuits that fill our courts and that laws be passed to dissuade litigants from bringing their personal problems into the courtroom. There, more critical matters are pressing. The alleged murderers of James Jordan should still have been in jail on July 23 if newspaper accounts of their lives are accurate.

Finally, it is about time that the intellectual and moral authorities of our society properly abominate criminals and come to the defense of society. Deride the fanciful violence that suffuses our entertainments. Denounce violence, whether it is found in the street, in pop music, or in sports. Advocate manners and law-abidingness. In other words, it is time our progressive intellectuals break with their time-honored rhapsody on a theme of perversity. ❐

At Dawn to Cast His Flies

Kitty Hawk, North Carolina

I end my summers at the beach standing in the surf and depopulating the oceans of their fish. At this, I am uncommonly successful, and in the well of our friendship I shall confide to you my secret: between casts I shout out across the waters choice lines from the poet Yeats—

> Why should not old men be mad?
> Some have known a likely lad
> That had a fine fly fisher's wrist
> Turn to a drunken journalist;

—and the fish are lining up to chomp my hook.

I also ruminate ceaselessly on the heroics of my president. This was a pleasant exercise in the 1980s, when we had a certain ex-actor in the White House. Today we have a practicing actor in there, though contemplating his act is not always pleasant and at times actually quite worrisome. Again, I summon Yeats:

> But actors lacking music
> Do most excite my spleen,
> They say it is more human
> To shuffle, grunt and groan,

—and apparently to jog and to gnaw on the lower lip. Yeats goes on to sing that such actors knowing nothing of "What on earthly stuff/Rounds a mighty scene."

As our populist president disports with the down and out of Martha's Vineyard, perhaps a passing Kennedy will apprise him of some of the stuff that "rounds a mighty scene." Bosnia is one of the mighty scenes he might consider with caution.

It was precisely one year ago while on this beach that I got a call asking me to fly to Croatia and Bosnia to review the condition of refugees there. Over the next few weeks, I made two trips with the entrepreneur Theodore Forstmann, who was leading a relief effort on behalf of refugees. In an open car, we bounced around the ever-changing war zones of Bosnia. We spent time in a beautiful city now wasted by the Serbian gunners in the mountains, Mostar.

Then the city's Muslims, originally comprising some 36 percent of the population, were in alliance with the city's Bosnian Croats, originally comprising 34 percent. The rest of the population had been Serbian, but now the city's population was in flux. Most of the fighting that I saw was defensive, Muslims and Croats opposing Serbian gunners above them. Last spring things changed, and now the carnage from Mostar suggests that the Croats are bombarding Muslim enclaves and starving their inhabitants.

What brought about this change? Some believe that Serbs dressed as Croat para-military forces provoked the falling out. Others believe that Bosnian Muslims were sent into Mostar from the countryside to ensure a Muslim preponderance in the event of elections. And still others insist that primordial Croatian irredentism provoked this warfare. Animosities go back centuries here. Return to Yeats:

> I walk in a battle fought over again,
> My king a lost king, and lost soldiers my men;
> Feet to the Rising and Setting may run
> They always beat on the same small stone.

Last fall, when I visited refugee camps and battle sites, the fear was that there would be mass starvation. That fear is alive again, along with fear that Serbs and Croatians are going to obliterate Bosnia while Europeans and Americans wring their hands in feigned indignation. If this happens, the green light will go on for warlords all across the ex–Soviet Empire to carve up their fiefdoms.

To prevent this new world order, writers as disparate as that man of the left, Christopher Hitchens, and she of the right, Jeane Kirkpatrick, have urged a credible threat to bombard the Serbian army and an end to the international arms embargo that hinders the Bosnian defense. Such policies, if combined with assistance for democratic factions in Serbia, might have pacified the region. But then, midst moral vaporings, President Bill Clinton came into office.

His policy has been idiotic. He pontificated and stood aloof. He capitulated to the Europeans' pompous inaction. He threatened to send in ground troops, the kind of reckless move that only an anxious dove would lurch towards. Now he talks of air strikes—or has he passed on to other implausible roles?

Actually, air strikes against the Serbs are feasible. The option has been advocated by military strategists such as John Keegan, writing in London's *Daily Telegraph*. Yet I fear Mr. Clinton is going to drop us into the hills of Bosnia alone. His sorry, anile secretary of state has already made a hash of things with the Europeans. Having had a year to read and reflect on this timeless stew of hatreds, I have come to the opinion that it is a European problem. Europeans must be convinced to lead NATO in military intervention to save Bosnia as a nation. If the Europeans will not we should not, for as Yeats has said, we live in a world where the best "lack all conviction" and the worst "are full of passionate intensity." ❐

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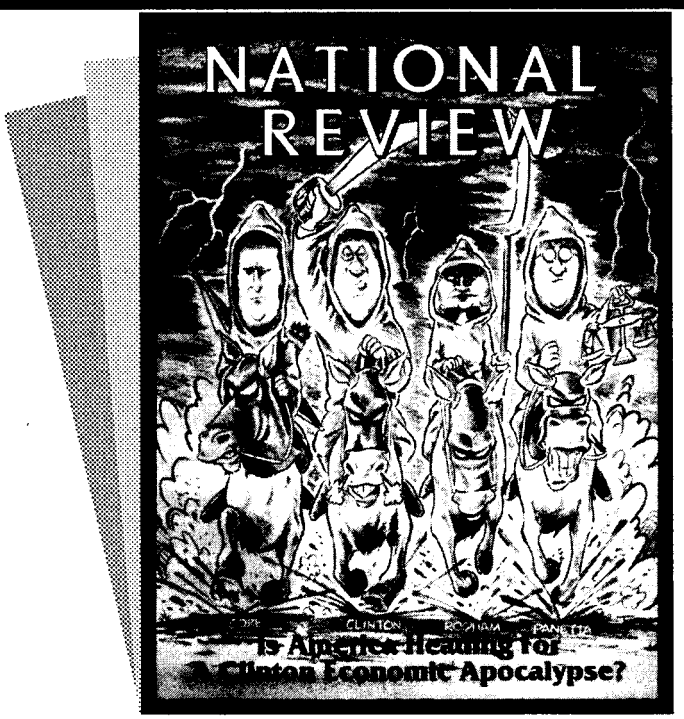

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The "Client" State

by Tom Bethell

Within days of coming out to California, I met three people who said they would like to sell their house but "couldn't afford to." One problem is that if you bought a house in the San Francisco Bay Area for (say) $50,000 in 1962 it may now be worth ten times that—in nominal dollars. But thanks to the state and federal governments' refusal to index for inflation, the nominal gain is treated as a capital gain and taxed accordingly. Thus the government stands poised to expropriate the homeowner who contemplates selling his house, even though he may have done little more than invest in an inflation hedge. For those over 55, there is an exclusion of $125,000, but this is insufficient to cover the loss in California's high-priced coastal areas.

Adding to the problem is an unintended effect of Proposition 13, which in 1978 limited property taxes to 1 percent of the purchase price (with a maximum 2 percent annual increase). Those who bought thirty years ago pay low property taxes if they stay in the same old house. But if they sell and move to a smaller one—as many old people would like to do—their property-tax bills may increase by a factor of four or five. Tax incentives, then, strongly encourage people to stay put. (Perhaps they do some remodelling—if they can get planning permission.) The result is that Palo Alto, close to Stanford University, and generally considered one of the most desirable parts of the Bay Area, is beginning to resemble an old folks' home. Older people can't afford to move out and younger people can't afford to move in. No-growth laws and environmental fanaticism see to it that not much new housing gets built. The result is a constriction of mobility and a stultification of the real estate market.

Do taxes affect behavior, then? Nah! According to the Clinton folk, that's just right-wing talk—trickle-down economics. But the Hoover Institution's Alvin Rabushka, a flat-tax supporter, told me the other day that H&R Block stock is up 11 percent since the Clinton tax bill passed.

Meanwhile the California real estate market has been dropping sharply, and if it goes down far enough it will take care of the "capital gains" problem. According to Jonathan Marshall of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the price slide is the longest since the Great Depression. Since 1990, prices are down about 20 percent. It's not unusual to hear of top-end property selling for two-thirds of appraised value. I spent one afternoon talking to Scott King, who has a condo in a famous Art Deco building on Telegraph Hill overlooking the San Francisco Bay. (It was featured in *Dark Passages*, a Humphrey Bogart movie.) One unit in the building was bought by an experienced property developer, remodelled, and put on the market a year later. He asked $500,000, received $425,000.

King lamented the decline of San Francisco, which has lost 30,000 jobs in the past two years. "There's no consensus about what sort of a city it should be," he said. One of the freeways into the city has not been repaired since the 1989 earthquake. The liberals who run the city make the Clinton administration look like moderates, and they are ideologically opposed to freeways. They wouldn't mind getting rid of all of them so that we would be reduced to mass-transit. (King is a medical-technology entrepreneur and an *American Spectator* reader. He tells me that his company is close to finding the cure for insulin-dependent diabetes. When he does, he promises, he'll give me the scoop.)

Like many others, King deplored the phenomenal number of panhandlers who reproach you from every corner in downtown San Francisco. One evening I walked through the business district with my friend Carlos Grider, denizen of Pier Nine and longtime resident of the city. He pointed out the office-for-rent signs along Sutter and Geary Streets, the waterfront restaurant where the parking attendant parks half as many cars as formerly, and the fashionable arcades near Union Square that must be hosed down and scrubbed every morning because the ubiquitous tramps use them as bathrooms. Herb Caen, the *Chronicle* columnist, today mentioned "the urine smell that now pervades the downtown area," and earlier referred to Urine Square.

"The city offers a staggering array of costly social programs," *Forbes* reported two years ago. "For instance, it grants general assistance relief of $340 a month to a homeless person after only three days' residency in the city, which explains why adjacent cities routinely bus their indigents in."

Just to be sure that this was still true, I phoned the city's Department of Social Services. Bobbie Rifkin, a "section manager" in the General Assistance program, told me that, well, no it isn't. The monthly grant has now been increased to $345 and there is no residency requirement at all. "Never has been," she said.

"How many people receive this payment?"

"Approximately 15,000 every month."

Which comes to $62 million a year, by my math.

She said the city has no intention of

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent and a visiting fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

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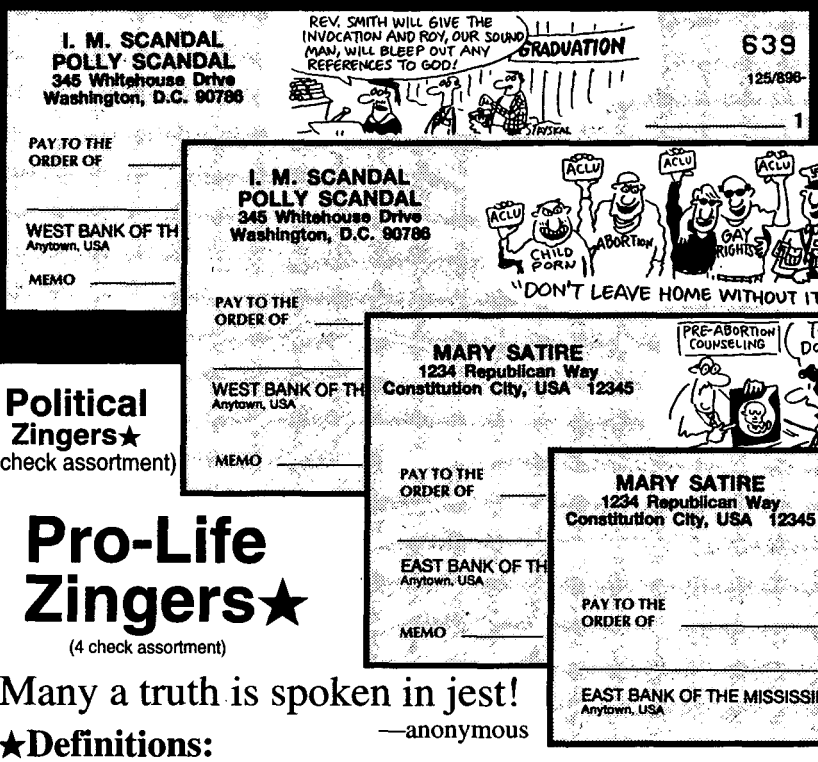

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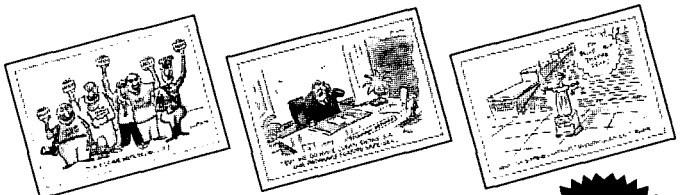

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cutting back on the grants but that through a ballot initiative this fall they do hope to make the program "more rational and accountable." In particular, they want to be able to fingerprint the "clients" so that they can match the prints with those of "clients" in other jurisdictions. There is some evidence that some of them roam about the state, collecting payments from different jurisdictions. Mostly, however, they come to San Francisco, where the payments are higher and the qualifications not very stringent.

A woman who works at the San Francisco Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation told me that to be eligible for General Assistance you must be 18 years old, legally in the U.S., ineligible for AFDC (the main U.S. welfare program), and "generally" must have no other sources of income. Your assets "have to be real low," she said. But you *can* own a car, provided it is worth less than $1,800, and you can own a home, if your monthly mortgage is less than the city's grant.

Need I say that the city's liberals, Herb Caen among them, have not taken kindly to fingerprinting? Wanting to spend other people's money on street people is a sign of great virtue in the peculiar moral universe of liberalism. Never mind the urine. The proposal to fingerprint has met with ostentatious bouts of indignation: the police state is back! *Chronicle* columnist Debra J. Saunders commented: "You would think homeless advocates would welcome a reform that would save money for this city's poor. But no, fingerprinting punctures the sugarcoating. It means admitting some recipients aren't complete victims."

Bobbie Rifkin told me that they only want to take an impression of index fingers, and as this is inadequate for police work, there's no danger they will be turned over to law enforcement anyway. "If they have nothing to hide, what's the big deal?" she sensibly asked. The mayor is in favor but the city's board of supervisors—Roberta Achtenberg was one of them, remember?—have said no, so the proposal will go to the voters in the fall.

Meanwhile the city keeps trying to balance the budget by raising taxes over and over again. The liberal attitude here was well demonstrated by Robert Scheer, a left-wing columnist with the *San Francisco Examiner* who used to be a *Los Angeles Times* reporter. He complained in a recent column that in even *hesitating* to raise taxes still higher, the city had "bought the blackmail—raise revenue and the multinational companies and hotels will flee. Excuse me, conventions and Fortune 500 companies are not going to Chico."

There you go—taxes don't affect behavior. (But windfall profits apparently do: Scheer was among many *L.A. Times* writers who left when offered a one-time-only salary buyout.) Maybe Scheer could get a job with Clinton's top economist, Laura Tyson. Leftists constantly accuse businesspeople of greed, but they also oddly assume that greedy people will not bother to take evasive action when their pockets are picked in order to sustain the destructive behavior of the liberals' favorite clients. Anyway, the city did raise taxes once more—a special payroll tax on gross receipts will now take effect at a lower ($100,000) threshold.

In his recent three-part series, Reinventing California ("Nation's Land of Promise Enters an Era of Limits"), *New York Times* reporter Robert Reinhold gave no explanation for the state's decline other than a reduction of defense spending. Southern California will show us, he wrote, "whether it is possible to transform the American economy from one based on cold war military spending to one based on peace." Keynesianism endures in such analyses. Not people working, but government spending is what drives an economy. There is no evidence for this, nor does Reinhold offer any. If it were true, the District of Columbia would be another Hong Kong by now.

In particular, he failed to mention the big state tax increase pushed through by Governor Wilson two years ago, amounting (on a static revenue-estimate basis) to about 17 percent of California's total state tax revenues, according to a recent study by A.B. Laffer, V.A. Canto & Associates. "If the Federal government today were to enact such an increase," the study explained, "this would be a one-year tax increase of over $200 billion, or a tax increase nearly four times larger" than Clinton's ($207 billion over four years). The top state income-tax rate is 11 percent, and if mandatory fees are taken into account, the tax burden in the state is now one of the highest in the nation.

Two years ago in this space, at a time when the news media were gushing over Wilson's tax increase, I quoted Laffer as saying the state was in for "an unpleasant surprise." Today he talks about the California "depression." Yet to come: the impact of Clinton's tax increases on top of Wilson's. The Clinton taxes will hit California harder than elsewhere, because there are (or were) more rich people here, and Clinton plans to soak them, remember? At the same time, there is a stubbornly persistent tendency among state officials to believe that there must be no more smoke, mirrors, or voodoo economics (tax cuts), and that belts (ours, not theirs) must continue to be tightened by the addition of more taxes, fees, and assessments. In short, there is a crying need for political leadership from someone who can articulate the virtues of the free market.

What else? Semiconductor manufacturers in Silicon Valley have shed over 10,000 jobs in the last two years. High taxes, a growing climate of regulation intended to discourage growth, and high real estate values make the Valley uncompetitive with burgeoning high-tech centers in other states. One of the partners at a moving company called Glen Hunter told me they had plenty of business moving people *out* of state, but then there was the cost of those empty trucks coming back in. In addition, workers' compensation insurance is now up to 30 percent of payroll, he said.

In July, the media trumpets sounded (much as they did two years ago with the tax increase) because the workers' comp law was revised. This sent a message to job creators, said Gov. Wilson: "California is coming back—this is a state friendly to employers and workers." But the fine print disclosed that weekly benefits for disabled workers will increase from $336 to $490 over three years, so let's reserve judgment. Supposedly, the new law will make life a little harder for workers' comp lawyers. Psychiatric injury on the job ("stress") will have to be "predominantly" work-related, not ten percent, as before. But it will be surprising if w.c. lawyers—Sen. Barbara Boxer's husband is one—are not able to figure out a way around the word "predominantly." ❐

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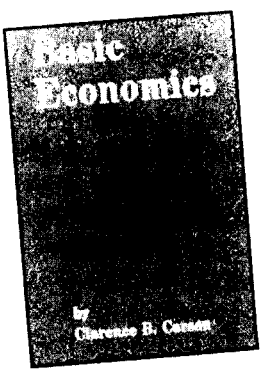

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Who Is Janet Napolitano?

Not to mention Ricki Seidman, Wendy Sherman, and many other anti–Clarence Thomas alumni determined to work under Bill and Hillary. It won't come easy if Senate confirmation is required, as Napolitano is about to find out—even with Senator DeConcini as her sponsor.

by David Brock

Shortly before last November's elections, Senator David Boren of Oklahoma made discreet inquiries with his Democratic colleagues on the Senate Judiciary Committee on behalf of the stalled nomination of Frank Keating, the former assistant attorney general and counsel to HUD Secretary Jack Kemp whom President Bush had nominated to be a judge on the Court of Appeals for the 10th Circuit, a district that includes Boren's home state.

The Keating nomination had been left in a typical pre-election confirmation limbo, as the Democrats hoped to capture the presidency and put their own people in. Boren, however, was somewhat startled to learn who one of these people might be. When Boren asked about the hold-up, Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio, the committee's canny liberal operative, told Boren, "That's Anita Hill's seat."

For several months, it was impossible to tell how seriously Metzenbaum's comment was to be taken. Then, in March and April, other discreet inquiries were made; the Clinton administration was seeking to gauge the reaction of Judiciary Committee senators to the prospective nomination of Professor Hill to fill the Tenth Circuit vacancy.

But once again the seriousness of Hill's boosters was in question. Clearly some in the new administration—perhaps even Hillary Rodham Clinton, who had praised Hill lavishly in an appearance at the American Bar Association Convention the previous summer—favored recognizing and rewarding the otherwise unaccomplished Hill for her role in the Clarence

David Brock is an investigative writer for The American Spectator *and the author of* The Real Anita Hill *(Free Press).*

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Thomas Supreme Court confirmation hearings. What better way to avenge the Thomas victory?

But many on Capitol Hill believed that the inquiries had been made by adept administration strategists, aware of the disastrous political consequences of such a move, solely as a way of pre-empting this very pressure from the party's left-wing activists both inside and outside the government. They could then be told in no uncertain terms that a Hill nomination wouldn't fly. The trial balloon thus would be floated and shot down simultaneously.

In any event, the response was, at best, less than promising for Anita Hill. Democrat Boren, always an unpredictable swing vote on a close issue, told one of the committee's Republicans that the conservative politics in Oklahoma—where the University of Oklahoma professor is about as popular as the BTU tax—would compel him to vote against Hill, just as it had compelled him to vote for Clarence Thomas during the original confrontation. (Later, appraising Thomas's first year and a half on the court, the notoriously protean Boren threw a bone to Thomas's opponents by saying that he regretted the vote.)

The prospective nomination of Hill to a federal judgeship, or to any other post, for that matter, has subsequently gone nowhere—though others with close connections to the hate campaigns waged against both Robert Bork and Justice Thomas have fared better. An early signal of the influence of these liberal legal activists came when Ricki Seidman, an aide to Senator Ted Kennedy, via People for the American Way, joined the Clinton campaign as manager of its "war room" in Little Rock.

Seidman had been People For's legal director during the Bork fight and was responsible for, among other slanders, an infamous advertisement on the judge's judicial record that his supporters found to contain ninety-nine misstatements of fact. She learned to manage "war rooms," then, in the Russell Senate Office Building, and later bragged to colleagues that she had single-handedly defeated Bork.

In the Thomas nomination, Seidman would stoop lower. She joined the Kennedy staff as a Labor Committee investigator shortly after Thomas was named and promptly began digging for dirt on the nominee. Tipped off by the Alliance for Justice that an Oklahoma woman might be willing to charge Thomas with sexual harassment, Seidman placed two crucial telephone calls to Hill in early September 1991, designed to pressure her into first acknowledging the harassment rumor and then speaking to the Judiciary Committee about it.

After the plan to scuttle the nomination behind the scenes failed, Seidman played a role in the leaking of Hill's confidential allegations to the media. A close reading of the report of Senate special counsel Peter Fleming, who investigated the leak last year, suggests that Seidman helped broker the leak of Hill's committee statement by James Brudney, then a staffer to Metzenbaum, by playing intermediary with National Public Radio's Nina Totenberg. Questions remain about whether Seidman later lied to Fleming (and thereby violated the False Statements Act) in denying knowledge of, and complicity in, the leak.

After the presidential campaign, Seidman, considered part of Hillary's circle, won a position as deputy to then–communications director George Stephanopoulos in the White House. Since then, the skilled operative has risen fast. In the May re-shuffle that brought in David Gergen as counselor to the president, Seidman became an assistant to the president and counselor to chief of staff Mack McLarty.

Seidman is now seen whenever a political brushfire needs to be doused—calling the shots in the budget reconciliation "war room," handling the details of the Clintons' blind trust after White House lawyer Vincent Foster's suicide, and, ironically, defending the administration's embattled nominees.

Seidman is now seen wherever a political brushfire needs to be doused—calling the shots in the budget reconciliation "war room," handling the details of the Clintons' blind trust after White House lawyer Vincent Foster's suicide, and, ironically, defending the administration's embattled nominees. "An eleventh-hour attempt to impeach a man of unimpeachable character" was how Seidman characterized concerns about assistant attorney general Webster Hubbell's membership in an all-white Little Rock country club. She ought to know: Seidman and People For had used this very issue to derail the nomination of Florida federal judge Kenneth Ryskamp during the Bush years.

But Seidman is likely to remain a staff-level operative, rather than get promoted into the policy-making ranks. Like Anita Hill herself, Seidman bears an ethical taint from the anti-Thomas campaign. Under oath for Senate confirmation and subject to an FBI background check, she would risk exposure of her nefarious plotting—and possible criminality.

Other Anita Hill–ites have been similarly tucked away in and around the government. Georgetown University law professor Emma Jordan—a professional acquaintance of Hill's who assembled her legal team during the hearings, and was co-sponsor (with Hill) of last October's Georgetown conference on "Race, Gender and Power in America"—served as the Clinton transition adviser for the office of attorney general. Judith Lichtman of the Women's Legal Defense Fund, a friend and adviser of Hillary's, has yet to take a formal post. Lichtman lobbied a very reluctant Hill—using Georgetown University sexual

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harassment expert Susan Deller Ross as an intermediary—to put the harassment charge in writing. Melanne Verveer, another People for the American Way veteran, is in a top job on Hillary's staff; she worked very closely with Seidman on the Bork nomination, but unlike her compatriot, Verveer was not involved in soliciting or publicizing Hill's charges.

The nomination of Yale law professor Drew Days as solicitor general raised the question of whether he could serve effectively as the government's chief litigator, having previously testified before the Senate that a judge he would be appearing before—Thomas—was unqualified for the job. But Days, who was easily confirmed, had opposed Thomas on political grounds (he didn't like Thomas's critique of affirmative action), and wisely stayed out of the Anita Hill mess. Likewise Walter Dellinger, the Duke University law professor who is now head of the Office of Legal Counsel at Justice. A sometime adviser to Judiciary Committee chairman Joseph Biden, Dellinger, who worked hand in glove with both Seidman and Verveer against Bork, told the Senate that his role in the Thomas fight had been limited to analyzing Thomas's views on natural law.

Appellate Judge Jon Newman of Connecticut, the first choice of the activist groups to fill the Byron White vacancy on the Supreme Court, however, did get caught in the cross-hairs. It is widely thought that Newman was struck from the short list of contenders early on because the sitting judge had improperly inserted himself into the Thomas confirmation struggle. Newman raised questions about whether he had violated judicial ethics when he penned an openly partisan op-ed piece in the *New York Times* on the day Hill and Thomas were to appear before the Judiciary Committee. Imploring President Bush to withdraw the Thomas nomination, Newman wrote:

> The president said Judge Thomas was the person best qualified in the entire country. No one seriously thought this was true. He has a mediocre educational record followed by some years of useful government service and 17 months of judicial experience undistinguished by any notable opinions.

Stepping in it further, Newman essentially called Thomas a liar by stating, on the basis of no evidence, that something untoward had likely happened between Thomas and Hill. When Newman's name surfaced in the press as a leading contender to replace White, Republicans were quick to circulate his unfortunate op-ed. (Another almost-nominee was Charles F. C. Ruff, a former U.S. attorney in Washington who was asked by Hill's lawyers to find an examiner to conduct Hill's secret polygraph. Ruff was derailed when it was revealed he had not paid Social Security taxes for domestic help.)

Wendy Sherman, therefore, was the first Clinton nominee to pass through the Anita Hill gantlet. A former top aide to Senator Barbara Mikulski and former executive director of EMILY's List, Sherman was a member of Hill's public relations team, which convened along with her lawyers at a downtown Washington law firm on the day before Hill testified publicly. This spring, Sherman was named assistant secretary of state for legislative affairs. In introducing her former aide to the committee, Mikulski did not mention Sherman's role in the Thomas hearings, though she did note, "She's combat-ready."

Senator John Danforth of Missouri, still distraught over the savaging of Thomas, submitted a detailed list of written questions to Sherman, relating to her role in helping prepare Hill's testimony. Sherman's answers were not terribly enlightening, because the lawyers and public relations people worked separately that weekend in October 1991, and she was not therefore at the center of the chicanery. Despite some tough questioning in the hearing from North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms as well, Sherman breezed through.

Did Napolitano instruct or advise Hoerchner to change her answers to the committee's questions? If so, as a lawyer Napolitano can be held responsible for the changed testimony.

The testimony of the next nominee to run the gantlet, however, could prove more interesting, for one of Hill's lawyers, Janet Napolitano, was nominated by the president on July 2 to be the U.S. attorney—the top federal prosecutor—for the Arizona district. Napolitano orchestrated a highly controversial episode that bears on the truth of Hill's claims against Thomas and the veracity of Hill's star witness.

Who is Janet Napolitano? Before entering the Thomas-Hill fray, she was simply another well-connected feminist lawyer. A native of New Mexico, Napolitano, 35, attended the University of Santa Clara and the University of Virginia Law School. She then clerked for Judge Mary Schroeder of the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals, who is thought to have been considered for the recent high court vacancy. Before being named U.S attorney, Napolitano had specialized in appellate and commercial litigation at the Phoenix law firm of Lewis & Roca.

Last March, Attorney General Janet Reno, in one of her first official acts, fired all ninety-three sitting U.S. attorneys; if political connections are paramount in such maneuvers, then Napolitano, who has no prosecutorial experience, fits an emerging pattern in this administration. Certainly Napolitano is as much a political activist as a lawyer. She has been a member of the Democratic National Committee and was the first woman to hold the number-two post in the Arizona Democratic Party. She has managed various state Senate races and worked on the Clinton campaign in Arizona.

Napolitano is also a full-fledged feminist. According to the *Phoenix Gazette*, she was the keynote speaker at a May

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1991 pro-choice rally against the Supreme Court's decision barring the use of federal funds for abortion counseling. "This is a court that will violate its own procedures and precedents," Napolitano was quoted as saying. "It chose to interpret the regulations in the most anti-choice, anti-women, anti-poor-women way possible." This past April, Napolitano was the featured speaker at an American Association of University Women panel on—what else?—"Breaking the Glass Ceiling."

Napolitano's ideological and political godfather at Lewis & Roca is partner John Frank, the former Yale law professor who argued the landmark *Miranda* case before the Supreme Court in 1964. Like Ricki Seidman, Frank has Robert Bork's blood on his hands. He is credited with (or blamed for) leading the activist groups in generating media and grass-roots opposition in Arizona against Bork as though he were a political candidate. Caricaturing Bork as a "judicial activist," Frank also personally and successfully lobbied his friend Senator Dennis DeConcini, the Judiciary Committee Democrat and former prosecutor who often votes with the Republicans, to come out against the nominee—a turning point in the struggle.

Frank and Napolitano have served together as lawyers for the state Democratic Party. Frank is also the lawyer Napolitano has to thank (or curse) for bringing her to Washington and onto the Anita Hill legal team. The team was hastily assembled by Emma Jordan and University of Southern California law professor Judith Resnik following the reports of Hill's allegations on National Public Radio and in *Newsday* on October 5, 1991. It ended up including, most prominently, Charles Ogletree of Harvard University, Susan Deller Ross, Washington lawyer Warner Gardner, and Frank and Napolitano, who, according to an article in the *American Lawyer*, were assigned the handling of procedural matters with the Judiciary Committee.

One of these responsibilities, apparently, was to monitor the interviews of witnesses conducted by committee lawyers prior to their sworn testimony. Clarence Thomas had no such representation in these interviews. Why Hill's team was permitted to attend the interviews remains a mystery.

On the afternoon of Friday, October 11, the committee conducted an interview of Judge Susan Hoerchner, Hill's main witness. In attendance were four committee lawyers; Hoerchner and her husband, Fred Gray, a fellow worker's compensation judge in California; Ronald Allen, Hoerchner's New York lawyer; and Napolitano, representing Hill. That morning, Hill had testified that she had gone to work for Thomas in the fall of 1981 and that the harassment had commenced three months later, in December 1981 or January 1982. Hoerchner would testify on Sunday about one telephone call from Hill in which Hill allegedly complained of this harassment by Thomas.

During the course of the Friday interview, Hoerchner

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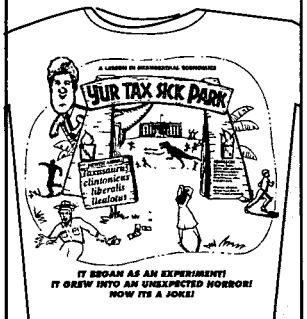

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recalled several things about this one call: that it had occurred "sometime before September 1981"; that it was "at a time when we spoke fairly regularly by telephone;" and that "she told me she was undergoing sexual harassment at work by her boss." Questioned further as to how she placed the date, Hoerchner said she remembered the call as having taken place in Washington, and she had moved to California in September 1981. She also said she had "less than sporadic" contact with Hill thereafter. Indeed, her only recollection of a conversation with Hill after September 1981 was in December 1984, long after Hill herself had left Washington.

In other words, by the logic of Hoerchner's account, she and Hill had not spoken during the entire time that Hill had worked for Thomas, and thus any sexual harassment complaint by Hill could not have been directed at him. Indeed, in a prior telephone interview with Biden staffer Harriet Grant, Hoerchner, without hesitation, had placed the time of the call as "the spring of 1981," six months before Hill went to work for Thomas. Hoerchner also indicated that she had been unsure that Thomas was the harasser Hill had complained about until Hill confirmed this to her in a conversation on the day Thomas was nominated to the high court.

In effect, DeConcini rolled Clinton on Napolitano long before he rolled him on the budget.

By a certain point in Hoerchner's interview with Judiciary Committee staffers, the lawyers present, including Napolitano, seemed to notice that Hoerchner's story did not jibe with Hill's. This was the final round of questioning about the date of the call, where Hoerchner herself seemed to realize that, if her chronology was right, Hill had complained of harassment *before* she went to work for Thomas:

> Q. And, in an attempt to try to pin down the date a little bit more specifically as to your first phone conversation about the sexual harassment issue in 1981, the year you mentioned, you said the first time you moved out of Washington was September of 1981, is that correct?
> A. Right.
> Q. Okay. Were you living in Washington at the time you two had this phone conversation?
> A. Yes.
> Q. When she told you?
> A. Yes.
> Q. So it was prior to September of 1981?
> A. Oh, I see what you are saying.
> Q. I am just trying for the benefit of everybody to get to the truth, to pin down the—
> A. I think I was. Yes. I'm sorry. That isn't something I can—
> Q. Okay.
> A. I was living in Washington prior to that time. I'm not sure that was the time of the phone call, but I really think it was.
> Q. Okay. You were or were not living in Washington when you think you had this—do you think you were living in Washington or not?
> A. I think I was.
> Q. So that would make it prior to September of 1981.
> A. Yes, if my memory is—

At that point, Napolitano interrupted. "Can I meet with the witness? Can we talk for just a minute?" The interview then went off the record. When the interview came back on the record, following the Napolitano gap, Hoerchner no longer recalled anything about the timing of the call or where she was living at the time—a posture she continued to maintain when questioned under oath on Sunday and subsequently. Hoerchner's recollection that the call took place prior to September 1981, when both she and Hill were living in Washington and Hill was working for the Wald, Harkrader & Ross law firm, vanished:

> Q. When you had the initial phone conversation with Anita Hill and she spoke for the first time about sexual harassment, do you recall where you were living—what city?
> A. I don't know for sure.
> Q. That's all I have.

Hoerchner's amnesia about the call has overshadowed another clear shift in her account, again following the off-the-record consultation with Hill's lawyer. At first, Hoerchner stated that Hill had told her she was the only person Hill had ever told of the harassment:

> Q. Did she ever relay to you that you were the only person who knew about these allegations or these problems she was having at work?
> A. I think she told me that more recently.
>
> [Later]
>
> Q. I should have asked you this earlier, and I apologize. You said, going back to the you were the only person—Anita Hill told you you were the only person who knew about the allegations of sexual harassment, and you said that she reiterated that recently to you. Was this in one of those phone conversations?
> A. No. She never told me until recently.
> Q. That you were the only person that knew.
> A. Right.
> Q. When did she tell you that?
> A. It may have been around the time that she wanted to know if I would talk to the FBI.
> Q. So we're talking the last couple of weeks of September?
> A. Very recent, yes.

Yet immediately after the Napolitano gap, Hoerchner—unprompted by any question—flatly changed her story. While she had previously said that Hill had told her she was the only witness, Hoerchner now claimed it had been the FBI who told her. As he began the next round of questioning, Biden aide Mark Schwartz seemed to suggest that this "off-the-record" consultation was unusual:

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Q. Let's just say we took a break. I don't know what it was that happened. But that is correct, it was a break.

A. Okay. I recently came to the conclusion that I was the only one that she had told at the time. And I believe that the basis for the conclusion was that I was told by the FBI agent who interviewed me that there were only three names on—either in the affidavit or stemming from her FBI interview. I am not sure which, I think the affidavit and that my name was the only one she had listed as a corroborating witness.

Now the three names are, of course, herself, Thomas and myself. I don't know whether what he said to me was accurate or not.

This shift appears to have been made to cover up an embarrassing inconsistency in Hill's story. If Hill had told Hoerchner that she was the only witness, how could Hill have claimed—as she had that morning in sworn testimony—that she had told three others? But if the FBI had told Hoerchner, well, the FBI could have had incomplete information. In any case, it seems implausible that the FBI would divulge confidential information from Hill's FBI interview to a witness.

At another point, a Napolitano interruption derailed a critical line of questioning as to whether Hoerchner had dealings with Senate staffers prior to the time that Hill's charges were made public. This inquiry might have established how deeply Hoerchner was involved in pressuring Hill to come forward and promoting the charge on Capitol Hill:

Q. I mean prior to this time, have you talked to staff people other than Senator Biden's staff people?

A. Okay. I called—let me—

Q. You want to go off the record? Sure?

[Off the record]

A. [Terry Wooten, aide to Senator Strom Thurmond]: Let me just say this for the record. I am a little concerned when I ask you a question now—you know, I don't mind people consulting their lawyer, but to go out and talk about it and come back, I am concerned about how that may affect the answer I am trying to get.

Wooten's palpable frustration goes to the heart of the matter: Did Napolitano instruct or advise Hoerchner to change her answers to the committee's questions? If so, as a lawyer Napolitano can be held responsible for the changed testimony. While Hoerchner was not under oath during the committee interview, she was under oath on Sunday, when she repeated the altered story, telling the committee that she could remember nothing about the timing or date of the phone call and that it was the FBI—not Hill—who told her she was the only witness. Napolitano may have coached Hoerchner on the changes Friday and allowed her to commit perjury on Sunday to protect Hill's case from unravelling.

If so, this would be a serious ethical violation by Napolitano, raising questions about her character and fitness to serve as a federal prosecutor. Napolitano's pending Senate confirmation for the four-year post of U.S. attorney is just the place to try to lay these concerns to rest, but this may mean essentially re-opening the Senate hearings, taking on the culture that has mythologized Anita Hill, and crossing a powerful senator who is Napolitano's unlikely sponsor.

In the aftermath of the hearings, Janet Napolitano's name was bandied about in the "Year of the Woman" as a challenger to Arizona's Republican Senator John McCain. "Ever heard of Janet Napolitano?" syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman opined after the hearings. "Meet the PCTC, a Post Clarence Thomas Candidate." Napolitano ultimately decided against making that race, though political observers speculated that she might challenge Senator Dennis DeConcini in the Democratic primary in 1994 on an "I believe Anita" platform.

DeConcini had broken ranks with committee Democrats and announced his support of Thomas before Hill's charges surfaced. He maintained that position unwaveringly throughout the second round of hearings. DeConcini, who was implicated in the Keating Five influence-peddling scandal, has more to worry about than his vote for Clarence Thomas.

But DeConcini apparently saw the chance to atone for his sins against the feminists and, more importantly, eliminate a potential primary opponent. This was a man who, after all, had imported Barbara Mikulski to his state six months after the hearings to endorse his re-election. Mikulski was supposed to counter the efforts of a group called Democratic Women Against DeConcini, which had been formed after the Thomas-Hill hearings to identify a woman to challenge DeConcini in a primary.

The presidential polls hadn't been closed for long when DeConcini wrote to the president-elect recommending Napolitano as the candidate for U.S. attorney in Arizona. "It is my impression the Clinton administration is searching for

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individuals who are intelligent, hard-working, and dedicated to public service. Janet clearly fits within that category," he wrote.

He then called a press conference to announce his choice publicly. Senators always play an important role in advising the White House on such nominations, but even so, DeConcini seemed to be in quite a hurry. The public announcement, before Clinton had even nominated an attorney general, put the administration in an awkward position. If it chose not to nominate Napolitano, for whatever reason, it would be flouting the wishes of the senior senator from Arizona, whose support would be needed to pass the president's ambitious domestic program. In effect, DeConcini rolled Clinton on Napolitano long before he rolled him on the budget.

Even so, the White House was not immediately prepared to accede to DeConcini's wishes. In April, Justice named Daniel Knauss, the deputy U.S. attorney in Phoenix, to fill the post on an interim basis after Reno cleaned house. According to an April report in the *Arizona Republic*, a White House personnel official, Kevin O'Keefe, told staffers to DeConcini that Napolitano was not named as the interim attorney general because of concerns about her role on Hill's legal team.

For her part, Napolitano downplayed her connection to Hill, saying her role was "a four-day representation in a ten-year legal career." And DeConcini was not pleased. "What Senator DeConcini is upset about is this foolishness about delaying her nomination because she was Anita Hill's lawyer," DeConcini's spokesman Bob Maynes told the newspaper.

Foolishness? DeConcini and Janet Reno may think so, but Republicans should not pass up the only opportunity they are likely to get to find out what went on during the Napolitano gap, and whether Napolitano helped cover up the commission of a crime. This could be the investigation that the American public never got, when the Senate decided that special counsel Peter Fleming would only look into the leak of Hill's allegations to the press rather than the central matter of who committed perjury.

A long *Washington Times* editorial in May warned of potential rough sledding for a Napolitano nomination, but it was sent forward regardless on July 2. A Senate hearing for a U.S. attorney nominee would be somewhat unusual, but the Senate committee may hold one if it wishes. The Napolitano case provides a circumstance sufficiently extenuating to warrant a hearing, particularly since the potential subornation of perjury occurred during a Judiciary Committee proceeding. Short of a hearing, any senator may have his staff investigators ask Napolitano about her role. Since Napolitano was Hill's lawyer, not Hoerchner's, it is unclear whether she would be able to claim attorney-client privilege if questioned under oath about changes in Hoerchner's testimony.

When Senator Orrin Hatch, the committee's ranking Republican, was apprised of the July nomination, alarm bells went off. He is currently weighing the pros and cons of making an issue of Napolitano's role. Hatch is close to DeConcini, and the relationship has paid off for the Republicans over the years (unlike Hatch's friendship with Ted Kennedy). Hatch campaigned for DeConcini in 1988, outraging the GOP.

Moreover, his political advisers do not want Hatch—who is also up for re-election next year—to do anything to raise memories of *The Exorcist* and Long Dong Silver. Trolling for feminist votes in Utah, however, seems a waste of time. Why not score political points by defending his role in the hearings and investigating a key discrepancy thoroughly? Hatch might also allay the concerns of some in the GOP that the committee, under his leadership, has been too easy on Clinton nominees. (Hatch aides argue that they have chosen their targets carefully and point to Lani Guinier as Exhibit A.)

If Hatch demurs, Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, who won a close re-election race against feminist fundraiser and Hill supporter Lynn Yeakel, may be curious about the famous change in Hill's testimony, when she at first claimed that she had not been told by Senate staffers that Thomas might withdraw his nomination if she came forward, and then admitted that she had been told just that. Had she not corrected her testimony, Specter said, Hill might have faced a perjury charge. Specter is also the only senator who questioned Hoerchner publicly about the changes in her story.

Senator Hank Brown of Colorado, one of the committee's more earnest members, is said to be interested in questioning Napolitano further, and the two GOP newcomers to the committee, William Cohen of Maine and Larry Pressler of South Dakota, are also considered apt to voice concerns. They are less skittish about the "Anita Hill effect."

Cohen, in fact, recently referred to yet another unsettling change in Hoerchner's sworn testimony during Senate debate on the nomination of Roberta Achtenberg as an assistant secretary at HUD. Discussing a fishy aspect of Achtenberg's confirmation testimony, Cohen referred to Hoerchner's testimony during the Thomas hearings, when she said she had not filed a sexual harassment complaint against a fellow workmen's compensation judge. Then, when Senator Alan Simpson produced a record of the charge, Hoerchner said, "I cannot say that I didn't."

Reading the entire Simpson-Hoerchner exchange into the record, Cohen said, "What struck me about the testimony was that it was not forthright; it was not candid. It was, in fact, I think, designed to, if not deceive, at least to confuse, to be less than candid."

The changes in testimony by Hoerchner appear to be far clearer cases of perjury than any "lying to Congress" charges ever pursued against the Republicans in the Reagan-Bush years. At the very least, an explanation from Janet Napolitano ought to be the price of confirmation. ❐

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Michael Ledeen

Italy's Great Purge

The biggest bribery scandal this century has blown the Italian political class to pieces. Some lessons for our own corrupt elites.

A year after François Mitterrand was elected president of France, I asked Italian Socialist leader Bettino Craxi what he thought of him. He scowled. "It's as if we had never existed," he shot back. "All the stupid things we did in twenty years he's repeated in twelve months."

Mitterrand was neither the first nor the last Western leader who could have avoided a lot of trouble by paying attention to Italy, the political laboratory of the Western world. In this century alone, the Italians have given us Fascism, Eurocommunism, and Euroterrorism. For the past year and a half the Italians have been conducting a particularly volatile experiment in revolutionary politics.

In February 1992, a Milanese businessman, who had been shaken down for payoffs by a local Socialist, filed charges. The investigating magistrates followed the money trail, and it led them into a vast network of commissions, bribes, and payoffs, largely in the hands of Socialist Party officials and their business associates. In short order, politicians and businessmen were slammed unceremoniously into prison, the investigation was expanded to cover the whole country, and the scandal spread to include leaders of all the parties and their business allies. The bell that tolled for Craxi and the Socialists tolled also for the Christian Democrats, the Communists, and most all of the smaller parties. It was The Great Purge, Italian-style.

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The political changes are revolutionary. The Socialist Party is shattered; in the June municipal elections, it virtually disappeared north of Rome, drawing slightly more than 1.5 percent of the vote in Milan, its previous stronghold. The other traditional parties, including the Communists (now split into a Stalinist rump and something called the "Party of the Democratic Left") are similarly afflicted. And the crisis of the traditional parties follows an April 18 referendum to abolish proportional representation in the Senate, which captured a fantastic 82 percent of the vote. A new electoral law has been passed, retaining some elements of the old proportional method while creating winner-take-all districts for the vast majority of officials. But the old guard salvaged some hope for tenure; the original Senate version contained a provision limiting representatives to fifteen years in Parliament. This was killed in the final act.

There have been lots of scandals in postwar Italy—why such a long wait for a serious investigation? Because this was the first investigation following the collapse of the Soviet Empire, and of the European Communist parties, including the PCI (Partito Comunista Italiano). It was therefore the first time that Italian investigators could go right to the bottom of the matter without fearing that Italy might fall into enemy hands.

From the end of the Second World War until the end of the Cold War, Italian politics were dominated by the presence of the largest Communist Party in the Western world,

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the PCI. Between 1948 and 1991, the Communist share of the national vote was roughly one-third, making it the second-largest party in Italy. There were two moments when the PCI might have taken power: in 1948, when the Communist-Socialist alliance seemed capable of winning the national elections outright, and in the mid-seventies, when the "Eurocommunist" PCI seemed about to enter the government. On each occasion the elections constituted a national referendum on the legitimacy of the PCI as a governing party, and each time the Italian electorate voted "No."

The rejection of the PCI left the country by default in the hands of the largest political party, the DC (Democrazia Cristiana, the Christian Democrats), actually less a party than an amalgam of fiefdoms, factions, and special interests. Aside from Catholicism, there was little in the way of political ideology to unite the DC, and even the ostensible raison d'être of the party—anti-Communism—was often observed in the breach, as DC prime ministers like Aldo Moro and Francesco Cossiga sought working alliances with the PCI.

No matter; the DC was the linchpin of every postwar government until the spring of 1993, and since power corrupts even its briefest holders, the Christian Democrats—whose tenure is unequalled in the history of European political parties—became profoundly corrupt. Giulio Andreotti, the most urbane Italian leader, once suggested that "power corrupts above all he who does not have it," but Italians have read their Machiavelli, and know better.

The corruption of the DC and its various coalition partners was not merely political; much of Italian business was owned, wholly or in part, by the state, and much of private Italian business came from dealing with the state. It was impossible to say where the one ended and the other began, and one does not have to be an economist to understand what happened: By the mid-1980s, huge commissions—sometimes reaching as much as 30 percent—were built into contracts (especially public works), divided among companies, and kicked back to the political parties. Even the Communists were cut in, adding to the funding provided them by the Soviet Union, and to the commissions they earned on projects carried out by Italian companies in Communist countries and the Third World. It was an efficient and democratic corruption, for the payoffs were divvied up roughly in accordance with the relative strengths of the parties. (The Communists, for example, were given the entire payoff from the Milan subway system, of which they transferred half to the Socialists and a quarter to the Christian Democrats.)

There were two very good reasons why there was no serious effort to challenge the system. First, despite its cost (those commissions came out of the pockets of Italian taxpayers, after all), it was extraordinarily successful: this corrupt system brought Italy from the ruins of the war to become the world's fifth industrial power. Second, the Communist alternative seemed far worse politically, and was no less corrupt.

So it was that Tangentopoli ("payoff city") prospered on the banks of the Tiber and the Po and the Arno, until its destruction by an unexpected moral earthquake in the early nineties.

The epicenter of the quake was Milan, which had become a stronghold of the Socialist Party (PSI, the Partito Socialista Italiano). Its leader Craxi knew about political earthquakes, having himself unleashed one in the late seventies when he captured control of the PSI from a group of lackluster holdovers from the days of the alliance with the Communists. Craxi transformed the PSI into an outspokenly anti-Communist, pro-NATO party.

Lega leader Umberto Bossi is a blunt-talking maverick with none of the intellectual pretensions of traditional Italian politicians, but considerable charisma and sound electoral instincts.

It was a great success for the party, the country, and the Atlantic Alliance: the PSI delivered the crucial votes to approve the installation of U.S. cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe in the late seventies, the party gained votes, and Craxi became prime minister. Above all, Craxi and his party effectively blocked the Communists' drive to national power. By the early eighties, he had become the John F. Kennedy of Italian politics, and in Milan, as in Rome, the most glamorous women, the elite of Italian cinema, the new pinup stars of Italian business, and the heroes of Italian soccer joined the party. The most effervescent symbol of the Craxi years was his friend and ally, Foreign Minister Gianni De Michelis, who, with his long hair and vast midsection, his witty repartee and constantly changing cast of gorgeous female companions, charmed and scandalized Western capitals.

Had they been more attentive to the risks of power, the Socialists might have become a durable force for generations, but they were in a great hurry to cash in on their success. Then, suddenly, in February 1992, the roof fell in on them.

If the Socialists were the biggest of the establishment losers in the Great Purge, the major beneficiary has been a new Milan-based political party. Known as the Northern League (Lega Nord), it calls for a purge of the current political class, and then a twofold restructuring of the Italian state. According to the Lega, the "honest, productive, and hardworking" citizens of the North have been corrupted and stolen blind by the cunning parasites in the South. Henceforth, if the Lega view prevails, the South will have to generate its own wealth.

Lega leader Umberto Bossi is a blunt-talking maverick

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with none of the intellectual pretensions of traditional Italian politicians, but considerable charisma and sound electoral instincts, and the numbers are eloquent testimony to his effectiveness: the Lega is now by far the largest party in the North. The message to Rome and points South is, in Bossi's words, "We are the North and we say to the state, get off our feet and let us work." At a minimum, Bossi wants far greater autonomy for the North, and on occasion Lega rhetoric has bordered on secession.

There is more to the Lega than mere resentment of the high cost of Tangentopoli and the vast subsidies paid to the South over the years: there is the demand to "let us work." As *La Stampa* put it in early June, the Lega is the first "liberal mass movement ever to emerge in our country," with "liberal" being used in its European, free-market sense. The Lega combines its call for greater independence for the North with a revolutionary demand that the state's role, particularly in the economy, be drastically reduced.

This demand sets the Lega apart from all the other "new" political forces, for the others simply wish to replace the old politicians with new ones. If the Italians simply throw the old guard to the wolves, it will only be a matter of time before a new Tangentopoli rises on the old foundations of state-controlled business. But if the Lega liberates Italian entrepreneurs from the state, then there is real hope for a fundamental and durable transformation of the country for the better. Some of the auguries in Rome are positive: in early July, the government announced its intention to privatize seven of the largest state-owned corporations.

By mid-summer there were signs that the Lega's engine was running low on fuel. On July 29, two days after bombs went off in Rome and Milan, Umberto Bossi walked into Palazzo Chigi in Rome to meet with Prime Minister Ciampi. More than two hours later he was driven out in an official car, and announced his willingness to wait until next spring for new legislative elections. It is hard to fathom what motivated him, for the very logic of the Lega's surge seemed to demand that he insist on new elections as soon as possible. Delay inevitably favors the old guard, not least of all because it enables them to preserve their parliamentary immunity, which shields them from the judges. Within days, Bossi had returned to his battle cry of "elections now," but the apparent ease with which he was coopted by Ciampi raises significant doubts about his future resolve.

The first question arising in the short term, though, is how to replace the corrupt ruling class. The Great Purge combines the worst of J. Edgar Hoover and Watergate with the best of the Untouchables. Many wrongdoers have been identified, but many innocents have been sent to jail or destroyed by leaks to the insatiable media. And the free rein given to the magistrates automatically implies their own corruption.

Even Lawrence Walsh would envy the enormous powers concentrated in the hands of Italian investigative magistrates. When charges are brought to the court, a magistrate is appointed to determine whether the allegations warrant a trial. This might seem similar to an American grand jury, but the two institutions are polar opposites, for the grand jury simply decides if an indictment is justified, whereas the investigative magistrate can arrest people (and have them held—on extremely vague charges—for up to two years), and order police to search domiciles, seize documents, and tap telephones. The grand jury is supposed to protect citizens against arbitrary state power, whereas the investigative magistrate *is* arbitrary state power, with all the menacing means that implies. The Italian magistrates throw their targets into prison, and let it be understood that the hapless souls will be released only if they point the way to juicier targets. With such tools at their disposal, it is not surprising that the magistrates have obtained thousands of confessions.

The suicide of Raffaele Cagliari, until recently one of the most powerful business leaders in the country, was a primal scream against the arrogance and inhumanity of the judges. Cagliari suffocated himself in his cell in Milan's San Vittore prison after he was denied release on bail after more than three months of detention, during which he was never interrogated by the magistrates. Like one of Kafka's wandering antiheroes, Cagliari sought unsuccessfully to understand what his crime had been, and finally concluded that he was not being punished, but simply humiliated. Such use of preventive detention is a clear abuse of power.

It is not the only one; some of the more reflective magistrates see that they have overstepped the traditional boundaries between judiciary and legislature. The head of the "pool," Judge Antonio Di Pietro, has repeatedly asked the government to find a political solution, but the clamor for summary justice—inflamed by the media—has so far blocked any such move. Di Pietro is certainly right. As Madison commented in a discussion of the separation of

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powers, when the power of the judge is combined with that of the legislator, the judge becomes a tyrant, and that is one reason why the Founding Fathers provided a purely political remedy—impeachment—for malfeasance in high places. The object of impeachment was precisely that "political solution" for which the Italian magistrates called: to be able to remove malefactors from office without having to go through criminal court proceedings.

Second, there is the question of "accepted practice." The majority of the targets of the investigative magistrates are technically "guilty," just as, according to the most recent interpretation of the statute, many of the men and women of Iran-contra were guilty of misleading Congress. Yet in each case their behavior was traditional, and had been deemed acceptable for decades. Tangentopoli was as Italian as *pasta e fagioli*, just as secret diplomacy by the White House was as American as apple pie, at least before 1986. The inquisitioners changed the rules of the political game, and then applied the new rules retroactively.

The suicide of Raffaele Cagliari, until recently one of the most powerful business leaders in the country, was a primal scream against the arrogance and inhumanity of the judges.

The evils of the past must be fully understood, and new standards must be established. The leaders of the old order must be excluded from power, and the big-time criminals should be prosecuted. For the remainder, it is best to trust to the judgment of an informed body politic; if the public is fully informed about the past, those responsible for it will not be rewarded. Yet, sad to say, what should be a simple telling of the tale invariably turns out to be extraordinarily difficult. After the defeat of the Axis, it was urgent to present the truth to the citizens of Germany and Japan, but to this day, Japanese texts gloss over the Axis period; it undoubtedly came as a shock to most Japanese to learn recently about the enforced prostitution of thousands of Korean women. In Italy, the "history" of Fascism was manipulated by the dominant pro-Communist intelligentsia, and presented as a caricature of capitalist reaction. Only in the past decade have Italians begun to understand that Fascism was a popular, broad-based regime that contained revolutionary elements as well as conservative themes. In Germany, thanks in large part to the courage of the great historian Hans Dietrich Bracher, an exceptionally honest television series on the Nazi years was broadcast, and then turned into a textbook. But postwar Germany may be the exception that proves the rule, for even in the United States, fools and scoundrels are attempting to whitewash the Final Solution.

The extreme contemporary case of this problem is the post-Communist nations of Eastern and Central Europe. By civilized standards, the entire Communist apparatus was criminal, but only a miserable handful of top leaders—and occasional scapegoats, like the East German border guards—have been charged, and precious little has been done to tell the true story of the Communist era, despite the abundant evidence conserved in the archives of the Communist parties and the institutions of the Terror. All manner of excuse has been invoked to keep the archives closed—and some useful information has trickled out—but not one of the ex-Communist countries has seen fit to open its files. And they have found willing, even generous, accomplices in the West: the Library of Congress and the Hoover Institution, among others, have given millions of dollars to the Russian Archives, even though most documents for the past thirty years have been "classified." After the Second World War, the captured Nazi documents were made available to scholars, and it is no accident that our understanding of Nazism was achieved decades before we began to grasp Italian Fascism—the Italians had released their documents quite slowly, and it wasn't until the sixties that most of the material became accessible.

Paradoxically, opposition to full disclosure does not come only from the wicked; a lot of people were contaminated by the evils of this century, and many of them were reluctant participants. Those who collaborated with the Stasi, the KGB, and the other instruments of the Terror often did so to protect a child, or a meager income. They would not be pleased to see their names in print alongside those of the true believers, and one sympathizes with their anguish. Yet it, too, must be understood, if we are to make mature political choices in the future, and we can only understand if we have the full picture. Finally, there is the obligation to honor those who resisted, and to stress their uniqueness. It is unforgivable to permit a collaborator to pass for a freedom-fighter.

The files must be released, and the story told, so that decisions can be made in historical context. If we understand what happened, we can make proper political decisions; if we do not have the full picture, then individuals will be judged against abstract standards, and the judges will rule. If the past is judged in context, we may find that some of the old elite should be retained, if for no other reason than to train a new generation. Surely it makes sense to retain some of the alchemists who transmogrified the dross of postwar Italy into the gold of one of the richest societies in the world. After all, Boris Yeltsin was once the Communist chief of Moscow, and he was elected the first post-Communist leader of Russia, thereby confirming Ignazio Silone's prophecy that the last war of the century would be fought between the Communists and the ex-Communists.

On the other hand, Yeltsin also demonstrates the enormous intellectual damage inflicted by Communism on most all of those who lived under its sway. The Russian president

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Maybe Clinton should read his mail from time to time.

It might help!

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hasn't a clue about economics (and every now and then his government reverts to its predecessor's form, as when all the "old" ruble notes were confiscated in late July) and he has shown excessive sympathy for the former "organs of state security," the KGB and the GRU. Yeltsin himself ordered the classification of millions of Soviet documents that would have detailed the crimes of the Soviet Empire, thereby making it much harder for the Russian people to make proper political decisions. So while Yeltsin might have been a good leader for the break with the past, he doesn't have the right stuff for the transition to the future. For this, clearer minds and freer spirits will be required.

A third general question has to do with the proper relationship between government and business. Like most European countries in the Age of the Welfare State, Italy took to heart the old adage, "the business of government is business," and elevated it to the status of Holy Writ. Without a close working relationship between government and business, Tangentopoli could never have reached such awesome dimensions, and while it generated a lot of money (and, to use the currently fashionable language, it created a lot of jobs), it did considerable damage to Italian business, because the companies didn't have to compete in an open market. Thus, particularly in the big, state-owned megaholdings like IRI and ENI, both market share and inflated prices were guaranteed by the government. Predictably, Italian productivity was well under Western standards, while labor costs were well above. It was comfortable and easy, and the mentality engendered by this system was exemplified by a remark to me by the CEO of a major construction company: "It makes no sense to do public works projects if there aren't any payoffs," because normal profit margins are quite narrow. If Italian business is to become competitive again, the government has to get out of the way.

And it had better move quickly. By mid-August, there were more pensioners than employed people, and jobs were vanishing by 100,000 per month. In the first five months of 1993, unemployment grew by 35 percent nationally, a staggering 57 percent in the South. The only sector of the economy showing major growth was, ominously, the state's tax revenues, up 9.3 percent in the first six months.

Italy must be near the top of the list of high taxers, with more than 200 taxes, including levies on dogs and balconies, and something called a "minimum tax," which means the state simply assumes that you must be earning a certain minimum amount, and so you must pay taxes on it, whether you actually earned it or not. Various economists have calculated that the marginal tax rate for well-to-do citizens is actually over 100 percent, and thus tax evasion is quite widespread.

At the core of the Italian revolution, the Lega's cry, "Get off our feet and let us work," echoes the Jeffersonian tradition: the best government is the least government. This cry is quite new in Italian politics, as it is in the innumerable countries around the world where citizens are demanding greater freedom for themselves and therefore less power for their governments. And the cry goes hand in hand with the impulse toward regional autonomy and even separatism, for this is another manifestation of the desire to have greater freedom, and to have smaller government, closer at hand. It has long been fashionable to believe that the right government, staffed with the right people, could solve most of society's ills. That conviction is increasingly rejected, as we can see in our own society: the school "choice" movement, which is essentially a revolt against the education bureaucracy; the landslide votes across the country against new taxes, which show that voters don't want the government to do anything more than it already does; and of course the term-limit movement, which is an effort to limit the power of elected officials.

As the Italians carry out an American-style revolution, the Clintons are trying to build Tangentopoli on the banks of the Potomac.

I have been arguing for several years now that we are living through The Second Democratic Revolution, which is the political harvest of the revolutionary seeds we planted more than 200 years ago. The ideals that inspire democratic revolutions from Central America to the Soviet Empire are our original ideals, the ideals of Tom Payne and Sam Adams. Following the collapse of Communism, we were viewed both as the lone superpower and as the most successful political model for the rest of the world. Had we seized the opportunity, we could have actively supported the democratization of the planet, but our leaders were not up to the challenge. George Bush often seemed embarrassed by the role history had assigned him, and instead of leading the Revolution, he betrayed it, and turned to the world country-club of presidents, sheiks, and kings for consensus.

But Bush merely failed to understand, and his sins were sins of omission. Clinton, by contrast, is leading a counterrevolution, as if, after winning the Cold War, we decided to embrace the worldview of our enemies. At a moment when privatization has achieved the dimensions of a mass movement, and when people are taking government into their own hands all over the world, he calls Canute-like for a "new partnership" between government and business, and asks for higher taxes in order to impose still more government. Someone so thoroughly out of step with a global revolutionary movement cannot possibly succeed. He would do well to consider the data from the Italian laboratory. For as the Italians carry out an American-style revolution, the Clintons are trying to build Tangentopoli on the banks of the Potomac. We need a new revolution of our own, not a Restoration. ❐

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Robert D. Novak

Will China Be the Next Japan?

For 120 million mainlanders, maybe it already is.

"Who is this Rip Van Winkle?" asked Chen Ligang, the man from the Foreign Ministry assigned to guide me through my eight days in China.

"A character out of early American literature," I replied, "who falls asleep for twenty years and awakens to find everything changed. That's what I feel like coming back to China after only ten years."

"I like that," Chen said. "Rip Van Winkle! How do you spell it?"

The physical appearance, mood, and ambience of the world's most populous country has been totally altered since my first trip fifteen years ago, or even my second visit ten years ago. The dreary, gray, confined China of the seventies and early eighties has given way to a bustling, gaudy, technicolor China of the 1990s. But also gone is the pulsing quest for democracy I found in 1978, when students, joined by a few workers, were prepared to risk everything for it. The country's implacable Communist rulers and their obedient troops in the People's Liberation Army (PLA) put an end to that at Tiananmen Square in 1989.

China is still very much a Communist country in many ways, and that rules out a reporter's simply getting a visa and roaming around on his own. He must be invited (my host was the Foreign Ministry's Information Division, which proffered an invitation at my request), and is tightly scheduled when he arrives. Nor is it appreciably easier in 1993 than it was in 1983 or in 1978 for a short-time visitor to make contact with Chinese people outside of official channels.

Moreover, there are two Chinas (and I am not referring here to Taiwan). One is a Third World country of more than 900 million peasants—poor, heavily illiterate, largely disconnected from the boom set in motion by the proclamation of a "socialist market economy." The other is a Japan-sized country of around 120 million, bursting with Pacific Rim energy. That is the China that my wife Geraldine and I visited for eight days.

The new—second—China must be borne in mind when one mulls over the appropriate U.S. response to the depredations of China's rulers. Four years ago, in the wake of the events of June 1989, I thought that President Bush was wrong not to apply severe sanctions on the Chinese government. Since then I've come to believe that punitive measures would have been self-defeating.

Peking, July 11-14

This capital city of nearly 7 million is bigger by a third than the city I saw in 1978, and bears almost no resemblance to the dusty, grassless, largely treeless overgrown village of fifteen years ago. The quiet streets, then used by thousands of silent bicycles and very

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few official autos, are now the site of a perpetual traffic jam. The bicyclists are still there, but are joined by a flood of taxis, used mainly by foreigners, which in turn are outnumbered by inexpensive minicabs ("orange bugs") that suddenly appeared a year ago and are widely used by ordinary Chinese.

The unisex blue-ant Mao-style costumes that were the rule are gone. The men wear T-shirts (usually with English messages) and sport shirts. On my 1978 visit, I saw not one Chinese woman wearing a dress; today, women display their charms in Western finery. The formerly omnipresent PLA men, in their baggy green uniforms, are seldom to be seen.

Gone, too, are the mammoth color photographs, always twinned, of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin, Mao and Chou. Marxist slogans have been removed, though thousands of "Beijing 2000" posters plead for the Olympic games to be held here. But also missing is the "Democracy Wall," where fifteen years ago young Chinese plastered posters saying the unsayable and asking the unaskable about democracy and freedom.

Privately owned food stands and other shops now fill the streets. A skyline has emerged, with a plethora of luxury hotels. The Palace, where we stayed, is deluxe in appearance, service, and—especially—price.

The Communist officials I interviewed seemed overwhelmed by it all, deprived of the pat ideological answers they had relied on throughout their careers.

A less welcome change was in the level of officials I was able to see. At the time of my 1978 visit, I was the only U.S. journalist present in China, and was given—without specifically asking for it—a two-hour interview with Deng Xiaoping. Five years later, I did not get the meeting with Deng that I had requested, but did interview a very senior official, First Vice Premier Yao Yallin. By 1993, an American columnist in China is no novelty.

What I perceived from formal interviews with mid-level functionaries was the irrelevance of the Communist Party to the economic explosion. That irrelevance, ironically, can be traced to the political genius of Deng, whose dedication to the Leninist dogma of the primacy of the Party has never wavered, even during the three occasions on which he was purged and disgraced. After the Tiananmen massacre, he could have maintained Party domination by reverting to orthodox Marxism-Leninism. Instead, he proclaimed the "socialist market system," combining political dictatorship with economic freedom, that has given China the world's fastest-growing economy.

Deng employed a simple semantic change: enterprises would henceforth not be "state-operated," only "state-owned." That is not quite privatization, but its ambiguity permitted a new class of Chinese managers outside of Party cadres and opened the way for joint ventures with foreigners, who more often than not would make the management decisions.

The Communist officials I interviewed seemed overwhelmed by it all, deprived of the pat ideological answers they had relied on throughout their careers. They talked about the need to redistribute income so that the poor—those 900 million in the other China—could catch up; they would use the graduated income tax. They talked about the need to cool off the overheated economy and stifle inflation by "monetary policy"; they would raise interest rates. They sounded more like John Maynard Keynes and Milton Friedman than Mao.

But these officials squirmed when I pressed them to explain how the profit motive is compatible with the teachings of Karl Marx. Although the Party line is a little fuzzy, they seem tethered to the dogma that Marx was never wrong, even if his acolytes did err. "I don't believe that we fully understood Marx in the past," said Wang Shiyuan, Deputy Director of the State Commission for Restructuring the Economy. Wei Liqun, secretary-general of the State Planning Commission, seemed a little impatient with me when he insisted that "the system is still Marxist-Leninist," adding that China is in an early stage of socialism and that "to realize Communism is our long-time goal."

Nobody, aside from dogged Party cadres and inquiring Western reporters, cares about such theoretical questions. The future of China would seem to rest neither with the Communist ideologues nor the suppressed democratic dissenters, but with Western-educated technocrats who are working in the system and most definitely are changing it.

Mike Chinoy, CNN's Peking bureau chief, found two of them to appear on the network's "Evans and Novak" broadcast: Dr. Li Qingyuan, an economist for the State Commission for Restructuring the Economy, with a graduate degree from Columbia University, and Gao Xiqing, counsel for the Securities Regulatory Commission (in charge of overseeing the country's new stock markets), with a law degree from Duke University, as a Nixon Scholar no less.

Before the Tiananmen Square disaster, neither could have been interviewed on American television. Now, in a country where neither government officials nor private citizens dare speak their minds, these two young people were remarkably frank—especially Dr. Li.

Why is there so much corruption in China? Li cited "the lack of a legal framework and the monopoly position of many agencies."

Is she bothered because some people are getting very

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rich? "Well, it doesn't bother me," she replied. "I mean, money should be made."

Both Li and Gao asserted that political reform should follow economic reform. What kind of political reform? There, discretion prevailed. But both expressed the "hope" that by the year 2000, whether or not the Olympics are held in Peking, the rest of the world will consider China a democracy.

That is also the hope of U.S. Ambassador J. Stapleton Roy, a sensible career foreign service officer and old China hand whom I first met in Peking fifteen years ago when he was deputy chief of mission in the "liaison office." Over dinner, I found Roy to be the same level-headed diplomat that he had been in 1978. He has no illusions about the human-rights record of the Chinese Communist regime, but neither does he see the slightest sense in the U.S. cutting itself off from what is happening here. (Roy is one of the few ambassadors inherited by President Clinton who was earmarked to retain his post, but he seemed so far out of synch with the heavy human-rights tone affected by the State Department that I wondered whether his days might be numbered—which, I learned on my return to Washington, they apparently are.)

During my visit to Peking, Roy was busy dealing with fallout from President Clinton's attack on China in his speech to the Korean National Assembly in Seoul, which prompted an angry, anti-American response from the Foreign Ministry spokesman, Wu Jianmin. I had had dinner with Wu two days earlier, and he proved a far cry from the fire-eating anti-capitalist, anti-Soviet Chinese diplomats of fifteen years ago. Wu, a career diplomat who spent a decade in New York on China's United Nations delegation, comes across as reasonable and hardly warlike.

Wu describes China's modernization of its armed forces, in reaction to the impressive high-tech warfare of Desert Storm, as modest and overdue—an assessment shared by Western diplomats, despite their concerns that a well-armed China might dominate Asia. Even so, there has been friction with the U.S., particularly over shipments of missile parts to Pakistan. The Chinese claim they have not violated treaties, and there is disagreement inside the U.S. government whether or not they have. Regardless, the issue is not worth risking a rupture over, and is certainly of far less moment than the increasingly close ties between China and Japan.

Shanghai, July 15-16

This wicked old jewel of the Orient, built by European intruders and famed as the setting for so many adventure stories popular in the West, was a disappointment to me in 1983. It then seemed to me as drab, gray, and joyless as the Peking of those days.

No more. The city of 13.5 million is alive with neon signs, gridlocked traffic (including motor bikes, which are banned in Peking), crowded stores, beautiful women, a forest of skyscrapers, expensive hotels and restaurants, gaudy discos, proliferating karaoke, and rampant commerce. Even booming Peking seems a village by comparison. An old hand who came here before the Japanese Army arrived in 1938 and never left told me that today's Shanghai reminds him of the old Shanghai of a half century ago—"the good and the bad." The good is commerce, sophistication, vitality. The bad is corruption, vice, degeneracy.

While I was in Shanghai, senior Politburo member Qiao Shi issued a nationwide call to Communist Party members "to strengthen their Party spirit and fight corruption." This is clearly what they are not doing. The corruption is publicly flaunted by nattily attired young Chinese driving new Mercedes and BMWs. These are not entrepreneurs, I am told, but the offspring of prominent Communist cadres who are lining their pockets and not concealing their wealth. State-owned enterprises are the partners of American concerns in joint ventures that are pulling in money, and more often than not the state officials prosper. One non-Communist intellectual expressed concern to me about the Party's retaining absolute power but losing its ethical standards.

But Shanghai's millions do not appear worried. There is too much business to be done—as in the Number One Department Store in downtown Shanghai one night at about 8 o'clock. "It looks like Christmas Eve at Woodie's [Washington's Woodward and Lothrop Department Store] in the old days," my wife Geraldine said as we walked through the jammed store, filled—as was every store we visited anywhere—with an abundance of goods.

The famous Bund on the Yangtze River, opposite the massive European-style buildings put up by the internation-

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al community before World War II, is now lined with shops. And across the river, the new Pudong region, connected by two suspension bridges and a tunnel, has ambitions of rivalling Shanghai in size and importance.

Pudong has attracted that pillar of American capitalism, the DuPont Co. of Wilmington, Delaware. The president of the DuPont China Holding Co., Ltd is Dick Y.H. Liu, a Chinese-American who, at 11, fled with his family to Taiwan with Chiang Kai-shek as the Communists took over in 1948. He emigrated to America as young man, earned a degree in chemical engineering, and went to work for DuPont.

Now back in his homeland, Liu is a major magnate. DuPont owns 80 percent of a herbicide factory in Pudong (the other 20 percent is shared by a Chinese research institute and a state-owned Chinese pesticide manufacturer) and has, in effect, 100 percent of the control. It works so well that Liu is planning no fewer than nineteen other joint ventures in China for DuPont.

Liu is vying with three Chinese herbicide manufacturers to sell the product to some 50,000 retail outlets around the country, which now compete with each other and are no longer controlled by the disbanded Ministry of Commerce.

The herbicide factory's 100 employees were hired through newspaper ads. They were picked by Liu after interviews, and the government has never refused him permission to hire a worker from another job. Liu described his employees as so committed that engineers want to sleep on the floor to be ready the next morning to finish a project. "I have to force them to go home," he said.

Shenzhen, July 17-18

In 1978, I entered Communist China by train from Hong Kong and changed trains for Canton at the Shenzhen station. At least that's what I'm told; the little fishing village of less than 20,000 made no impression on me.

Now Shenzhen is a city of 2.7 million, with skyscrapers and luxury hotels. Contained within a restricted free-trade zone, the city is an ever-growing hub of construction projects, where workers continued on the job even over the weekend I was there, when businesses shut down. Like Shanghai, Shenzhen has its own stock exchange.

Marxist-Leninist dogma seems even more remote here than in Peking. My 42-year-old Foreign Ministry companion, Mr. Chen, amused his colleague from Shenzhen, a 24-year-old named Miss Chin, when he noted that in Peking he and his colleagues still occasionally addressed each other as "Comrade." She laughed and asked, "Do you really?"

One municipal official boasted to me that people here were an elite group that had taken quickly to the ways of commerce, in contrast to the backward peasants in the hinterland. But Shenzhen is an example of how much the Chinese economic boom is fueled by foreign investment—in particular from overseas Chinese. Hong Kong leads in Shenzhen's foreign investment, with Taiwan second and the U.S. a poor third, having just passed Japan.

The Chinese were quick to ask whether the city did not remind me of Hong Kong, which it is modeled after. But, despite the similarities in architecture, Shenzhen's mood is more that of a boom town that has been hit by some extraordinary event such as the discovery of oil or a war. Here the event is the advent of capitalism, though it is never called by that name.

If Shanghai's old wickedness has returned, Shenzhen has the new bawdiness of a border city: prostitution, crime, pickup joints. It is still part of a police state, of course, but it just doesn't seem much like one.

In the fifty years following 1997, during which Hong Kong will retain a special status within China, it is more likely that China will come to look like Hong Kong than the other way around.

Hong Kong, July 19

Through the seventies, Hong Kong seemed an island of civilization, full of affluence and creature comforts. The contrast with Communist China was marked. Now there is not much outward difference. The idea of this little hub of capitalism being absorbed into the Communist monolith does not appear so horrible.

Of course, the Chinese takeover in 1997 is much belated: Hong Kong, like the rest of the British Empire, would long since have ceased to be a Crown Colony had it not been for the Cold War. What is ironic, but very much in character, is Gov. Chris Patton's insistence on democracy now that the British are leaving after they resisted it here for so long.

The quarrels between London and Peking are better understood in the context of the bargain Deng has made with the Chinese reformers: let us run a one-party government and we'll let you run the economy. The problem with that tradeoff is the corruption afflicting the ruling Communists in the absence of any political opposition.

Still, Communist China and Hong Kong need each other, and in the fifty years following 1997, during which Hong Kong will retain a special status within China, it is more likely that China will come to look like Hong Kong than the other way around. Even if it is doubtful whether there is much real interest in democracy per se in either place, the hope is that democratization will eventually come about as the economic revival extends to the other China of 900 million peasants. Ultimately, that would mean a unified China—the mainland, Hong Kong and Taiwan—that is democratic, peaceful, and capitalist. Sanctions imposed by impatient Americans are not a means to that end. ❐

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James Oberg

KAL 007: The Real Story

On the tenth anniversary of the shootdown, a U.N.-sponsored report has cleared up all the lies and disinformation surrounding the flight—and the Western press has chosen to ignore it.

For almost ten years, two battered and corroded aviation datarecording devices were hidden away deep in Soviet military archives. These were the "black boxes" from Korean Airlines Flight 007, destroyed by a Soviet jet on September 1, 1983, with the loss of 269 lives. In fact, the boxes were colored bright yellow, to make them easier to find in the event of catastrophe. Their proper titles are the Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR), which recorded the last thirty minutes of crew voice communications, and the Digital Flight Data Recorder (DFDR), which recorded dozens of operating parameters of the airplane's navigation and control systems over the entire flight.

Within a few weeks of the shootdown, Soviet naval forces had secretly recovered the boxes and other debris from the ocean bottom in international waters off the west coast of Sakhalin Island. And while Moscow military officials stridently insisted the airliner's course deviation was a "CIA plot" and the Soviet military attack was justified by the airliner pilots' not responding to signals, in private they read their own experts' reports on the purloined data recorders—and shuddered. So damning were these conversations and instrument readings that Soviet officials vowed to keep the evidence secret forever.

And much of the media played into Soviet hands. As one London documentary producer put it, to be "sexy enough" to be noticed, any findings on the KAL 007 tragedy had at least to imply CIA complicity. Falsehoods, invented by KGB disinformation specialists and retailed by useful idiots in the West (see pages 38-39), cloak the origins of this particular flight. One agent kept trying to interest U.S. newsmen in a claim that this exact airliner had been seen at Andrews AFB near Washington getting spy gear installed. Another version alleged that Richard Nixon had been booked on the flight (or even had boarded the flight) but had been "warned off." Two more Soviet export fictions had the Korean pilot boasting to friends about his specially equipped spy plane, or privately sharing anxieties with his wife about "a particularly dangerous" mission.

A succession of Soviet leaders profited from the falsehoods, including Gorbachev, who at the height of glasnost, solemnly assured Western investigators that such records simply did not exist. "We have hidden them away where even our children won't be able to find them," boasted one military memo a few years after the disaster.

That memo fell into the hands of Yeltsin officials in early 1992, and it led them to the discovery of the original boxes and the top secret Soviet Defense Ministry reports

James Oberg is a space engineer in Houston and a specialist in sleuthing Soviet aerospace secrets. His most recent book is Uncovering Soviet Disasters *(Random House).*

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about them. Yeltsin released those reports in October 1992, and in January 1993 he turned the black boxes over to the United Nations special group for the safety of commercial flying, the Montreal-based International Civil Aviation Organization. The ICAO's final report of its investigation of this long-hidden data was released on June 14.

Then, oddly, after almost a decade of Soviet cover-up, the full truth about the tragedy got "spiked" in the Western press. Not a single major network even mentioned the new ICAO report. A brief and highly distorted piece appeared in the *New York Times* under the byline of a semi-retired aviation writer with a long penchant for "spy plane theories." Here, then, for the first time in this country, is the real story of KAL 007, as revealed by the final ICAO report, by the investigations of Russian journalists at the now-more-or-less-honest *Izvestiya* daily newspaper, and from recent U.S. officials' recollections.

The Boeing 747 took off from Anchorage at 13:00 GMT on August 31. On board were a crew of three, plus twenty cabin attendants, six "dead-heading" crew hitching a ride home, and 240 passengers, including sixty-one Americans. Among them was Georgia congressman Larry McDonald, an "ultra-conservative" whose anti-Soviet beliefs made him one of the few U.S. politicians who would have believed the Soviets actually capable of the crime they were about to commit.

Useful Idiots: An Honor Roll

Bearing in mind what is now known authoritatively about the KAL 007 tragedy, it is worth remembering those in the U.S. and U.K who wrote books and articles, lectured, and gave interviews on behalf of the most implausible, improbable, and patently impossible misinterpretations of the disaster, and otherwise fed off the baseless theory that KAL 007 was a spy flight:

David Pearson of Yale led the charge with a series of articles in the *Nation* and a major book, in which he both misunderstood and misused the technical data. One example is the chart he prepared purporting to show that the airliner made violent evasive maneuvers to dodge the pursuing Soviet jet. On the basis of rough estimates from Japanese radar sites, Pearson plotted the altitudes as if they were exact, ignoring the inherent 10-20 percent inaccuracy of such data. One altitude was lower than a previous one, so he drew an airliner "diving" at an angle of 45° along a drawn-in flight path, giving a striking image of a frantic attempt at escape. But Pearson was careful to use "feet" on the vertical scale and "minutes" on the horizontal scale, allowing him to compress the horizontal scale by a factor of several hundred, which made the "descent" unrealistically steep. Had he used the same scales his "descent" would have been at less than a single degree. Had he understood the inherent limitations of height-finding radar at extreme range, he wouldn't have had an "evasive dive" at all. And as the recovered "black box" data show, there was no such dive.

R.W. Johnson, a politics don at Magdalen College, Oxford, began writing anti-American analyses within weeks of the shootdown. His 1985 book on KAL 007 contains between 500 and 1,000 significant factual errors, not including barmy misinterpretations. His confident claims to the contrary, he failed to master the aviation jargon necessary to understand the problems of the flight. Johnson invented the phantom "paying cargo left behind at Anchorage," an allegation that supposedly showed "prior intent" by the pilot to engage in air spying, by misreading an entry on the weight manifest. The pilot had written in "1200 D/H," then scratched it out and entered it several lines further down. As any commercial pilot could have told Johnson, this was a reference to the six KAL employees who were "dead-heading" home in extra seats on the airliner. It never was "paying cargo" and it never was "left behind."

Oliver Clubb of Syracuse University published his own book in 1985. For him, the incident was further proof that Reagan was preparing a nuclear attack against the Soviet Union. But Clubb kept being tripped up by simple technical errors and sloppy reasoning. Relying on an unchecked newspaper clipping, Clubb wrote that the airliner appeared to have turned off its civilian transponder system while crossing Sakhalin Island (it hadn't). Clubb wrote that all aircraft in the world, military and civilian, use a compatible, standardized transponder identification system (they don't). He even confused the two Soviet areas the airliner crossed, the Kamchatka Peninsula and Sakhalin Island, in arguing that the pilot had deliberately turned off the airliner's beacon prior to its first entry into Soviet air space.

Carl Jensen of Sonoma State College in California sponsors an annual "Project Censored" review in which a panel of academics (including Noam Chomsky and Jessica Mitford) pick the best stories "censored" by right-wing media pressure. In 1984 one of his prize-winning stories concerned Ernest Volkman, described as the editor of *Defense Science* magazine, who revealed that Korean Airlines planes regularly fly over Soviet territory on missions for the CIA. But Volkman's quotation itself first appeared in an unverified newspaper clip, and a quick check would have shown that Volkman was not ever the editor of *Defense Science* but simply a staffer at *Penthouse*. When asked directly, he's happy to admit that he was merely repeating a rumor he had heard.

Conn Hallinan of the University of California at Santa Cruz's journalism department has long insisted that U.S. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and her U.N. staff "doctored and distorted key sections" of the tape of the Soviet pilot that she dramatically presented before the world body a week after the shootdown. Hallinan and others have promoted interpretations that have the

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None of the "conspiracy theory" assertions about the takeoff was authentic. There was no secret "extra fuel" (there was one digit error on one page of the flight plan), there was no "paying cargo removed to lighten the ship" (this was actually an entry describing the six off-duty crewmen), there was no pilot's annotation about his "Estimated Time of Penetration" into Soviet airspace (this "ETP" notation was the "Equal Time Point" between Anchorage and Tokyo, and was actually written down by an airline employee, not the pilot), and there was no "mysterious delay" of the takeoff (it was adjusted based on expected winds, so as not to arrive in Seoul too early in the morning).

The chain of accidental circumstances that would lead to the catastrophe began at takeoff, when the crew selected a magnetic heading mode for the autopilot to guide their aircraft towards the west coast of Alaska. (They had been cleared directly to this point and were not required to follow any specific flight corridor.) Once out over the northern Pacific, they planned to engage their inertial navigation system (INS), which had been properly programmed, to control the airliner through its autopilot.

Because the radio beacon normally used for navigation between Anchorage and the coast was out of service for maintenance, the crew had to rely on the less familiar heading-mode method. The exact setting they seem to have chosen—246°—was taken right off the standard navigation charts. It should have been "close enough." →

pilot patiently exhausting every reasonable method of contacting the intruder and, only at the end, reluctantly firing in the face of the intruder's deliberate refusal to comply. The "black box" voice tape and Moscow's transcripts of Soviet military communications fully confirm Kirkpatrick's presentations.

Sugwon Kang of Hartwick College in upstate New York wrote a long spy-flight article for the *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars* that helped convince *New York Times* columnist **Tom Wicker** in September 1985 to attack the Reagan administration for not warning the Korean airliner ahead of time. Kang, as quoted by Wicker, had catalogued all the U.S. military surveillance assets in the area that could have tracked the lost airliner: "at least one P-3 Orion Navy reconnaissance plane, several RC-135s, the frigate USS *Badger*, the reconnaissance ship USS *Observation Island* with its radar 'Cobra Judy,' and, of course, the land-based facilities on Shemya Island ('Cobra Dane' and 'Cobra Talon'), Hokkaido (the phased-array radar at Wakkanai) . . ." Not a single one of these items is relevant or even real. One RC-135 was hundreds of miles away, listening silently for a Soviet missile test and most assuredly not painting the whole sky with radar sweeps; the P-3 and other RC-135s were purely Soviet propaganda accusations supposedly based on the same kinds of radar that had been unable to identify the intruding airliner; both "Cobra Judy" and "Cobra Dane" are missile tracking radars not designed for (and not capable of) aircraft tracking; there is no "Cobra Talon" on Shemya and never has been; there is no "phased array radar" at Wakkanai and never has been.

Alexander Dallin is a respected professor of political science at Stanford, and his book on KAL 007, published in 1985, contains many excellent insights into Soviet political reality. However, on technical matters, Dallin is as helpless as any other spy-flight advocate (although his advocacy seems reluctant). An amazing map shows the airliner zig-zagging and zooming up and down across Sakhalin Island in a bizarre pirouette that never happened but which makes an innocent stray theory look untenable. He dismisses the late 1983 ICAO report as a "whitewash" without listing a single error. The recent new data fully confirmed every judgment of the ICAO report just as thoroughly as it destroyed every technical judgment of Dallin's.

David Miller is a mathematician-statistician at Columbia University. His arguments based on "probability" and "logic" lead him to advocate the spy-mission theory. "Had I been the Soviets, I would have shot down the plane," he wrote in the *Journal of Intelligence and Counterintelligence*, giving as his justification the "facts" that the plane flew without lights, turned off its transponder, refused to acknowledge radio calls, and took evasive action. We now know that 007 did none of these things.

Gordon Welty of Wright State University, writing in a Marxist Educational Press book produced in 1987 by the University of Minnesota's anthropology department, sprinkled his turgid Marxist prose with all the impressive-looking citations he could line up. One of the leading references was to "Larry Flint's [sic] article in the *Washington Post*," which purportedly accused Congressman McDonald of conspiring with the pilot and the CIA to "martyr himself to the cause of anti-communism." Sadly for the credibility of this footnote, the *Hustler* publisher Flynt's wild ideas were part not of an "article" but of a paid advertisement—which the Soviet press, too, quoted as a straight piece of journalism!

Joanna Rankin was with the physics department of the University of Vermont when she published her assessments of the flight. She went so far as to suggest that Soviet difficulties in tracking the airliner were due to "jamming" by nearby RC-135s. But "jamming," as any expert could have told Rankin, involves smearing a radar screen with artificial "snow," not erasing a single blip of a target plane. Indeed, if the Soviets had observed active jamming, they would have had proof of military involvement and would have trumpeted it worldwide. Instead, the failure of Soviet radars to adequately track the airliner can be explained, in light of recent revelations, by equipment problems and topographic "masking." Rankin clearly does not understand the first thing about radar jamming.

• • •

I've made reasonable efforts to contact these academics to see if they still hold to their original judgments in the light of new evidence. Sugwon Kang has been modifying his views, but none of the other people listed above bothered to answer my written inquiries.

—J.O.

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But when the airliner crossed the Alaskan coast an hour later, the INS never took command of the autopilot, and the plane continued on the magnetic heading selected just minutes after takeoff for only the first leg of the journey. Either the crew forgot, or they manually engaged the INS when they were too far off the course it was automatically computing. In the latter case, the INS computers would not "capture" the autopilot, which would continue following the original compass heading. The switch would be in its correct position, and the problem would have shown up only on a small indicator—easily overlooked, as it has been in dozens of similar navigation errors.

The recovered DFDR showed that the auto-pilot was controlling the flight path in a constant magnetic heading from four minutes after takeoff until the airliner was hit by Soviet missiles. The crew should have double-checking their course (as required by airline policy and by good airmanship), but pilots often have made exactly this kind of mistake. In one incident shortly after the shootdown, a 747 went sixty nautical miles off course in just two hours. A year later, a Southwest Pacific Airlines charter over the North Pole to Europe went almost a thousand miles off track and was headed toward Soviet air space before the crew finally realized they couldn't pick up any expected radio beacon.

The chain of accidental circumstances that would lead to the catastrophe began at takeoff, when the crew selected a magnetic heading mode for the autopilot to guide their aircraft towards the west coast of Alaska.

Along the way, the INS computers would have shown the airliner passing mathematical milestones called "waypoints," which would have lulled the crew into a false sense of security. But waypoint passage is automatically announced whether the airliner passes over the point or merely abeam of it. Waypoints are like highway exit signs for towns that might be on the highway or many miles away. The actual latitude and longitude, as displayed, would have been incorrect, but the crew would have noticed this only if—as they were supposed to, but as many transoceanic crews don't—they had checked coordinates against the flight plan. The time to the next waypoint would have been correct, and the distance would have been close enough not to attract the crew's attention.

Advocates of U.S. culpability allege that whatever the original intentions of the pilots, their course deviation should have become obvious to U.S. air space controllers, and that the subsequent failure to warn the aircraft implied either foreknowledge or incompetence. But the airliner's path across Alaska gave no indication of navigation trouble. By the time the airliner was off its assigned course, it was out of range of Alaska-based radar coverage.

Conspiracy nuts insist that some sort of U.S. military radar should have noticed the deviation. Usually these claims came from self-styled experts who showed no understanding of the limits of radar scanning, or even of the actual locations of radars in the area. ICAO did not pursue this issue, but the U.S. Federal Court in Washington, D.C., ruled in May 1986 that there was no indication that military radars were even *capable* of seeing that the airliner was off course, much less that they had the ability or responsibility to identify it or warn it.

Soviet radar units on the Kamchatka Peninsula were tracking a routine patrol of a USAF RC-135 when a second blip appeared. At first they presumed it was a KC-135 refueling plane. Then, as the new aircraft flew unswervingly south of the region the RC-135 was patrolling, they presumed it was another RC-135, making a feint at the coast to see what radars were still operational after a recent autumn cyclone had knocked most of them out. Soviet military reports passed to ICAO by the Yeltsin government clearly show that the two aircraft were never closer together than 150 km (exactly as the U.S. has always claimed) and that the radar units never confused one with the other. The two planes never "merged into one blip," as some Soviet propagandists claimed and many Western collaborators echoed.

The following several hours of alarm among Soviet air defense forces are clearly portrayed by the transcripts of military command channels released to ICAO by the Yeltsin government. The original presumption that the intruder was an RC-135 was never seriously challenged, although some officers raised doubts, and pointed out that it was a very stupid intruder to be flying straight and level for so long. The groggy controllers made inquiries to Soviet civilian traffic control agencies, but instead of checking their commercial air radar scopes (on which the airliner's transponder echo would have clearly shown it to be civilian), they merely reported that there were no scheduled civil flights expected.

Sporadic equipment failures and geographic "masking" made precise tracking impossible, and several times the ground controllers directed interceptors onto the wrong course. Over Kamchatka, the jets (three pairs) never even found the intruder, and over Sakhalin the jets (at least five pairs, maybe six) barely caught up before the airliner had traversed the narrow neck of the island.

The Soviets expected a deliberate intruder to be flying with lights out. But when the nearest pursuing interceptor over Sakhalin reported the target was brightly lit, the mili-

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tary commanders shrugged it off. (They later ordered the pilot to lie about the lights when interviewed.) The pursuing pilot was told that an RC-135 would have four contrails, but then so would a 747 and dozens of other jet transports. The target still might have been a lost Soviet long-range bomber with a broken radio (several had been accidentally shot down over the years), so the pilot was instructed to interrogate the target's "Identify Friend or Foe" transponder. Not being a Soviet jet, the airliner did not carry this kind of equipment.

Conspiracy nuts have insistently mistranslated the Soviet pilot's report about the target "not responding to the call" as proof that 007 ignored a *voice* call. But the Russian-language term unambiguously refers to an *electronic* query, not a verbal one. Neither the Soviet pilot nor any ground station ever called the airliner on the international distress frequency, as required by international standards.

Many Western observers were incredulous that the Soviets could have tracked the intruder for so many hours and not have realized it was a civilian airliner. It was flying faster and straighter than any RC-135 had ever been observed to do, and in fact no RC-135 had ever overflown Soviet airspace so nonchalantly (past penetrations had been made by supersonic jet fighters). The civilian transponder could easily have been interrogated. And among all the jets, surely one of them had been close enough for a visual inspection. But, tragically, all these opportunities were overlooked.

According to ICAO, 007's voice tape "indicated a normal, relaxed atmosphere on the flight deck. The crew was interacting jovially with each other. . . . There was some indication by the first officer that he was finding the flight tedious, which would be improbable if the crew was deliberately transgressing a prohibited area." ICAO concluded that there was no evidence the crew knew they were in Soviet air space or were being accompanied by a Soviet jet.

On ground instructions, the Soviet pilot fired off a few bursts of cannon fire to attract attention, but he recalled feeling frustrated that there was no way this could work: he was too far behind, and the shells were all armor-piercing rounds, with no tracers interspersed. Later, the Soviets lied about there being tracers, and the pilot was ordered to lie too, but he is unambiguous in his testimony. Russian officials told ICAO it "is policy" to load tracers among the explosive shells, but "policy" is made at headquarters many thousands of miles from the front-line base where supplies and staff limitations force compromises. The pilot was there, and he says there were no visible tracers in the rounds he fired.

As was normal late in a flight, the airliner pilot called Tokyo control (while still out of direct radar range) and requested clearance to a slightly higher, more efficient cruising altitude. The airliner's natural slowing as it made this small change caused the pursuing interceptor to

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overshoot the plane, which convinced the Soviet pilot that the intruder had suddenly seen him and was taking evasive action. But according to the unarguable records of the DFDR, all other alleged course changes, including the massive dives and rolls and zigs and zags that fill maps and charts in conspiracy books (and in national newspapers), never happened.

During the last moments of the flight, the airliner and its pursuing jets over Sakhalin appeared on Japanese military radar. It looked just like many earlier pre-dawn intercept exercises (which is what the Soviet pilots had at first thought they were doing when launched). Japanese civil aviation radar also detected an airborne target with a transponder code of "1300," which was a neutral code for any aircraft over the northern Pacific (ICAO concluded it was a proper code for use prior to entry into Japanese air space, although conspiracy nuts have insisted it was some sort of signal). Meanwhile, KAL 007 was not quite overdue to appear along the expected route, so Japanese air traffic controllers had no reason yet to worry.

As the lost airliner headed southwest over the west coast of Sakhalin, Soviet air defense officials had run out of time. Although the presumption of the aircraft's reconnaissance nature had not been confirmed (all data collected had actually contradicted that theory), and no serious attempts had been made to contact it, the Soviets decided they couldn't take the chance. The order went up to destroy the intruder.

During those final moments, the pilot of the leading Soviet jet interceptor finally had time to study the aircraft a few miles in front of him. As an experienced border patroller, he recalled later realizing that the aircraft was clearly no RC-135. It was much larger, he realized, though he would later argue that he wasn't trained in identifying civil aviation aircraft. And he did not radio to the ground that his visual inspection disproved the RC-135 presumption. Instead, he launched his rockets.

The immediate cause of ordering the missile attack was not the airliner's continuing penetration of Soviet air space, but its imminent departure. It was within seconds of "escaping" across the border into international airspace. In the ICAO's words: "The time factor became paramount in the USSR command centers."

ICAO's report had to reconstruct the airliner's actual flight path based on a computer simulation using measured aircraft performance parameters. The actual INS location calculations were not recorded. So there was some uncertainty as to exactly where the airliner was when the missiles were launched, and that is what ICAO officially reported: "It was not possible to determine the position of KAL 007 at the time of the missile attack in relation to USSR sovereign airspace."

However, a supplemental report from the Russian Federation was also released through ICAO on June 14, and its information, based on ground radar measurements, is much more precise. It locates the spot of the missile attack at 46° 46' 27" N and 141° 32' 48" E. When plotted on ICAO's own maps of the shootdown area, this spot falls unambiguously outside Soviet territorial airspace. The doomed airliner had been flying over international waters for at least half a minute before being struck down. (This piece of sensational news, however, never made it into print in the West.)

The airliner's two recorders continued to function for another minute after the attack. Toward the end, they grew increasingly noisy as air buffeting mounted. Finally they stopped, simultaneously, while the aircraft was still high in the air. Presumably the aft bulkhead on which they were mounted collapsed from earlier structural damage.

In one incident shortly after the shootdown, a 747 went sixty nautical miles off course in just two hours. A year later, a Southwest Pacific Airlines charter over the North Pole to Europe went almost a thousand miles off track.

The CVR contains taped advisories to the passengers to fasten their seat belts and put on oxygen masks. The pilot called out to Tokyo that he was experiencing a rapid decompression and was descending to ten thousand feet, where the air would be thick enough to breathe. On the tapes, there were no "crew calls" about "Gonna be a blood bath, you bet" and "Hold your bogies north, sir," and other nonsensical fantasies which the spy-flight nuts imagined they could hear in the static. The recovered tapes show that such words were never spoken.

The plane continued to descend under control, but it was doomed. All four engines were still running, but critical control surfaces and lines had been damaged. No Boeing 747, damaged or not, had ever successfully ditched at sea.

Japanese fishermen observed the passage of the airliner, its lights out and aviation gas spraying wildly, until it smashed into the sea and exploded. The main wreckage was concentrated in international waters 17 nautical miles north of Moneron Island, at 46° 33' 32" N, 141° 19' 41" E, at a depth of about 200 meters. The structural materials were torn apart, and even recovered cabin silverware showed the force of the impact. The bodies of the people on board were also torn to shreds, soon to float away or to be devoured by local cuttlefish which swarm over the bottom. Soviet divers searching for the data recorders later spotted scattered remains—a severed arm, a woman's scalp, a glove with a hand still inside. ❐

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Mordecai Richler

Northern Exposure

Canada's first woman prime minister, Kim Campbell, faces a tough election this fall. Is she woman enough to clean house? Or will she wind up paying for Brian Mulroney's brazenly corrupt departure?

Last February 24, Brian Mulroney, Canada's least popular prime minister in the history of polling, pondering an autumn election in which his troops stood to be decimated if he persisted in leading them, fell on his sword. He announced that, after eight and a half years in office, he would be resigning in June, at the age of 54, so that the Tories could convene to choose a new leader. He would have quit in 1990, he said, but, because of the Gulf War, "it was vital that I stay." Later, understandably queasy about his place in history, he warned us that his legacy had already been distorted by reporters driven by "personal vendettas" against him, and then he wrestled yet again with the long and intimidating shadow of Pierre Elliot Trudeau, denouncing the former Liberal prime minister for selling Quebec down the river with his 1982 constitution, conveniently forgetting that, at the time, he had thumped the tub for the package himself. Bobbing and weaving, he ventured that the hoi polloi had turned on him only because he had had the guts to take essential but unpopular decisions. There was something in that, but not nearly enough. Mulroney's necessary free trade deal with the United States and his imposition of a national sales tax, the GST, had not endeared him to the electorate, but neither did they explain the deeply rooted animus against the man.

All politicians lie, but few as often, or mellifluously, as did sincerely yours, Brian Mulroney, his voice, a dead giveaway, sinking into his Guccis whenever he was about to deliver one of his whoppers. Campaigning for the Tory leadership in 1983, he mocked his chief rival for the job, good scout Joe Clark, for playing tiddlywinks with Quebec separatists. Then Mulroney courted them on bended knee, paying for their endorsements with cabinet seats and by punishing the country with wasting years of acrimonious and failed constitutional haggling, which served only to resuscitate the cause of Québécois tribalism. Before assuming office in 1984, he was adamantly opposed to any free trade deal, but once in place he signed one with the United States and another with Mexico. Referendums, he declared, were not the way our folks did things. Then he ordered up one for his second offer of a constitutional elixir, and lost, the country dismissing it as quack medicine. He softshoed into office condemning corruption and then presided over a

Mordecai Richler is the author of Oh Canada! Oh Quebec! Requiem for a Divided Country *(Alfred A. Knopf) and many novels, including* The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz, Joshua Then and Now, *and* Solomon Gursky Was Here.

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government that was tainted by a record number of cabinet ministers who were obliged to resign in disgrace, four in all.

On July 9, 1984, when then–Liberal Prime Minister John Turner announced that there would be an autumn election, and went on to deal nineteen patronage appointments to prominent Liberals, Mulroney professed to be shocked. "It's something out of an Edward G. Robinson movie," he said. "You know, the boys cuttin' up the cash." If he were elected, by gum, things would be different. "I undertake today that all political appointments will be of the highest unimpeachable quality. I'm going to send a dramatic signal of renewal in this area of Canadian life."

And then, last June, Mulroney retired, trailing an unprecedented rain cloud of patronage. Since December 1992 he had doled out 655 plums, 241 of these in his final two months in office, enabling him to establish yet another record. More than 500 of those handsomely paid appointments went to backroom boys and girls, dim relatives of senior Tories, failed candidates, and big donors, the most risible going to Mila Mulroney's hairdresser and the hairdresser's wife: Rinaldo joined the Federal Business Development Bank and his wife, Pat, the Official Residences Council. And finally twelve slavering Tories, who had not yet dug their snouts into the trough, were compensated with seats in the Senate, comfy beyond compare.

In Canada it is not patriotism that is the last refuge of scoundrels, but a sinecure in our unelected Senate, its members appointed at the prime minister's pleasure. Our Senate is the traditional pen of aging bagmen, superannuated party hacks, parvenus and, in Mulroney's case, old cronies who used to imbibe with him in the late, lamented Maritime Bar of Montreal's Ritz-Carlton Hotel or the Mount Royal Club, the favored watering hole of our city's most affluent tradesmen and corporate lawyers. Until they reach the age of 75, our 112 senators are paid $64,100 a year, plus a tax-free allowance of $10,000, and, among other benefits, they are also entitled to Air Canada freebies for themselves, their families, and retainers. A July Gallup poll revealed that only 4 percent of Canadians favor keeping the institution as it stands. Fifty-four percent would like to see it abolished and 37 percent want senators to stand for election, just like MPs.

Even as this recession-ridden country was still reeling from the shameless display of Mulroney "cuttin' up the cash," we were diverted by what many would come to see as a metaphor for the underlying tackiness of the Mulroney years: our prime minister, only weeks out of office, seemingly settling on a second career as a purveyor of used furniture, most of which was not necessarily his own. On July 1, Stevie Cameron wrote in the *Globe and Mail*, our English-language newspaper of record: "Brian and Mila Mulroney did not have to have a garage sale when they left their official residences last month: the federal government is buying the things they left behind.

"And that includes the custom-built closets made to house the Mulroney family wardrobe."

A new prime minister, I should explain, traditionally supplements the furnishings already in place at 24 Sussex Drive with his own things, removing them without fuss when he leaves. During Trudeau's tenure, Liberal supporters built him a swimming pool. He did not tow it away when he left and neither did he demand to be reimbursed for it.

Marcel Beaudry, chairman of the National Capital Commission, which is responsible for official residences, revealed that the Treasury Board had forked out $150,000 for seventy-five items the Mulroneys left behind, including wall paper, Persian carpets, shower curtains, light fixtures, a kitchen table, a $12,000 Venetian engraved mirror, and forty-nine flower vases. Beaudry, who had been appointed to his job by Mulroney a year earlier, proclaimed the sale a bargain, saying it would have cost taxpayers $400,000 for new furnishings had the Mulroneys skedaddled, peeling off the wallpaper and ripping out the light fixtures, leaving the new prime minister in the dark, as it were.

Our Senate is the traditional pen of aging bagmen, superannuated party hacks, parvenus and, in Mulroney's case, old cronies who used to imbibe with him in the late, lamented Maritime Bar of Montreal's Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Because Mulroney could not legally do business with the government, the Treasury Board's check was made out to Mila. But oh dear oh dear, she could produce no invoices. Beaudry had had the goods appraised at replacement value rather than their worth as used furniture. He allowed that he could not distinguish between duvets and cutlery, or whatever, that had originally been paid for by the government, or by the slushy Tory Canada Fund, which had contributed $324,000 toward the purchase of furnishings. Confusion was compounded by the fact that many of the items in the NCC's appraisal were identical to goods bought for the Mulroneys by the Tory Canada Fund.

What with the country on the boil, outraged by what it took to be mind-boggling sleaze, the Mulroneys, on holiday in France, were finally heard from. A petulant Mila wrote to cancel the deal: "After a decade of public service, which I performed with pride and pleasure and during which I neither received nor expected to receive remuneration of any kind for any of my activities, I am of course disappointed by the suggestion—even from some partisan

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sources—that I might have sought profit from this transaction. Accordingly, I have instructed my accountant to return immediately your cheque thereby terminating the agreement between us." And so, Mila ordained, the furniture would remain at 24 Sussex Drive until it could be replaced. Then, no doubt, everything, save the wallpaper, but including a dinner service for fifty, valued at $23,000, would be shipped to the newly acquired Montreal mansion of our first prime minister to have sprung from the working class. The house cost just short of $2 million, and was undergoing a $1-million renovation, according to a recent *Montreal Gazette*.

Once Mulroney had thrown in the towel, it was assumed that a number of Tory cabinet heavyweights, leading with the elbows, would compete for the leadership, the winner becoming our instant nineteenth prime minister; then, all but one genuflected before the onrushing Kim Campbell. Her rise out of obscurity was astonishing. A first-term MP, elected in Vancouver Centre in 1988, she became Canada's first female attorney general and justice minister in 1990, and two years later our first female secretary of defense. When she declared herself an official candidate, on March 25, it seemed that she was heading for a coronation. Radiating confidence, she said that she was, at heart, "a Texas line-dancer." And, oh yes, she had once smoked pot *and* inhaled, she added.

Kim Campbell entered the fray trailing The Photograph and quotes that reeked of arrogance to some, but seemed refreshingly direct to others. The saucy photograph that led British tabloids to dub her "a sexy, dewy-eyed Madonna" was taken for an arty coffee-table book in 1990. Gosh. It showed Kim bare-shouldered, holding her judicial robes before her, suggesting that possibly, just possibly, the naughty girl had posed starkers. "Seriously," said Ms. Campbell, "the notion that the bare shoulders of a

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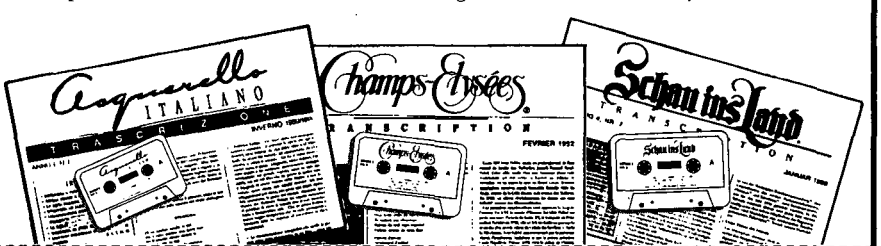

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43-year-old woman are the source of prurient comment or titillation, I mean, I suppose I should be complimented."

When she ran for the leadership of British Columbia's Social Credit Party in 1986, coming in last, she warned delegates against Bill Vander Zalm, the theme-park proprietor who would become provincial premier. "Charisma without substance is a dangerous thing," she said. Two years later, still heckling him, she added, "I only wish I knew him before his lobotomy." But what was to become her signature quote was plucked from an interview she gave the *Vancouver Sun* in 1986: "As an intellectually-oriented person, I like to socialize with people who read the same things I do and have a similar level of education, but I generally like ordinary people. I think it's very important to realize that a lot of people that you're out there working for are people who may sit in their undershirt and watch the game on Saturday, beer in hand . . . I suppose these people would find me as boring as I would find them."

Actually, as I am one of those louts who watches Saturday night hockey on TV, preferably with a Scotch in hand, this *pensée* gave me pause. Could she, I wondered, be as condescending as she appeared?

"Seriously," said Ms. Campbell, "the notion that the bare shoulders of a 43-year-old woman are the source of prurient comment or titillation, I mean, I suppose I should be complimented."

Kim was born Avril Phaedra Douglas Campbell to George Campbell, a lawyer, and Phyllis Cook in March 1947, and changed her name to Kim during adolescence. Her parents' marriage was not a happy one. As a consequence of a 1957 sleigh accident, Phyllis shattered a hip socket and was, for a time, an invalid. In the most illuminating of a spate of Kim Campbell profiles that began to appear last spring, the *Globe and Mail*'s Stephen Brunt wrote of that period that Phyllis's sister "says Mr. Campbell once came home from a night on the town and told his wife that he had spent the evening dancing with a woman. 'She was not a hopeless cripple like you,' was the taunt he used."

In 1959, Phyllis ran off to France with the man who would become her second husband, the two of them buying a yacht and setting up charters for the rich; Kim didn't see her again until she graduated from high school.

In 1967, Kim, then a student at the University of British Columbia, met the feisty Nathan "Tuzie" Divinsky, a math professor and divorced father of three daughters. He was 42, she was 21. Her mother didn't care for this working-class Jew, a bona fide chess maven, who claimed to have once played the great Boris Spassky to a draw. "I found him rude and pushy," said Phyllis.

Phyllis, who safe to say doesn't know the words to *Oy Chanukah, oy Chanukah, a yontiff a shayner*, recalled a Christmas visit to the family home when Divinsky refused to join in on Christmas carols. "He sat there like an anthropologist watching the natives at their curious rites. I never warmed to the man at all."

Nevertheless, Nathan and Kim were soon living together. Then, in 1970, she went to London to study at the London School of Economics, her doctoral supervisor Leonard Schapiro, the renowned Sovietologist, who took his students on a three-month tour of the Soviet Union. Nathan and Kim were married in London in 1972, only to be divorced eleven years later. Kim married again in Vancouver in 1986 and was divorced again five years later.

In the Owl's Nest, the dilapidated country bar that I favor out there in a weedy field on the 243, hard by the Vermont border, only a few miles from my cottage in Quebec's Eastern Townships, a local wag said, "If she can't manage two marriages, how in the hell is she gonna manage the country?"

But early in March she seemed unstoppable, everybody scrambling aboard her bandwagon, including a worrying number of Québécois nationalists, Mulroney's baggage. So later in the month, when the 34-year-old minister of environment Jean Charest, an Eastern Townshipper born and bred, entered the race, the scuttlebutt was that this stripling had obliged, at stage manager Mulroney's request, to lend at least the semblance of a contest to the Tory convention in June. But, lo and behold, he turned out to be an appealing campaigner, fluently bilingual, while Ms. Campbell was given to stumbling in French considerably less assured than advertised. Charest was pleasingly plump, with a mop of unruly curly hair, cuddly as a muppet, a family man, married to his obviously intelligent and photogenic high school sweetheart, with three adorable children. And oh yes, he too had been known to puff on the occasional toke during university days, and in his crazed teenage years, he confessed that he had once run afoul of the law and lingered for several hours in the slammer . . . for spray-painting "Bonne Fête Marie" on a street as a birthday greeting to a friend.

Kim Campbell, arguably more representative of our discontented times, survivor of a dysfunctional family and twice-divorced, came charging out of the starting gate armed with quips, but then she was processed by the insufferably slick Tory machine, emerging shrink-wrapped, a front-runner dodging difficult questions lest she offend anybody out there. Ex-con Charest was the clear winner of the first television debate. Then, Ms. Campbell, invited to pronounce on Quebec's loony-tunes language laws, which, at the time, still banned the use of English on outdoor commercial signs, among other fatuities, would venture no more than, "I think the worst

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thing I could do is throw myself in the middle of this debate. . . . It is for Quebecers themselves to decide whether it is good or the best route to take." But Charest proclaimed that a prime minister must "defend the rights of linguistic minorities everywhere in the country, including Quebec."

"Campbellmania Fizzles," ran a May 25 headline in the *Globe and Mail*, but she had already locked up twice as many delegates as her rival. Then an eve-of-convention poll showed that Charest was now the most popular candidate by far of Canadians in general and Tories in particular. Against all odds, Charest had made it a contest.

Pity the sizable contingent of rednecks among the 3,400 delegates and 1,500 alternates jammed into Ottawa's sweltering Civic Centre on Friday, June 11. That fulminating, beer-bellied bunch riding out of the Bible-belt prairies. Small town lawyers and real estate agents, feed merchants and car dealers, all convinced that the True North, Strong and Free was going to hell in a multicultural handbasket. Why, you can now wear a turban in the RCMP or a dagger in your belt to high school if you're a Sikh. Their own kids were being dealt condoms rather than brownies at recess. The country's broke, but the National Gallery in Ottawa is paying zillions for umpteen-foot-high color charts called paintings by con men named Newman or Rothko, probably both Jews. This great land that once gave the world Deanna Durbin is now supposed to be proud of k.d. lang, a dyke *and a vegetarian*, even though she came from cattle country. You know what caused AIDS? God Almighty's disgust.

The rednecks were to be pitied because on Sunday they would have to choose between a la-di-da divorcée, from Hot Tub City out there in flaky B.C., and a bloody frog still wet behind the ears who had the nerve to speak English better than most of them did, and reminded them somewhat of that bastard Trudeau, who had rammed bilingualism down their throats.

Joy was confined, with a rattled Tory establishment machine going into overdrive, working the floor for Kim. Young Jean, they whispered, might be a fine fellow for next time, but don't forget that for twenty-six of the last twenty-seven years our prime minister has been a Quebecer, and the rest of Canada has had it up to here. Meanwhile, the outnumbered Charest people were saying that only their man, already the people's choice in the rest of Canada, could clean the clock of Lucien Bouchard's Bloc Québécois Party in Quebec.

Bouchard, a small-town Québécois lawyer and one-time separatist, had been lifted out of obscurity by his old college chum, Brian Mulroney. He was appointed ambassador to France and later was parachuted into parliament and the cabinet. Then he split with Mulroney over what he claimed was yet another constitutional betrayal of Quebec, and formed the Bloc Québécois, the first separatist party to sit in our federal parliament. Bouchard had carried only eight malcontent MPs with him, not one of them of any distinction, but, if the polls were right, he was slated to win a majority of Quebec's seventy-six seats in the coming federal election—unless he was obliged to run against the shining new face of Jean Charest. In his stem-winder of a Saturday night speech at the convention, Charest pleaded with delegates to turn him loose on Lucien Bouchard.

First, however, we had to endure Brian Mulroney's orchestrated tribute to himself on Friday night. In the months leading up to the convention, he had embarked on a final farewell tour of the United States and Europe, much criticized for being both too costly and unnecessary. But on Friday night we discovered that the junkets had enabled him to solicit film testimonials to his greatness by George Bush, John Major, François Mitterrand, Helmut Kohl, Bill Clinton, and Boris Yeltsin. These tributes were at the heart of a home movie that was, at best, embarrassing, and, at worst, self-serving and saccharine beyond compare. There was also a stage show. Mulroney had vetted every word in the script, but, a consummate showman, laughed at the jokes he had approved and shed tears on cue.

In Charest's Saturday night make-or-break speech, he said, "Yes, I am young and vigorous—and so is Canada." And, sticking it to Kim, he added, "I want to be prime minister of Canada and not prime minister of caution."

Ms. Campbell, the last to speak, chose to be "prime ministerial," delivering a bomb that sounded to most observers

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like a printout of clichés from a master Tory computer. But she did begin to distance herself from Mulroney. "We need a different kind of leadership," she said, "one that responds to the yearning of Canadians for real change in our politics and our politicians."

She took it on the second ballot, with 1,822 votes to Charest's 1,630. Anxious federalists in the Tories' Quebec caucus were not pleased, one of them anticipating that the BQ might now take fifty or even sixty seats in Quebec.

Certainly it would come as no surprise if Bouchard, hearing the results, had cracked open a bottle of champagne, and Liberal leader Jean Chrétien also had to be delighted. He had already adjudged Ms. Campbell "a Mulroney in skirts," who had won herself no more than a summer job.

As I write, in August, it is anticipated that the election will come in October, the actual date not to be announced before Labor Day. A reading of the entrails offers contradictory auguries. Gallup has reported that 43 percent of committed voters favor the Liberals, and only 33 percent the Tories. However, asked to pick who would make the best prime minister, the electorate gives Ms. Campbell a 17-point edge. The near demise of the NDP, our social-democratic party, the choice of only 8 percent of voters, is a foregone conclusion. Chrétien, a former cabinet minister in Trudeau's governments, has to overcome the perception that he is yesterday's man, as well as a lightweight. But he is a far more experienced campaigner than Ms. Campbell, and he seems likely to carry the Maritime Provinces and Ontario, the biggest prize, but not his home province of Quebec. Francophone Quebecers regard Chrétien as something of an Uncle Tom, his French striking them as inelegant and his English sufficiently shaky to make them cringe.

Should the BQ, impaired by its one-plank independence platform and inability to satisfy Quebec's voracious appetite for the goodies that come with office, still win a majority of the province's seats, it would not be the only disruptive regional party in parliament. Yang to its yin is the western-rooted Reform Party, led by the engaging Robert Manning, our Ross Perot sans that tycoon's millions. The Reform Party stands to win a batch of seats in Alberta. But both the BQ and Reform run the risk of being discredited by the preponderance of nutters in their camps. Bouchard will have to muzzle the most zealous of his candidates, who are bound to alarm essentially conservative Quebecers with their inchoate rage against *les autres*. And Manning, no bigot himself, will have to cork the incipient racists in his bottle, who would like to legislate an end to immigration, a ban on French outside of Quebec, and, if only to demonstrate their devotion to "family values," bring back flogging and the noose.

Unless Chrétien or Ms. Campbell is found guilty of an egregious campaign gaffe, it seems likely that the election will yield a minority government, probably Liberal. Ms. Campbell, out to mend her Quebec fences, has appointed Jean Charest deputy prime minister as well as head of the industry department. Even as she continues to distance herself from the sleaze that characterized the Mulroney years, the Liberals will not allow her to forget that she once said of the man, "He is an extraordinary leader . . . with a great passion for this country and he inspires great loyalty." Her first attempt to impress the country with the new frugality backfired. She ordered ministers in her new, pared-down cabinet to take taxis, rather than chauffeured limos, to the swearing-in ceremony at the Governor-General's residence. But as snide reporters were quick to point out, the taxpayer really ended up forking out twice, because the chauffeurs had to sit and wait, albeit on the public payroll.

Even if Ms. Campbell has found herself no more than a summer job, she is, pace Chrétien, already assured of a place in our history books.

The election date yet to be announced, party leaders have already begun to bore us on the photo-op trail, flipping burgers in an endless run of backyard barbecues. Ms. Campbell, pledged to the policies of change and substance, has been photographed dancing the twist in Toronto and simulating pleasure as she accepted an autographed ball from the Expos' Larry Walker in Montreal. Asked about her sex life on a silly Quebec City talk show, she replied she now had no time for "*le hanky-panky*." Even if she has found herself no more than a summer job, she is, *pace* Chrétien, already assured of a place in our history books. Our first female prime minister, the first out of British Columbia, and the first capable of speaking a decent Yiddish.

Finally, my own cherished election fantasy result depends on Lucien Bouchard not only taking just about every seat in Quebec, but also fielding candidates in the western boonies. Out there, I'll wager, many would vote BQ because, rather than wait for Quebec to separate or get off the pot, they would happily kick the province out right now. And so Bouchard, winner of ninety or more seats, would form a coalition with a surging Reform Party and find himself, a sworn separatist, in the nightmare office of prime minister of Canada. The morning after, the premier of Ontario, our richest and most populous province, would inform Bouchard that he intends to sue for sovereignty. Bouchard, sobered by his new responsibilities, would tell him, "I was not elected prime minister to preside over the dismemberment of this great country that is the envy of the world. *Va te faire foutre*." ❐

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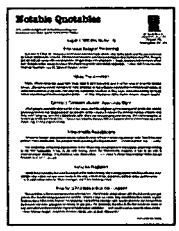

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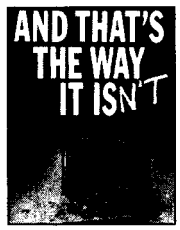

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Bobby Kennedy's Crying Game

by Kenneth S. Lynn

On the eve of the thirtieth anniversary of Jack Kennedy's death, the mythic conception of him as a president who "gave his country back to its best self," as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. writes in the peroration of *A Thousand Days*, still lives in the minds of the faithful. But in the year in which 18,000 loyalists headed by President Clinton foregathered in Arlington Cemetery to mourn and remember Bobby Kennedy and listen—with eyes tightly closed, in Clinton's case—to Aretha Franklin singing "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," it is Bobby's myth that is inspiring the really breathtaking claims.

"[His] eloquence stands in the company of Churchill's and Lincoln's," Edwin O. Guthman and C. Richard Allen declare without batting an eye in the preface to *RFK: Collected Speeches*.[1] He had "a sort of St. Francis dimension," the *Washington Post*'s Ben Bradlee would have us believe, and Irish-American girlhood's gift to the *New York Times*, Anna (Herself) Quindlen, trumps that moral comparison with an invocation of Christ:

> It was Bobby who became the greatest single representative of [the] idea that God and the greater good called us to serve the disenfranchised. Seeing the photographs and footage of him in clapboard shacks, with those endlessly sad eyes, bending to speak to children in rags, I always thought of Christ's words: "If you did it for the least of my brethren, you did it for me." . . . [Bobby was] a deeply religious man, the only one I ever can remember who combined theology and political ideology in a way that was nothing but good.

The clearest indication, though, that Bobby is threatening Jack's primacy of place in the liberal imagination comes, surprisingly enough, from Jack's slavishly admiring lawyer, adviser, speechwriter, and special counsel, Theodore Sorensen. In 1969, Sorensen published *The Kennedy Legacy*, wherein he saluted the political achievements of all three Kennedy brothers, but dwelled on Jack's. Yet in the new foreword he has contributed to a re-issue of *Legacy*,[2] he mentions Jack only in passing. From beginning to end, Sorensen gives himself over to fantasies about Bobby. "Had Robert Kennedy not been suddenly, senselessly taken from us, the world would be a better place," we are told for starters. Inevitably, he would have won the Democratic nomination for president in 1968, and the ensuing election. "He then would have been an extraordinary President . . . more passionate, more committed and more effective than any of the six Presidents who served between the time of his death and the time [December 1992] this is written."

Whereas Reagan and the others left office "defeated, discredited or disgraced in the eyes of millions of Americans," a Robert Kennedy presidency would "surely" have been free from corruption, deception, and deadlock; the special pleaders and PACs would have wielded far less influence in Washington; the poor would have had in the Oval Office someone who listened and cared; and the sense of despair that bred demonstrations and riots in our inner cities and on our college campuses would have been transformed into a sense of hope.

Unlike the myth-drunk Sorensen, Gerald S. and Deborah H. Strober deal objectively with both Jack and Bobby in their fascinating compendium, *"Let Us Begin Anew": An Oral History of the Kennedy Presidency*.[3] On discovering that the oral-history materials in the Kennedy Library in Boston were compiled for the most part in the months and years immediately following the assassination in Dallas, the Strobers concluded a few years back that the time had come to seek new perspectives. Approximately 140 cabinet, subcabinet, and administration officials, congressional colleagues, journalists, personalities on the international scene, and others agreed to speak with them.

The Strobers' admirably detached presentation of the testimony allows readers to make up their own minds about the fabled Thousand Days, and in the case of Bobby, *"Anew"* offers especially revealing commentaries. Only on the matter of extramarital sexual activity are the Strobers disappointing, for they mistakenly decided not to initiate questions about it. Yet when Louis Martin, a former deputy director of the Democratic National Committee, brought up the subject, they didn't exclude what he had to say. "People today talk about Jack and Bob's sex life. But they were Irish: they liked liquor and they liked women. You'd say, 'How do you like those ladies?' The reply would be, 'I like them prone [sic].'"

Philip Kaiser, a career diplomat, worked for several political candidates in his younger days. He remembers Bobby in 1960 as "the best campaign manager I ever saw," and another veteran of the campaign, Bernard Boutin, exults in the memory of Bobby's combativeness. On the other hand, when Dean Rusk joined the Kennedy administration, he was

[1] Viking, 402 pages, $25.

[2] Macmillan, 414 pages, $22.

[3] HarperCollins, 525 pages, $25.

Kenneth S. Lynn, who has taught English at Harvard and history at Johns Hopkins, is the author of Hemingway, *among other books. This will be the first of a series of occasional columns.*

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appalled by the wild ideas that this combative young man kept proposing:

> I mean, for example, [he] came up one time with the idea that we should organize American businessmen in foreign countries to lay on demonstrations in support of the United States on political matters. Well, I thought that was a very bad idea because it's not the business of business to undertake that sort of thing, and American business in foreign countries would be thrown out of the countries in many situations if they had tried to do that.

William Sullivan, a political affairs officer in the State Department, came to believe that "Bobby probably forced [President Kennedy] to take decisions at times when the president would have preferred to defer them; Bob was always looking for decisions rather than letting things ride for a while." In the contrary view of former senator George Smathers of Florida, a lot of Bobby's friends nowadays are putting him "at a level he was not ever at. . . . As far as Jack Kennedy listening to Bobby, Jack Kennedy was ten times smarter than Bobby."

During his tenure as undersecretary of state, George Ball had to deal with the fact that "Bobby was primarily interested in rather recondite things. He believed in covert operations and in counterinsurgency, which I thought was totally obnoxious. . . . On counterinsurgency it was Robert who was driving the president. It appealed to him as an adolescent fantasy." Former special assistant to the president, Ralph Dungan, also remembers Bobby as "a sucker for that kind of stuff [i.e., Special Forces and Green Berets]."

"Bobby was very, very hawkish," Dungan further remembers, and "he had no subtlety at all. He was unschooled, basically; he knew nothing of foreign cultures. I often thought he was a loose cannon." As attorney general, says Dungan, Bobby did lots of wonderful things, but in other areas, especially foreign affairs, his "judgment was not very good," and "his brusque manner . . . turned people off." If he had been made secretary of state, as some people said he was going to be, "that would have been terrible—he was too much of a hip-shooter."

Harlan Cleveland, a foreign policy expert (who later became U.S. ambassador to NATO and president of the University of Hawaii), provided the Kennedy campaign in 1960 with a long memorandum on his area of expertise. One night in upstate New York, he drove Bobby from Auburn to Syracuse and en route undertook to suggest that the campaign take a different approach to certain foreign-policy issues:

> When I was midsentence of making [my] argument, [Bobby] reaches out his hand and turns on the transistor radio full blast so it was impossible to have a conversation. I thought to myself, Hey, I am trying to get his brother elected president; he doesn't have to do something like that. He was undoubtedly the rudest man I have ever encountered in public life, and I am surprised, in a way, that he got as far he did. I think he probably would have been a very dangerous president.

From his vantage point in the State

Department's bureau of intelligence, Roger Hilsman regarded Bobby as the "hero" of the Cuban missile crisis. "He said, 'Let's take out of the Khrushchev message . . . the thing that we want.' It was brilliant. We called it the Trollope ploy, after the novel where a guy squeezes a girl's hand and she looks at him and says, 'I accept your proposal of marriage.'" Robert McNamara's deputy, Roswell Gilpatric, was also very impressed by Bobby's missile-crisis performance. "If you want to give star billing in the missile crisis, I think you rank the president first, then Robert Kennedy, then McNamara."

William Y. Smith, who was General Maxwell Taylor's special assistant at the time, somewhat dissents from these views. While it was "common wisdom" for a while to say that Bobby had figured out the way to respond to Khrushchev, the State Department's Llewellyn Thompson was later named as the first one who mentioned it, and "I bet if you went far enough, there would be some third person who mentioned it. That is the kind of thing that occurs. When Thompson said it, no one paid much attention, but the one they listened to was Bobby Kennedy."

The former assistant director of the FBI, Cartha DeLoach, recalls that J. Edgar Hoover "expressed great outrage when Bobby came over one day and briefed him concerning the use of organized crime individuals for the purpose of getting at Castro. Mr. Hoover said that it was the wrong thing to do—many of these same people were the people we were investigating, particularly Sam (Moe) Giancana in Chicago." Yet at the same time, says DeLoach, Attorney General Kennedy "mightily" encouraged, "sometimes much to our sorrow," the FBI's investigations of various heads of organized crime. For the attorney general's investigatory zeal "caused the FBI to do certain things. For instance, the matter of placing microphones on leaders of organized crime in Las Vegas."

In his capacity as secretary of the Senate majority, Bobby Baker became aware that the attorney general had tapped Vice President Johnson's telephone lines. Baker adds, "I've never seen two human beings hate the way Johnson and Bobby did." RFK's erstwhile administrative assistant, John Seigenthaler, was likewise aware of the tensions between the vice president and the attorney general. Lyndon didn't think of Bobby as a competitor eight years hence, he "just disliked him. In the same way that I thought he was a snotty little bastard, I think Lyndon thought to himself: 'He's a snotty little bastard.'" As for Bobby's animus, Seigenthaler says that Bobby told him it stemmed from Johnson's remark at the 1960 convention that *his* father "never carried Neville Chamberlain's umbrella."

"I'm really sorry to say," Ralph Dungan confesses, "that on the civil rights side, we were not very good. We never asked ourselves the question, 'What's right?'" Morris Abram, emeritus presi-

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dent of Brandeis University and a former member of the U.N. Subcommission on Prevention of Discrimination, agrees. The Kennedys, he says flatly, "were entirely political" on civil-rights issues. In the judgment of the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, "Robert Kennedy looked upon [civil rights] as his private domain, and he was very cautious about backing [those of us on] the Civil Rights Commission on anything, because he wanted the Kennedy Administration to get credit for any progress that had been made. On the other hand, the moment Johnson was in there, he had the commission come over and he sat us down and told us he wanted to do something about poverty."

William Trueheart, onetime deputy chief of mission, U.S. Embassy, Saigon, never forgot that "Bobby came out [to Vietnam] once—in the middle of the night—just at the airport. I didn't come away with a very warm feeling for him. It was—I thought—his total preoccupation with the domestic political aspects of what was going on." Former governor John Patterson of Alabama asserts that "if you were out having a drink of whiskey with Robert Kennedy he was just a hell of a fine fellow. But every decision that he made about anything was based upon what was best for them politically." According to Donald Wilson, who was Edward R. Murrow's deputy at the U.S. Information Agency, Murrow regarded Bobby as "a young whippersnapper who didn't have the experience or the background to be president."

And if Bobby had lived? The *New York Times*'s Tom Wicker maintains that "it is a fallacy [to think that] the Democrats would have nominated him for president and he would have won, and the whole history of the world would be different. I analyzed that very closely. Robert Kennedy never would have been nominated in 1968. Had he been nominated, I think he could have beaten Nixon. In other words, he would do better in the country than within the Democratic party."

Wicker was right about Bobby and the Democratic Party. But like a good many other reporters, he overestimated Bobby's appeal to the country because of the uncontrollable emotionalism of the crowds that surrounded him virtually everywhere he went during his quest for the nomination. At the huge field house of the University of Kansas on March 18, 1968, Bobby drew the largest throng in campus history. "From high above in the press section," wrote Jules Witcover, "it looked and sounded like some overly done scene from a Hollywood movie of a presidential campaign—the jumping girls, the screams ricocheting off the distant field house walls." A week later, the *Los Angeles Times*'s Carl Greenberg characterized the receptions that Bobby received at Stockton, Sacramento, San Jose, Monterey, and Los Angeles as "uproarious, shrieking and frenzied." At Stockton, Robert Donovan told the readers of the same paper, "he was pulled off a car by crowds of admirers"; at San Jose, "an old woman tried to hug him and a young woman ruffled his hair"; at Sacramento, "the crowd was so dense there was danger of panic."

Whether he spoke to the crowds of ending American involvement in battered and bloody Vietnam or of "dissolving" inner-city ghettos, the common threnody in his rhetoric was suffering, and the keepers of his myth are sure they know why: with the martyrdom of his brother, he had changed, his hard edges had softened, and in a miracle akin to an infusion of God's grace his soul had been flooded with a boundless compassion for the pain of others. As *New York* magazine's TV critic John Leonard put it last August in the final paragraph of his denunciatory review of USA Network's much denounced "Marilyn & Bobby: Her Final Affair":

> And what, then, happened to Bobby after the death of his brother? Something profound—as if, after the despair and scourging, a different chord possessed him, another kind of vibrant music, sounds he had never heard before, cantatas and chorales of Selma and Saigon.

To Leonard and company, it would be the most contemptible heresy to suggest that Bobby adopted a new persona as deliberately as Benjamin Franklin did when he decided that wearing a mask of humility was the way to get ahead in colonial Philadelphia. Undeniably, though, there were political advantages for Bobby in presenting himself, with the aid of media myrmidons, as a lonely, frail, vulnerable figure ascending Mount Kennedy in the Yukon or walking a sweep of beach seemingly without companionship, but borne down as always by the cross of his concern for poor, suffering humanity.

To begin with, the new persona offered an antidote to left-liberal distrust of him—as evinced, say, in the demonic portrayal of Robert the would-be killer of the king in *Macbird*—for his lifetime history of personal nastiness, his professional association with Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, his brutal coercion of Gov. Michael V. Di Salle into throwing Ohio behind Jack in the 1960 presidential nomination contest, his carpetbagger run for the Senate from New York (which particularly offended the *New York Times*), and his ruthlessly opportunistic announcement of his candidacy for the presidency a scant four days after the stunningly large vote for Eugene McCarthy in the New Hampshire primary.

The proposition that political advantage inhered in simulations of a radically transformed personality also casts light on his astonishing declaration at a press conference at the University of Southern California on November 5, 1965, that he thought it would be a "good idea" for the U.S. to donate blood plasma to the North Vietnamese. In saying that, was he moved by a compassion so profound that it extended even to an exceptionally vicious enemy of the United States—or by a determination to become the paladin of the rising anti-war movement on the campuses, on the chance that he might be able to ride that wave of loathing (as Bill Clinton has taught us to think of it) right into the White House? The answer is clear.

At the heart of his strategy lay his crying game. With a TV crew and a sympathetic writer, Nick Kotz, in tow, Bobby journeyed into an abysmally poor district of the Mississippi Delta in the spring of 1967. In the tiny back room of an all-but-roofless shack, he encountered a two-year-old black child, wearing a filthy undershirt that could not conceal her swollen stomach, sitting on the dirt floor. Rats and roaches were darting everywhere. For five minutes, with tears running down his cheeks, Bobby caressed and spoke to the child, as the cameras rolled.

I do not doubt that the child's plight upset him; indeed, I think it likely that he was in a state of shock, given his encapsulated, rich-kid upbringing. At the end of the video-op, however, Bobby and his entourage left that scene from hell, as St. Francis would not have. During Bobby's tenure as attorney general, political considerations had dominated every one of his responses to black America's cries of griev-

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ance. Is it not plausible to conclude that in 1967 and 1968 his public displays of grief, from the Delta to Harlem, were ruled by a burning desire to make the White House's war on poverty seem woefully inadequate and thus delegitimize the social leadership of Lyndon Johnson, the uncouth usurper, whom people like Father Hesburgh persisted in admiring?

Tragedy struck all around him before it struck him, too, and he sprinkled his speeches with quotations from Aeschylus. Nevertheless, he lacked the stamina to raise America's consciousness of tragic dilemmas. "Our nation must be told the truth about this war," he trumpeted on February 8, 1968. Yet he was never able to confess that admitting the Vietcong to what he called, in a mealy-mouthed formulation, "a share of power and responsibility" in South Vietnam would inevitably lead to a Communist takeover, a horrific bloodbath, and boat people drowning in the South China Sea.

In domestic affairs, his proposals for dealing with poverty made sense to many sensible people. "Jobs, education, health care, housing—all must be provided for the poor wherever they live or want to live," he insisted. On the other hand, he raised false expectations about the efficacy of such provisions by failing to acknowledge that they might not touch the pathologies of the poor and could well make them worse.

Today in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, New York, where in 1966 he initiated a neighborhood revitalization effort with outside largesse and alleged expertise, the neighborhood atmosphere "fosters a very vicious form of domestic violence," according to a piece in the *Wall Street Journal* last July by an Amherst undergraduate, Shawn Sullivan, who grew up in Bed-Stuy. "Specifically I mean an atmosphere," Sullivan explains, "in which young men are 'taught' by their fathers, if they have one, and older brothers to refer to women as 'ho's' ('whores') who need abuse; where physical violence is a common means of ending verbal disputes; and where women are mistrusted and detested."

What is most needed to combat this environment, in Sullivan's opinion, is "moral leadership—from within." Bobby Kennedy's muscular interventionism, backed by big-government spending and informed by the *noblesse oblige* outlook of a multimillionaire's son, lies at the furthest remove from Sullivan's philosophy. "By coming to this school," Bobby told the students at Berkeley in the fall of 1966, "you have been lifted onto a tiny, sunlit island while all around you lies an ocean of human misery, injustice, violence, and fear. You can use your enormous privilege and opportunity to seek purely private pleasure and gain. But history will judge you, and as the years pass, you will ultimately judge yourself, on the extent to which you have used your gifts to lighten and enrich the lives of your fellow man."

For striking numbers of people in the nineties, Bobby's kind of liberalism has become the only social bond that holds them together, in the absence of any other kind of community. Hence the modishness of the Bobby myth. "Let us embrace the memory of Robert Kennedy," President Clinton intoned at Arlington Cemetery, "by living as he would have us live." ❐

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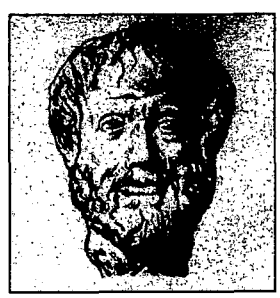

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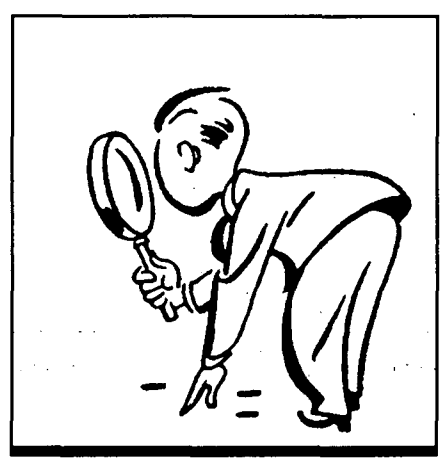
Killing the Foster Story

by John Corry

What drove Vincent Foster to suicide? "After nearly a month of examination," the *Washington Post* declared, summing up its investigation into Foster's death, "no rumor has panned out, no unmasking has occurred." Nonetheless, the *Post* did have a thought. It said that critical editorials in the *Wall Street Journal*—"where the battle on behalf of movement conservatives is waged with no quarter"—had weighed heavily on Foster's mind, a suggestion endorsed soon after by the *New York Times*. The *Times* even published a chart: "Key Events in Mr. Foster's Last Months." Four of the twelve events were editorials in the *Wall Street Journal*. There was no escaping the implication: the *Wall Street Journal* had killed Vincent Foster.

If this seemed bizarre, it was. The *Post* and the *Times* had entered Foster's mind just as surely as the much criticized Joe McGinniss had entered Ted Kennedy's mind in *The Last Brother*. In the absence of facts, it is lovely to speculate, and the facts in the Foster case had always been in dispute, even without the numerous rumors. *Newsweek* had reported, for example, that the same day her husband's body was found in Fort Marcy park, Mrs. Foster had confided to Mack McLarty's wife in the Garden Terrace Restaurant of the Four Seasons Hotel. *Newsweek* described what she had confided: "Vince Foster was having trouble handling the pressure. He couldn't sleep, and he was losing weight. He seemed down. He couldn't let go." But even as Mrs. McLarty tried to cheer up her friend, *Newsweek* said, "Vincent Foster was driving out of the White House gates in his Honda Accord" on his way to Fort Marcy.

All this, of course, was plausible, but *Time* reconstructed Mrs. Foster's afternoon differently. *Time* said Mrs. Foster and Mrs. McLarty were at the Fosters' new house at about the same time Foster "passed through the iron gate of the White House in his gray Nissan." The Terrace Restaurant disappeared in *Time*'s account, and so did the Honda, and while that might have been inconsequential, larger matters were at variance, too. *Time* said authoritatively that Mrs. Foster told Mrs. McLarty "that Vince's distraction—no one called it depression—had lifted during a getaway weekend on Maryland's



Eastern Shore." *Time* did not seem to think Mrs. Foster was worried about her husband, no matter what *Newsweek* said.

And so it went, almost from the moment Foster's body was discovered. Careless reporting and what turned out to be White House duplicity were joined, while America's premier news organizations danced around a story they were never quite sure how to cover. In Italy these matters are more straightforward. A dozen Italian politicians and business leaders have committed suicide in the last eighteen months, and the press never talks about clinical depression. In the days after Foster died, however, only the "CBS Evening News" asked the hard questions, beginning with, "Was it blackmail?" and then raising related issues: Did Foster see anyone after he left the White House? Who found his body? Where had the gun come from, and was there any relevant information on the phone logs and computer records in Foster's office?

It appears now that all these questions will never be answered, and that the *Wall Street Journal* was right when, two days after Foster's death, it called for a special counsel to oversee the investigation. In fact, before it did its remarkable about-face, the *Washington Post* came close to agreeing. In a delicately worded editorial, it said that "the White House has shifted its ground too often to let matters sit where they now are." Therefore, "the Administration needs to gather the facts and give an honest briefing about what it knows" about the death of Vincent Foster.

Indeed, the *Post* could speak with authority. The paper is kinder to liberal Democrats than to conservative Republicans, but a good scandal, real or imagined, can do in either, and the apparent suicide of a high White House official is not the kind of story the *New York Times* knows how to cover. Thomas L. Friedman wrote the *Times*'s first full account, and the headline on the story—"White House Aide Leaves No Clue About Suicide"—accurately reflects its content. Friedman is a Pulitzer Prize winner, but he followed the gentlemanly practice the *Times* also displayed when the *Post* first beat it on Watergate. A reporter checks with official sources, and suspends critical faculties on a messy story. The *Times* could not possibly have known

John Corry is a former New York Times *media critic and the author of* My Times: Adventures in the News Trade, *forthcoming from Putnam.*

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whether Foster left any clues about the suicide, but it accepted the White House's word—a dicey thing to do with any White House, and particularly foolish when the president is Bill Clinton.

Even on that first day, though, the *Post* found a different story. Mark Gearan, the White House communications director, insisted that Foster "never said anything to indicate that anything was out of the ordinary to his colleagues," but the *Post* reported that Foster's friends had been worried. One of them was quoted as follows: "His friends could see his depression, and his wife was terribly worried about it. He took everything to heart, too much to heart. He felt responsible for things he should not have felt responsible. He felt these burdens and could not seem to shake them off the way others do."

The exact nature of these burdens was unclear, but likely they involved the Clintons. The same day that the *Post* quoted the unidentified Clinton friend in its news columns, its "Style" section quoted an apparently adoring "Clintonite," who spoke of Foster and his relationship with the Clintons: "He even went so far as to help them on their finances and their blind trust," the Clintonite said. "You don't get to be a confidant of Hillary's without being incredibly bright. She doesn't put up with people who are slow. Vince was one of the few people here who was close to both of them. Mack"—Mack McLarty, the White House chief of staff—"is the *president's* friend."

The same "Style" story also reported that when McLarty heard of Foster's death, he called Mrs. Clinton before he called the president. That was not mentioned in other news stories. The blind trust was not mentioned, either, although only weeks before Foster's death, *Money* magazine, a respectable publication, had criticized the Clintons for not having set one up, even though the last three presidents had done so even before they took office. When it asked the White House about the blind trust, *Money* said, it was told only that the Clintons were working on it. "That's not good enough," *Money* charged in an editorial. "The damage to the public trust has already been done."

The damage, however, was as nothing compared to the damage yet to come. After Foster's body was found, the White House announced that the Justice Department would be the "point of contact" for an investigation by the U.S. Park Police. The next day, the *Post* reported, Foster's office had been searched "in the presence of officials from the National Park Service." Bernard Nussbaum, the White House counsel, conducted the search, the *Post* reported, under the "supervision" of the officials. The *Post* and almost everyone else also reported that Robert Langston, the chief of the Park Police, said the police had examined Foster's telephone logs, paperwork, and computer files, and also interviewed a "number of people" who had talked to Foster before he died. Meanwhile, according to the *Times*, the Justice Department "would continue investigating" the death of Vincent Foster.

As it turned out, none of what was reported was true. This was not necessarily the fault of the reporters. The White House had dissembled. Nussbaum, for example, did not search the office under the "supervision" of the officials; he had run the search himself, and allowed the others to see only what he had wanted them to see. Indeed, the search may have been irrelevant. Foster's office was not sealed until the day after his death, and White House aides had passed in and out. They could have altered or destroyed what they pleased.

Nonetheless, the press was ready at first to overlook the discrepancies emanating from the White House. When Foster was buried, on a Friday, it appeared that further speculation about his death had been interred with him. On the "MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" that night, Roger Mudd cited the stories that had roiled Washington all week—the budget, Dan Rostenkowski, Bosnia, gays, and so on—and neglected to mention Foster. The next night, NBC's weekly review did not mention him, either. The *Times* and the *Washington Post* were also silent. On CNN's "Capital Gang," a lonely Robert Novak called for a special counsel, but Al Hunt of the *Wall Street Journal* was unctuous. "I worry that this will sour them," he said earnestly, fearful that Foster's death might disillusion the Clintons.

Hunt's worry was misplaced. "No one can ever know why this happened," Clinton had said of Foster's death. "Even if you had a whole set of objective reasons, that wouldn't be why it happened, because you would get a different, bigger, more objective set of reasons. . . . So what

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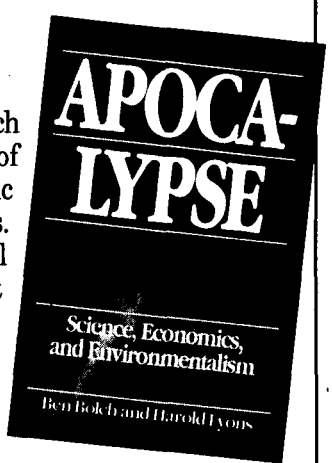

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happened was a mystery about something inside of him." One may reasonably interpret this as the statement of a man who wants to shrug off something unpleasant.

The media, however, remained generous. ABC's "World News Tonight" reported on the family and friends of-suicides, and said that "Mr. Clinton's confusion is classic among survivors." It was as if reporters did not want to explore further, worried about what they might find out, or perhaps even think, about the president. The same largesse was accorded his wife. Mrs. Clinton was silent in the wake of Foster's death. At best she was inscrutable. In Little Rock, though, when she was given a stuffed animal as a gift, and smilingly said it would be a great comfort to her in Washington, Andrea Mitchell asserted on NBC's "Nightly News" that it was obvious she was thinking of Vincent Foster.

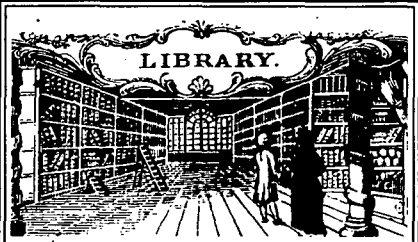
The grace period could not last. Washington reporters may approve of Bill Clinton's policies, but most do not trust the man. He has discredited himself too often, and they waited for him to lapse again. The same issue of *Newsweek* that said Mrs. Foster was worried about her husband also said that "on Sunday night, the President himself called and tried to buck up his friend with twenty minutes of chatter." In fact, *Newsweek* had the wrong night for the call—it was Monday, not Sunday—but no matter; if Clinton was trying to buck up his friend, he presumably knew he was depressed, even though he had denied it. After the *Newsweek* story appeared, reporters questioned Dee Dee Myers. The White House press secretary confirmed that Clinton had made the call, but she had insisted he had done so only because he knew Foster was "having a rough time" at work. Even the *Times* had a hard time with that. Ms. Myers's statement, it reported stiffly, "appeared somewhat at variance with a previous White House assertion that no one had known Mr. Foster was feeling troubled."

Indeed it was at variance. The White House was beginning to implode. The *Post* reported that, despite its previous promise to investigate Foster's death, the Justice Department was merely participating in what it called an "inquiry" by the Park Police. The *Post* also reported that the Park Police had characterized the inquiry as "routine." The *Post* did not use the word "coverup," but the suggestion hung in the air. In a much publicized recent case, the Park Police had failed to find the person or persons unknown who scattered thumbtacks along the George Washington Parkway Bike Trail. It was hard now to imagine them taking on the White House. Perhaps that was what made the *Times* finally cast off its inertia. The headline on a page-one story said: "Clinton Aide Appeared Depressed Before Death, His Associates Say."

But what depressed him, and whatever it was, was it sufficient to drive him to suicide? Sleek columnists and commentators lamented the savagery of Washington life with their usual mock solemnity, and most mentioned that Foster had been criticized in the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*. Actually, the criticism had not been severe, but after Foster died, it was made to look sinister. Michael Kinsley began a column in the *New Republic* by saying, "I don't really believe that deputy White House counselor Vincent Foster was driven to suicide by a series of viciously unfair editorials in the *Wall Street Journal*," but spent the rest of the column suggesting that he did. The most stunning example of liberal-left media cant, however, appeared in the *New Yorker*. Under the headline "Did Washington Kill Vince Foster?" Sidney Blumenthal attacked the *Washington Times*—"the right-wing newspaper is one of the oddities of Washington"—and said that even though it had not published any stories about Foster, it might have. Then he detailed the rumors about Foster's sexual life that the paper might have published, but didn't. It seemed like only yesterday the *New Yorker* was thought of as serious.

Nonetheless, it was inevitable that even the most malleable members of the press would turn skeptical. It seemed a bit much when the White House admitted that it had delayed turning over to Park Police for some thirty hours the now-famous note in which Foster listed his grievances. "What's the story here?" Jim Lehrer asked David Gergen on the "NewsHour." "We thought we were doing the right thing," the White House counselor answered bravely, but he looked as if he wished he were elsewhere. Then he went on to explain the 30-hour delay. Apparently, the note was in one place, and the president and his staff in another, but the president was terribly busy, and anyway there were legal issues to be researched. The White House, of course, never intended to suppress Foster's note.

Well, yes, and the explanation was generally accepted, although it may be Gergen had left something out. The White House meeting in which it was decided to release the note to the police had begun on a Tuesday night at 7 o'clock, the same time the "NBC Nightly News" goes on the air in Washington. NBC reported that night that it had learned that a "document" had turned up that indicated Foster had problems. It is realistic to think someone in the White House was notified of what NBC would report. It is also realistic, or at least reasonable, to think this persuaded the White House the fat was in the fire, and that it might as well release the note. The press does not have to chase down all rumors. Getting the facts would be enough. ❐



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Taxing the Air

by Byron York

When President Clinton spoke to the nation August 3 in an attempt to create support for his economic plan, he called it a realistic, honest blueprint to reduce the deficit. "Rather than the games and gimmicks of the past," he said, "this plan has 200 specific spending cuts, and it reduces government spending by more than $250 billion."

Some observers noted a change in the president's pitch. In earlier months he had made widely reported claims of 150 cuts; now there seemed to be 50 more. When a reporter called the White House press office to ask for a list of the 200 cuts, he was told one would be faxed over right away.

What arrived was a document outlining the following "key points and facts . . . on President Clinton's economic growth and deficit reduction":

1. Historic Deficit Reduction
2. The Plan Is Good For The Economy
3. Asking Those Who Have The Most To Pay The Most
4. Fairness For The Middle Class
5. Cutting Spending While Still Rewarding Work And Investing In Our People

The list went on for several pages, but there was no mention of the 200 cuts. When called again, with a protest that a list had not been included, the press office answered that the wrong thing must have been sent out, and the list of 200 would be faxed right over.

A few minutes later, the same document arrived, but with a sheet attached listing eleven broad areas of spending cuts.

The reporter made one more call to the White House, with another protest that there was still no list of 200 cuts. Again came the answer that one would be faxed. It never was, even after another call and another promise.

But it appears nobody else got it, either. The next day, and in the days following the budget debate, the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post,* and the network newscasts reported little more than the loosely defined figures provided in the second handout, and similar documents coming out of Capitol Hill. The administration proposed to cut $102 billion through a discretionary spending freeze, another $56 billion in Medicare, $12 billion in retirement, a few billion in other places.

Specifics were hard to come by, but amid all the generalities, there was one precise cut on the president's list. Clinton plans to reduce spending by $10.2 billion using something called the "spectrum auction." According to the list provided by the White House, it is the fourth-largest cut in the President's plan. But, like several other mislabeled user fees in the Clinton budget, it's not a cut at all. Most people don't even know what it is. And a look at its role in the budget debate might make even the most loyal Clinton supporter wonder whether the administration has really moved beyond the "games and gimmicks" of the past.

The "spectrum" in "spectrum auction" refers to the frequencies of radio waves on which all radio, television, microwave relay, cell-phone, and other wireless communications flow. Most of the spectrum has already been given to established broadcasters, businesses, police departments, and the like. They are licensed by the Federal Communications Commission and are allowed to use the airwaves pretty much for free.

But high-tech businesses are developing a whole new generation of products that will need to use the relatively small portions of the spectrum that remain untouched. Gadgets like Apple's Newton, mobile faxes, and "personal communications systems" that combine the functions of a telephone and a computer will all transmit signals via radio waves. And they'll need FCC approval—and an FCC license—to do it. In recent years, the commission has held a lottery to determine who gets new licenses. Critics called the system too arbitrary, and now it will change.

Under a measure passed as part of the Clinton economic plan, holders of existing licenses will keep them on the old, free-of-charge basis. But users of the new technologies will have to bid for a frequency. They'll pay the government for the right to use the airwaves. As the argument goes, the spectrum is a scarce natural resource in the public domain, and the government has a right to charge people to use it. Like current license holders, new users will be required to renew their license periodically, and will likely have to pay each time they do.

Free-market policy wonks have pushed an extreme version of the idea for years. They believe the government should get out of the business of dividing up the airwaves and leave it instead to workings of the market. Once a band of the spectrum was sold, their thinking goes, the owner would own it as long as he wanted. If he wanted to sell it, or use it for some reason other than originally intended, he could. The airwaves would be controlled by private enterprise and not by bureaucrats.

Citing the desire to turn over some of the spectrum to the private sector, both the Reagan and Bush administrations proposed the auction idea in the 1980s. But the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications and

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Finance, under chairman Ed Markey (D-Mass.), blocked it, saying an auction would give only those with the deepest pockets the chance to use the spectrum.

Four years ago, conservative Rep. Mike Oxley (R-Ohio) sponsored a spectrum auction bill that never made it out of committee. Then one day early this year, Oxley was astonished to see the spectrum auction show up in the Clinton economic plan. The Democrats had gotten over their concern about deep-pocket domination of the airwaves. According to Oxley, "Markey had a foxhole conversion." The spectrum auction had become a Democratic idea because the Democrats needed cash.

The Congressional Budget Office estimates that selling some of the airwaves would bring the government billions over the next five years. "They could smell the money," says Oxley. "They liked the revenue more than the idea." Though the auction had never been a featured part of the Clinton economic proposal, White House planners apparently could not resist the income it would provide. "I guess the short answer is it's a way to raise revenues, and the administration was looking for a way to raise revenues," says one Democratic staffer on the Senate Subcommittee on Communications.

Then came a twist. Under pressure to come up with a budget producing "$500 billion in deficit reduction" with equal parts higher taxes and spending cuts, the administration classified the spectrum auction as a "spending cut." The idea made Oxley laugh. "It's no more a spending cut than the increase in Social Security taxes that was also called a cut," he says. "It points out the intellectual dishonesty of the whole package."

But according to Democratic experts, there is—in the logic of Capitol Hill—a rationale for calling the auction a cut.

"It's not a tax," says one Senate Budget Committee staffer.

Does that make it a spending cut?

"It's an offset to outlays."

Does that make it a cut?

"Yes."

Some budget watchdogs in both parties see it differently. "This is one of those areas where there's a potential gimmick in the making," says Susan Tanaka of the Committee for a Responsible Federal Budget. And, as the budget negotiations dragged on during the summer, the "potential gimmick" turned out to have more money-making potential than first believed.

Nobody knows exactly how much money a spectrum auction will bring the government. The airwaves are a unique commodity that has never been sold before, so estimates go all over the place. The Clinton estimate has been going up all year. On February 18, the day after the president unveiled his plan, the *Washington Post*, citing a White House estimate, reported the auction "could raise as much as $4 billion for the federal government." In April, the *Post* reported government estimates that "auctions could bring in about $7.2 billion." And in early August, the *Post* reported "the idea is to raise an estimated $10.2 billion over the next five years for the strapped Treasury."

Of course, the value of the spectrum was not actually going up during those months. Rather, the administration was becoming increasingly creative as it tried to meet the goal of matching roughly $250 billion in tax increases with $250 billion in spending cuts. It needed more cuts. It got some of them simply by raising the estimated income the auction would generate.

Thus $4 billion became $7 billion. And, in the final days before the budget vote, as Clinton gave away big-money public works projects to on-the-fence lawmakers, $7 billion became $10 billion. "Imagine my surprise," says Mike Oxley, "when I picked up the *Washington Post* and read that overnight it had become $10 billion. They were scrambling to reach $500 billion, which was bogus to begin with, so they just plucked it out of the air."

But the package passed, and soon the FCC will begin making plans to hold an auction for the unused portions of the radio spectrum. Both sides now agree that competitive bidding will probably be a better way to divvy up the airwaves than the current lottery system. And it will bring billions into the Treasury. Of course it won't cut spending, but don't blame Rep. Oxley. Given all the other baggage that accompanied the spectrum auction in Bill Clinton's economic plan, the long-time auction supporter did the only thing he could last August 5. He voted against it. ❐

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Mr. Not-So-Nice Guy

by Tim W. Ferguson

Thirty-one months into his term as governor of California, Pete Wilson decided to act against illegal immigration, which, he said, had put the state "under siege." Not *act*, really, but pronounce the need for mostly federal laws to be changed to reduce the drawing power of government benefits and services. Like much that Wilson has done in office, this flurry seemed to combine admirable gumption and cynical opportunism: maybe because the "siege" had existed for so long—in fact, the influx of illegals has abated somewhat—with only sporadic attention by the governor; maybe because he'd been quiet on the issue during his eight years as U.S. senator; maybe because there is less than fourteen months before his next and perhaps final reckoning with Election Day.

Still, sympathizers would argue that Wilson likes to consider a position for some time before he adopts it as his own. Conservative Republicans in California have been clamoring for an end to federally mandated programs for illegals, including their U.S.-born children, and now their pragmatist governor has taken up the cause in full-throated fashion. Although he went beyond criticizing the perverse economic incentives of current policy and appeared to endorse forms of people control, the right should have been heartened by his basic thrust, as they should have rejoiced when he took a rhetorically hard line on spending and tax increases. But, unless his subsequent "kiss my rear end" taunt to Democrats is more than a one-time sally, he will have difficulty rallying the troops. In a state that warms to true believers, Wilson's bloodless approach to policy tends to leave voters perpetually unsatisfied.

Wilson still has scars from his 1992 budget-season attempt to brake public-sector growth, which sent his favorable ratings diving to 15 percent. In this summer's budget session, gubernatorial fortitude yielded more gain: even Arthur Laffer, a longtime Wilson critic, conceded that overall state spending finally had been cut. (Others dismissed it as just more gimmickry.) But the governor eventually gave ground on a sales tax increase (as he had given in to higher income tax rates in 1991, after saying he wouldn't); agreed to a deliberate carryover of deficit spending between fiscal years; and (the cynicism again) arranged to restore to a supposedly bare-bones budget some previously axed funding for several frill commissions (arts, energy, etc.) to which he can appoint his supporters.

I went to hear Wilson out as that budget wrangling was going on, implicitly offering the chance for some heartfelt expression of philosophical commitment to limiting government. I got the dry wit and manner that other visitors have noted in this publicly austere man, but, after nearly an hour, little sense that a looming electoral hanging had concentrated his mind on any ideological imperatives.

Some of Wilson's political advisers, such as Spencer Roberts and Ken Khachigian, have had associations with Reaganism, and his sturdy hawkishness helps account for the personal ties he formed in Washington with Dan Quayle, Kenneth Adelman, and Judge Laurence Silberman. Occasionally, he surprises and delights the free-market right—e.g., with his avid opposition to rent control while mayor of San Diego. (Bernard Siegan, the University of San Diego law professor whose belief in property rights undid his appellate court nomination under Reagan, recalls that Wilson was indeed fervent on the issue.)

Yet Wilson's ties to the conservative movement have never been strong. For the most part he has staffed his administration with well-groomed careerists, and even some of *them* have despaired at Wilson's lack of ideology. Too often as senator and governor, for instance, he has seemed more inclined to act on behalf of existing companies or industries than to champion conditions favorable to dynamic capitalism and the poor who benefit most from it.

He is frustrated that his detractors on the right have not offered him a sure-fire alternative to the deals that he cut with Assembly Speaker Willie Brown's people in 1991 and 1993. The stare-'em-down approach was all the governor was left with in 1992, and the voters took it out on him in November. It's the governor's responsibility to make sure that the state government runs, they seemed to say, no matter what the legislature's game—and by the way, don't raise our taxes and don't cut any broad-based programs.

If Wilson ever had a chance to get on top of California's fiscal problems, given the recession that accompanied him into office, it was during his first few months in office. Instead he plunged into the Big Tax Compromise of 1991 that has undermined his later bids to take on the mantle of frugality. When he stopped governing to please the Washington press corps and won his test of wills with Willie Brown in the 64-day budget standoff of 1992, the *Wall Street Journal* rallied to his defense with a long editorial ("The Buck Stopped"). But few other conservatives joined in the Hosannas.

And the speaker had the last laugh: For one, he defeated a Wilson-sponsored initiative that fall to rein in welfare

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spending—subsequent budget cuts would have to come largely out of more popular items, leaving voters ever more furious at the governor. More important, Brown's Democratic Assembly candidates stifled the big gains that Republicans had hoped to reap out of a skillful reapportionment strategy Wilson had been pursuing patiently for two years. Voter anger at Wilson, the collapse of Bush, the fact that feminists and government dependents were more fired up than tax-cutters—all contributed to a GOP debacle last fall.

But another factor in the election, and in Wilson's ongoing difficulties in Sacramento, was the governor's coyness with party candidates outside of his moderate circle. Wilson has consistently spurned party activists on the right, particularly those in the Assembly. Some of them are querulous, to be sure, but Wilson has antagonized them needlessly. Properly managed, as they had been under Wilson's Republican predecessor George Deukmejian, they can be effective shock brigades for a close-to-the-vest governor.

Wilson's deep-seated belief in abortion rights and the whole birth-control, quality-of-life paradigm might have created differences with the social right too deep to be resolved. But, come primary time, Wilson foolishly picked fights even with Assembly members whose conservatism rests on budget and environmental issues. He even sent "late money" against like-minded Republicans who were simply outside his narrow circle.

Wilson traces his estrangement from Assembly Republicans to the first year's budget haggling. According to his version, some conservatives who postured against tax increases ran for the hills when faced with a need to curb public-school funding. At one point in the resulting tiff, the governor, an ex-Marine with a salty tongue in private, referred to some right-wing legislators as "f---ing irrelevants," a reference that still stings. He suggests that he was left to deal with Willie Brown and bear the cross of a tax hike so that suburban Republicans could keep peace with their local school establishments and parents. Assembly GOP leaders maintained that Wilson was trying to force them to back higher taxes *and* school cuts because he wouldn't cut expenditures elsewhere. For three years now, he and the right have debated whether other savings are possible politically or legally.

Proposition 98, a constitutional amendment narrowly passed in 1988, insulates the school budgets from certain budget cuts, by putting a mandatory spending floor under them, indexed to rise with inflation. It becomes especially onerous in recessions, forcing either inordinate cuts in other areas or higher taxes. Adding to the school finance burden are "equalization" requirements such as are becoming common across the U.S. Under equalization, poorly run urban districts eat up funds from the suburbs, which are left with lower per-pupil expenditures than those communities might prefer.

Wilson has tried to get around Prop. 98 in various ways, some of which have won him the enmity of the California Teachers Association, and others of which—like promising to make up shortfalls in coming years—ought to concern taxpayers. Indeed, the slipperiness of the administration's financial ploys and the inaccuracy of its estimates have earned it steady bipartisan criticism. By this year, the governor was resigned to buying off the teachers with a shift of funds from local government, which in turn triggered new criticism from the suburbs and their Republican legislators.

Eventually, some revamping of California's budget laws—including Prop. 98 and the 1978 milestone Proposition 13—will be necessary when the year-to-year deficit spillovers can no longer be managed. Anti-tax partisans are nervous about the idea of Wilson at the helm during such a period. As mayor of San Diego at the time, he opposed Prop. 13 (although he likes to note that Howard Jarvis later praised him). He also has long favored removing a two-thirds supermajority requirement for some local taxes, which is on this November's ballot. So is a permanent extension of a "temporary" sales-tax increase, which Wilson originally opposed but now supports. It's fair to say that he doesn't have tax-cutting in his bones. During the 1990 campaign, when conservatives were dutifully supporting him, I wrote that he failed to *mention* the word "taxes" in an Orange County rally. That's like going to Miami and not talking about Cuba.

Talk of a presidential bid in 1996 has faded as California's difficulties have grown, but should Wilson somehow get re-elected, he would carry a significant delegate load to the next convention. In that respect, it is noteworthy that the most immediate intraparty threat to him at home may come from former Rep. Tom Campbell and business mannequin Peter Ueberroth, who would like to muscle him out, though they share his basic worldview.

Don't count Wilson out, though. His poll numbers jumped seven points after the immigration hubbub, and if he scares off a GOP rival with his still-substantial resources, he will face a foe liberal enough to win a California Democratic primary. He has proved masterful at framing opponents throughout his twenty-seven-year political career, and there is no discounting his timing. Now, doubtless, he will blame Washington for the recessionary drag that remains, targeting the Clinton tax plan and the mandated care and feeding of illegal immigrants. In neither instance will he get much argument from conservatives, although they will wonder about all the many things that could still be done about California's self-created impediments to prosperity. ❐

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Supportive Encounters

by Benjamin J. Stein

Thursday

I'm scared. I've been back in Dublin—my third trip in three months—for three days now, and it looks this time as if I'm really going to testify in the high court, Room 25, Third Floor of the Four Courts, in the case entitled *Irish Press, Plc* v. *Ingersoll.*

At this moment, I'm sitting on the almost incomprehensibly uncomfortable back bench of the courtroom, next to Dr. Eamon de Valera, waiting for another witness to finish. Now, check this out, because this tells you something about why the Irish are the best people on the face of the earth in my book:

The clerk of the court was a lovely red-headed young woman with an intelligent face—the Irish have hands-down the most intelligent faces I have ever seen. I had noticed her carefully studying my face beforehand and asking one of the barristers on my side of the matter just a few things about me, one of which I later learned was whether I was a Christian. "Pro-life," the barrister had said, "but not Christian."

The other witnesses had sworn on the King James Bible, but when it came my turn, I noticed that this beautiful child had somehow found in Dublin a Hebrew-lettered Bible, which she handed me for me to take my oath on. Now, really, to me that spells "consideration" with a capital C.

The actual testimony was difficult. There was endless arguing about whether I was to be allowed to talk, then more arguing about what documents I could use, all done with exquisite politesse, with a startlingly thoughtful manner on all sides, especially the side of the judge, Mister Justice Baron, a smart fellow indeed.

Finally, I got to testify, and there was a problem because the documents I had were paginated slightly differently from Justice Baron's. But it all worked out, and then it was suddenly luncheon recess. This being Ireland, I was invited out for sandwiches and a pint of Guinness with my counsel. This being me, I took a nap instead.

Afternoon testimony was quite easy. The cross-examination was stunningly courteous, and then, bang, I was excused.

I felt sad. Now I have to go home. I talked for a long time in the hallway with Dr. De Valera, watched the River Liffey flow by, saw the clouds load up in the sky over the Dail, and then went back to my hotel. I love Ireland and don't want to leave.

Friday

Another great flight on Aer Lingus, the best airline I have ever been on. The reason is simple: the people who work for the airline are about a hundred times more attentive and thoughtful than the folks who work for other airlines.

Example: our flight was delayed, so I took a nap in the Gold Circle lounge. That's not the great part. But as I slept, an attendant told everyone near me, in a whisper, to keep their voices down so as not to disturb me. An Irish family with two kids Tommy's age came in, and they voluntarily were silent to let me sleep.

Example: on the plane, the stewardesses routinely came by to talk to me and ask me what they could bring me, and asked all kinds of questions about Los Angeles. When I was tired, they made a point of not even coming near me. If British Air is the worst airline in the world, which it is, then Aer Lingus is its polar opposite.

Our flight glided into JFK, and I was soon reminded I was back in America. Outside the international terminal, where I went to get a cab, a Hispanic dispatcher threatened in vivid terms to kill a Haitian cab driver. "I keel you, black sonofabitch," he screamed.

"I cut your f---ing head off, mon," the Haitian said.

An Arab woman fresh off a plane cursed at a cab driver who did not want to take her to Brooklyn and threatened to kill him. He told her to go to hell.

I got a Romanian immigrant

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cab driver. It was a hot day, but he refused to turn on his air-conditioning. "Look," I said, "I'm the customer. I'll give you a bigger tip if you put on your air-conditioner. We'll both be better off."

"Many passengers say that and few come through," he said.

I handed him a twenty. "This is a tip just for having the air-conditioning on," I said. "Good for me, good for you. Maximizing our utility."

The Romanian—whose name was Vlad—put on the air-conditioning in a great, great hurry.

"Are you an economics teacher?" he asked.

"No," I answered, "only on the silver screen, but I do teach law and economics."

"That was a good economics lesson," he said. "Far more useful than anything I learned in Bucharest."

Ah, America. The melting pot.

Wednesday

This is living. I'm in Texas, on the set of a commercial for a wonderful product called Clear Eyes. It makes your eyes feel and look good when they're puffy from allergies and smog and germs. It's a fabulous commercial mainly because it has little me playing the lead. I am really happy about it.

We're in a stage at the Las Colinas Studios, a vast project like something out of ancient Egypt, only we're in the middle of the prairie between Dallas and Fort Worth. The people from the product are here (a huge company called Abbott) and the agency people and the production people, and I'm the only actor. This is swell stuff.

A beautiful makeup woman named Rae made me up, and I wore nerdy professor clothes, and I stood in front of a blackboard for many hours, and then had a lunch of yummy chicken out in the hallway.

Now, on a day like today, almost nothing can make me upset. When I'm starring and getting paid and people are being incredibly nice and everyone is working together, that's a bit of paradise.

On the way to the hotel after "work," my driver told me his life story. His mother had been impregnated out of wedlock by a wicked man who then tried to sell him to a couple who wanted to adopt. His mother had found him, then she had suffered a nervous breakdown. She had moved in with a jailbird, and he, the driver, had spent much of his youth in an orphanage called the Buckner Baptist Home. (Oddly enough, a woman on the set had also spent time at the Buckner Baptist Home. It must be quite a place.)

The driver had worked his way up from floor sweeper to estimator to project manager at a building company. Then his division was sold and he was fired. Three months later, his wife ran away with her boss and left him with their 12-year-old son.

Now he's driving a car and wondering what hit him.

It's amazing what people go through.

Dinner at The Mansion on Turtle Creek, a truly fabbers hotel. I was accosted in the bar before dinner by a young woman who told me she loved me from "The Wonder Years."

"Thank you," I said.

"Would you like for me to come visit you in your room after dinner?" she asked. "I'm an actor, like you."

"Acting lessons?"

"Maybe something to help you relax after your long day's work," she said in a soothing Fort Worth accent.

"My day was great," I said.

"I can make it greater," she said.

"Hmmm," I said. "I don't think so. I have to have dinner with someone."

"Maybe after dinner. Think of it as a supportive encounter."

I politely declined, but all night long I thought of her great phrase. "Supportive encounter." "Revenue enhancement." "Racial balance." "Choice." Great.

Tuesday

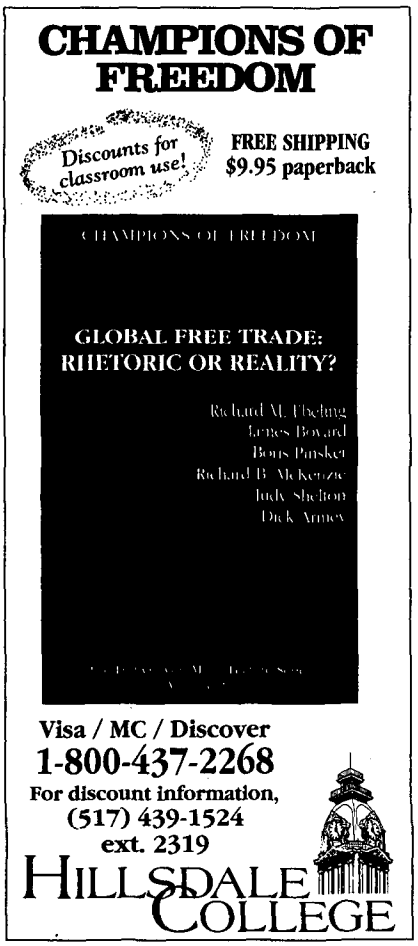
The genealogy of a great day: Twenty years ago, when I was a speechwriter for Richard M. Nixon (by the way, I don't "like" Nixon; I *love* Nixon), I went to a wonderful dinner party at the home of William L. Safire. There I met a very smart guy named Eddie Bleier, who had been Safire's roommate at Syracuse University (along with Mort Janklow). Bleier and I talked about made-for-TV movies, and he introduced me some months later, when I was at the *Wall Street Journal*, to a fiendishly poetic and lively fellow named Steven Greene.

Steve Greene moved to Los Angeles while I was still slogging along in Manhattan and used to call me and tell me how great things were in glorious Los Angeles. When I moved there in 1976, Steve and his wife Denise became among my best friends. I wrote about them a lot in my diary books *Dreemz* and *Diary of a Mad Screenwriter*. They also filled in for some deceased people in *'Ludes*.

One of Steve's longtime friends was and is one of Hollywood's handsomest, most epigrammatic men, Michael Chinich. Chinich is a highly regarded casting guy who has had a series of powerful studio jobs. When he was at Universal, we used to laugh and scratch all day long in his tower office and occasionally try to make a picture fly.

In 1985, Michael and I were having lunch in the Universal Commissary when a rising star producer/director named Art Linson happened by. Linson heard my voice and asked me if I wanted to do a small part in the sequel to *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, a movie called *The Wild Life*. I did it, portraying a pitifully nerdy surplus store manager, and then went on my way.

In 1986, Chinich became head of John Hughes's production company. One day,



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while Chinich and I were having lunch at Paramount, he and Hughes asked me if I would be a voice-over of a teacher calling roll in a new movie to be called *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. I went to the set and hung around and then read the roll. The student extras thought my voice was so funny that they couldn't stop laughing. Hughes asked me to ad lib a whole lecture about economics, which I did, and the bit became an instant cult memory. It led to many, many other parts.

In 1988, at a party at Michael Chinich's home, I met a great pal of Chinich's. Alan "King" Berger was also a casting guy, and an astonishing wit.

A few months ago, Alan called me to have me audition for the part of a nebbishy Jewish wedding photographer in a Columbia/Sony movie to be called *My Girl II*, sequel to *My Girl*. I auditioned three times, twice for an old friend named Howard Zieff, who's directing, and got the part.

Now, it's D-Day, Der Tag, the day I do it. Only this isn't life on earth. This is Valhalla. I have entered the Realm of the Blessed. The scene is a huge wedding, a huge elaborate 1974 (the year Nixon resigned) Jewish wedding. It's being shot at the lovely Riviera Country Club. There are about 300 extras, dressed in seventies-style tuxedos and dresses, a band imitating the Beatles, lots of petit fours that we can't eat, dozens of crew, makeup people, wardrobe, props, gaffers, grips, electricians, and *I'm the star of this scene*, along with the two kid leads who are the real stars of the movie.

It's hot, although not humid, and we're doing one take after another, and Howard Zieff is guiding me in very elaborate moves—I have to walk and talk and take pictures and remember my lines and make faces and look nerdy.

Occasionally, Howard calls for "atmosphere," i.e., extras, to leave the set and he follows me around the room with a Steadicam operator, plotting various moves. I feel like a character in *Day for Night* or *8-1/2*. This isn't real life. This is heaven.

I flirted for a long time with various extras, especially one who stood in for the 12-year-old female star, a 25-year-old who weighs only 85 pounds, or about the same as my wonder dog Trixie. Then we would start one shot and then another, and all the while I was being followed around by a cameraman and a sound man and lighting people and makeup people.

At lunch—served under a tent next to the Riviera's tennis courts—I watched while at the next table Howard Zieff and his wife, a major agent named Rhonda Gómez-Quiñones, entertained Stanley Donen, the genius director (*Singin' in the Rain*), and Willard and Gloria Huyck, the screenwriters for *American Graffiti*.

Then a crew from Channel 13 came over and asked me about the scandal involving Beverly Hills madam Heidi Fleiss. I met Heidi at a party last Christmas, and she yelled at me for criticizing Michael Milken, whom she said she really admired. Anyway, I told the interviewers that I had two words of advice for women who were call girls or thinking of becoming call girls: "It's degrading, awful work, slow motion suicide, and don't do it—or if you're doing it, stop and go to law school." (Later that night, on the basis of that advice, Channel 13 gave me a chyron as "adviser to call girls.")

Anyway, then back to heaven for more shooting, more rehearsals, more playback, more speed, more action. God, I hope that eternity is like this.

Back at my apartment, there were four messages asking me about Heidi Fleiss. Television, television, newspaper, television. People think I know about her because in this column I've written about a highly disguised neighbor "named" Sally, who's a madam.

I told each caller I'd be happy to go on TV and talk about call girls and madams, but I would tell all interviewers the same thing: it's a terrible, self-destructive world.

My interviewers somehow did not have that in mind. They wanted juicy details. "The juicy details," I told one caller, a friend of thirty-four years' duration, "are that the girls all get wrecked one way or another, by drugs or by disease or by self-hate, and they would do well to just save the middleman and swallow poison."

I'm sort of puzzled by the whole business, anyway. Why should it be big news that there is commercialized sex in the world center of commerce and sex? The economics are perfect—a large supply of foolishly willing women and a large supply of well-to-do men and a moral vacuum. Perfect conditions for a market in flesh.

Anyway, why should anyone be surprised that movie stars want to have call girls visit them? Movie stars are busy. Movie stars don't really have time to pay much attention to anyone but themselves—and certainly don't want to unless pressed. That means they would rather trade money—of which they have a large amount—for sex, rather than trade their time, of which they have very little, or personal feelings, of which they want to give up as close to zero as possible except for their art.

The same is true for wealthy Far Easterners and Middle Easterners, as far as I can tell. In fact, the same is true for a lot of men and women in Los Angeles generally: they want attention and they want sex, but they don't want to give anything in return for it. To a wealthy person, the price of a call girl is so trivial that it might as well be zero, and the emotional cost is, once again, zilch. Perfecto for the folks who live in a moral desert.

Sunday

Little Tommy and I are in Santa Cruz. We flew up on Friday so that he, the maharajah, could go to the seaside amusement park here for his birthday weekend. You think one day is sufficient? Hah! Not for his nibs.

We flew up to San Jose on a strange little airline called Reno Air, and drove a rented Toyota Camry the rest of the way. It was swell. It's really amazing how Toyota can make such a great car, and make it here in America, in Kentucky or Tennessee, I think.

I truly love that car. I truly love any good brand name. In fact, I make it a practice to buy only brand-name things. Scope, A&W Cream Soda, Selsun Blue, Minute Maid Orange Juice. I never buy generics unless there's no choice. If someone's got a brand I'm used to and trust, I am not going to play games around it for a few cents. There's a reason why brand names last. Usually, they work and they offer decent value. Plus, if there's a problem, there's a name and place I can go to and complain.

Most of all, I hate rip-offs. If someone spends a lot of stockholder money identifying public trust with a certain

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brand, it doesn't seem right for discounters to come along and simply use all that good will to sell their cheap imitations. I don't like it when people rip off my voice. I sometimes sue over it. Why should others be able to pilfer some of the value of the original?

Anyway, I pulled up to The Catalyst, a restaurant in Santa Cruz, right on Pacific Mall, where many of the buildings are still down because of the earthquake of '89. Hey, I forgot! This is Santa Cruz. The restaurant had hamburgers and meatloaf, but they were out of forks. That's right. Out of forks.

Last night, Mr. Perfect and I went for a long hike in the redwoods, and afterwards, we went to have a box dinner at the Santa Cruz Shakespeare Festival. The food was great, out there in the grove near the Performing Arts Center, and Tommy had a hot dog, but they were out of catsup. Right.

Today, back at the Catalyst, they're out of salt.

This has to be a high-water mark in human incompetence, and I'm glad I'm there to see it.

Meanwhile, last night little Bonaparte and I walked up and down the boardwalk (which is made of cement) and rode many scary rides: The Haunted Castle. The Cave. The Sky Glider. That last one is like a front porch swing that's dangling from a wire about eighty feet above the ground. There's nothing below you, and if you look down and have vertigo, as I do, you lose your mind.

The Sky Glider takes you for about a quarter of a mile down a long traverse of the amusement park, lifts you higher, then lower, and finally, after an eternity of terror, drops you down at the other end. I can truthfully say I have never been quite so frightened. My heart is pounding right now as I describe it.

On that terrifying ten-minute ride, my companion, age six, kept saying, "Isn't it beautiful, Daddy? Look at the light of the moon on the ocean. Look at how small the people look down there. What's keeping us up, Daddy?"

"Shh," I said. "Daddy's sleeping." (Well, actually closing my eyes and praying.)

Later that night, when I really was asleep, I dreamed I was at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. I was very lonely, and none of the English kids would talk to me. Then Bill Clinton came in. He was president, and he was very kind to me. We had dinner, in my dream, and then he left. After he left, everyone wanted to be my friend.

I liked that dream. It's a recurring dream, I think.

I had another dream as well. I was in Washington, at 19th and M, at the Office of Economic Opportunity, where I had toiled twenty-three years ago as a lawyer. I still don't know what I was doing there. Except in my dream, it was 1993, and I was still there.

I had never gone to Santa Cruz as a hippie, never had a conversion and worked for RN, never been a columnist for the *Wall Street Journal*, never come to Hollywood to have adventures, soar, get tortured, and then keep struggling. I was just still there shuffling papers, ready to get my pension, wondering why I had never done anything interesting with my life. I was walking down M Street, in the midst of bureaucrats, secretaries, and interns, wondering if someone else with my name was living a better life out in Hollywood, maybe making movies, laughing on the set while I went back to my windowless fiberboard-walled office.

It was like a dream of being dead.

Monday

Today, I'm playing a psychiatrist in a movie called *The Mask.* It's about a nebbish who finds a mask that makes him into a tough guy. My part is really wonderful. I play opposite a frantic Jim Carrie, one of the stars of "In Living Color," and a really funny guy.

I drove downtown for a 7 a.m. call to a dreary block not far from Pershing Square. We were in what was once the headquarters of the Southern Pacific Railroad and is now an empty, miserable shell until you get to the top floor. Here it's still beautiful. There's an atrium, elegant woodwork around an immense skylight, airy rooms with immense sash windows in a half-moon shape. The building was finished in 1923, I'm told, but the windows are still perfectly counterbalanced and slide smoothly up and down with minimum pressure. I compare this workmanship with today's and I cringe.

We rehearsed, shot, had lunch, shot more, and were getting pretty hot and tired. At about 4:30 in the afternoon, there was a diversion. Nine floors down, at Sixth and Main, right in front of our location, right on the corner we walked by to get to our trailers and our makeup, there were four gunshots, bang-bang-bang-bang.

To my humble ears, it sounded like a .38 or bigger. In a few minutes, there were police everywhere on the corner. The shooter, a young Hispanic lad, got away, though. One of the makeup women saw it happen. He—the shooter—just ran to the corner, took out a gun, fired it at random, and then ran away.

Nice, huh?

It was frightening. The drama we were shooting suddenly seemed a little less dramatic. Getting back to my trailer alive and unharmed was the real test for the day.

We finished work at almost 9 p.m. It was dark downtown. I was terrified at every stop light until I got to West Hollywood. Even then, if a carload of Hispanics was next to me, I was pretty scared.

I don't like living in fear. I want to go somewhere where it's not frightening. Maybe I'll go to bed and dream about Ireland. ❐

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Engler's Moment

by Grover G. Norquist

On August 10, Bill Clinton signed the largest tax increase in American history. The following week, Michigan governor John Engler signed into law Senate Bill 1, the largest tax cut at the state level in American history. The contrast is more than ideological: Clinton's tax hike closed the door on reform and signaled a decision to fund the welfare state rather than reform it; Engler's tax cut is not the end but the beginning of a debate—on broad-based education reform.

On July 20, Debbie Stabenow, a Democratic state senator likely to challenge Engler for governor in November 1994, had introduced an amendment to SB1 to eliminate all local property taxes spent on Michigan's public school system—$6 billion annually, or two-thirds of total school funding. It would cut property taxes by an average of 65 percent. Stabenow and her followers hoped to force the Republican Senate majority to vote "responsibly" against this massive tax cut.

But Senate majority leader Dick Posthumus is not cut from the same cloth as Bob Michel or Bob Dole. Republicans cheerfully voted SB1 through the Michigan Senate, the Republican leader in the state House brought the bill up first thing next morning, and—although by then Democrats and education lobbyists realized Stabenow's gambit was too clever by half—the tax cut passed the state House 69-35. Engler signed it into law on August 19.

Democratic politicians are now demanding that all $6 billion in "lost" tax revenue be immediately replaced. So is the Michigan Education Association (MEA), the more powerful of two big teachers' unions in the state. The other union, the Michigan Federation of Teachers, has even filed a lawsuit asking the courts to oversee the replacement of the property tax. But Engler has made it clear that first, there must be a net tax cut for Michiganders, and second, there will be no discussion of replacing "lost" tax revenue until real educational reforms are in place.

Posthumus insists that reform means giving parents control over the education of their children. "We must first decide what we are going to fund, and only then consider how much to spend and through what tax." That is, none of the property taxes cut will be replaced until the Michigan legislature breaks the unions' education monopoly and votes for real school choice.

This unprecedented opportunity to lead on the issue of parental choice in education resulted from years of work by Governor Engler to cut property taxes and tackle the government school monopoly. Michigan's Republicans were also helped by a decade of party-building on the part of activists like Spencer Abraham, now the likely Republican candidate to challenge scandal-tainted Senator Don Riegle. (Abraham's bid for the Republican nomination for Senate has been endorsed by 65 of 83 Republican county chairmen and two-thirds of the Republican Central Committees.)

It has been a long fight for Michigan's GOP. In 1982, Democrat Jim Blanchard narrowly defeated taxpayer activist Dick Headlee in the race for governor, backtracked on a campaign promise, and pushed a 38 percent income-tax hike through a Democrat-controlled legislature. Two recall elections resulted, replacing Democrats who voted for Blanchard's tax hike with anti-tax Republicans. That two-vote shift made Engler the Senate Majority leader in December 1983. Two months later, Abraham was elected Michigan Republican Party Chairman and conservative Republicans began a decade-long march through the institutions.

Engler won the governorship in November 1990 campaigning against Blanchard's small proposed property-tax cut as only "a nickel a week." His early efforts to cut and cap local property taxes were defeated by the MEA and the state legislature, but two years into Engler's term, in November 1992, the Republicans picked up six House seats to achieve 55-55 parity in the State House. The result is that Republican leader Paul Hillegonds and Democrat Curtis Hertell hold the speakership on alternate months.

Engler has proved himself willing to tackle special interests. In 1991, he abolished an entire welfare entitlement program: general assistance for able-bodied individuals. Within a year 80,000 people were dropped from the welfare rolls, at an annual savings of $250 million. Engler also won thirteen waivers from the federal government in August 1992 that allowed Michigan to increase the number of welfare recipients who must work to 21 percent, almost triple the national average. In the same years that George Bush was padding the federal payroll by more than the 150,000 employees eliminated in the Reagan years, Engler could boast an 8 percent drop in state-government employment.

If J. Edgar Hoover was right that "a man is honored by his friends and distinguished by his enemies," then Engler is truly distinguished. The Michigan Trial Lawyers Association has recently sent out a questionnaire to its members asking

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whether they should concentrate on defeating Engler in 1994 or on overturning Engler-supported legislation that reduced abuses of tort law and forbade individuals more than 50 percent at fault from suing for damages. The United Auto Workers (UAW) is also targeting Engler, not only because he supports the North American Free Trade Agreement, but also because, today, the UAW's largest local union is not an auto plant, but state welfare workers angry over Engler's reforms.

The political climate in Michigan is ripe for school choice. Former Education Secretary William Bennett traveled to Michigan the Monday after the SB1 vote, to attend a fundraiser for Posthumus's Vandenberg Foundation, which raises money for scholarships for poor children to attend private schools of their choice. Vandenberg is modeled on a successful Golden Rule Insurance Company-funded program that provides scholarship grants of $800, up to half of tuition, for low-income students in Indianapolis. The Bradley Foundation is sponsoring a similar effort in Milwaukee, as are foundations in San Antonio and Atlanta. Already, Michigan has had a small taste of choice in a pilot program run through Wayne State University, which will create a charter school with 330 openings this fall. More than 5,200 applications poured in for the 330 spaces. True, school choice failed at the polls in Oregon in 1990 and Colorado in 1992, but Engler advisors think voters will think differently about vouchers once they've experienced the spending power they embody.

William Bennett points out that Engler has positioned himself brilliantly. The Democrats and the MEA can speak of nothing but their desire to get $6 billion from taxpayers next year, while Engler and the Republican leadership are speaking about empowering parents and radically reforming the present education monopoly.

In the past, teachers' unions have been able to win tax increases through threatened disruptions, but the MEA no longer has that kind of leverage over Engler. Republicans have a majority in the Senate, and a majority every other month in the House. And throughout this budgetary game of chicken, local governments have refused to blink. On August 17, the county of Kalaska voted down a property-tax increase to cover its school budget. Last year, the same district closed down its schools in March, rather than raise property taxes.

The consensus emerging from the state's free-market think-tank, the Mackinac Center, leading members of the legislature, and Engler advisers is that the governor will insist that all education funding flow through parents in the form of vouchers, not through fixed public schools. Thus, in the summer of 1994, every parent could receive in the mail a voucher or scholarship worth, say, $4,500 per child. The parent could take this voucher to any public school. Engler will also insist that property owners be given a significant tax break—at least 10 percent ($600 million) is the word on the street. Because the Democrats control the House speakership in October and December, it is most likely that legislation will move in November.

Engler cannot demand full public and private school choice this fall, because the Michigan state constitution was amended in 1970 to forbid state or local aid to private schools, whether secular or religious. Michigan's constitution, in fact, has the strictest such constitutional wording in the nation. But Michigan's constitution—like those of 22 other states—also allows the right of initiative. When choice-in-education forces believe themselves ready, they can simply collect the 260,000 signatures necessary and force a plebiscite to allow educational vouchers for public, private, or religious schools.

Engler hopes to pass public education vouchers this year. And if he tries to expand the measure to private schools through an initiative in November 1994, he'll have reinforcements. William Bennett and former education secretary Lamar Alexander have formed a group to help organize and fund school-choice initiatives, first in 1993 in California and then in another four or five states in 1994. Just as the establishment had to defend against term-limit initiatives in fourteen states in 1992—and lost every one—so too will the teachers' unions have to finance campaigns in four or five states in 1994 to thwart school choice. And the pro-choice forces need only one successful state to defeat the NEA, whose real fear is not that school choice might harm education but that one choice victory could lead to fifty.

If John Engler succeeds in winning parental choice this fall within the public school system, it will inevitably lead to expanded choice involving private schools. And if someday he were to run for president, it would be the second most important undertaking of his career. ❐

Parental Choice in Education in Selected Countries

	Status of Religion in Public Schools	Support for Private Schools	Students Attending Private Schools[1]
Australia	Secular	Partial	22%
Belgium	Christian	Full	51%
Canada	Varies	Varies	5%[2]
France	Secular	Partial	15%
Germany	Christian	Varies	1%, 4%
Ireland	Christian	Full	20%, 50%
Japan	Secular	—[3]	1%, 28%
Netherlands	Secular	Full	71%
United Kingdom	Secular	Partial	20%[4]
United States	Secular	None	9%

1. If two numbers, students in primary, then secondary schools.
2. Plus additional students in "separate" public schools.
3. Partial support for senior high schools only.
4. Plus 6 percent in non-supported private schools.

SOURCE: 1988 World Education Encyclopedia.

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Power Drinking at Duke's

by Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Ordinarily, I detest "power bars." The minute a place earns a reputation as one it begins to attract flies. But I have this ungovernable lust for genuine, barrel-cured kosher dills, and Duke Zeibert's is one of the few Washington restaurants where you can get them.

I had lunched there many times before making it one of my regular watering holes, and had enjoyed the onion rolls and pickles as much as the main courses. Duke's specializes in hearty, New York deli–style *ancienne cuisine* of the chicken soup, Beef Stroganoff and stuffed cabbage variety, along with a sprinkling of tempting regional, seasonal specialties, such as soft-shell crabs, shad roe, and excellent Maryland crabcakes. It is good, simple—if not particularly memorable—fare, but abandon all hope of low cholesterol, ye who enter Duke's.

The solid, slightly passé menu and atmosphere have attracted Washington's old-line elite for nearly half a century. The walls are lined with pictures of Duke greeting presidents and sports greats, and trophies won by the Washington Redskins; the bar and restaurant are usually filled with an eclectic mix of sports writers, jocks, touts, legislators, lobbyists, lawyers, reporters, tax accountants, real estate barons, and media biggies, mostly of a certain vintage.

Duke's has become a kind of living museum, a geriatric power bar, an indoor, booze-fueled Jurassic Park filled with influential dinosaurs and the occasional newer model. Sometimes the generations meet, as on an evening last July when I looked out of the bar and into the reception area in response to a sudden trampling of feet and flashing of cameras.

There they were: Lard Butt and Piano Legs!

Accompanying President and Mrs. Clinton was an old acquaintance of mine, Republican Senate Leader Bob Dole. He was, sadly, without his charming wife Elizabeth, who heads the American Red Cross (better to have an expert at first aid handy when rivals meet). Former ambassador and longtime Democratic strategist Robert Strauss brought up the rear. (A Duke's regular, Strauss had brokered the oddly coupled dinner.) Stifling the impulse to chant "Three more years!" I turned my attention to my cocktail, a concoction of beef bouillon and vodka, the name of which nearly sums up my opinion of the Clinton administration to date: Bullshot.

But it was not the chance to see Bill smirk or hear Hillary's shrillery that had made a Duke's regular of me. It was the thought of those near-perfect pickles, nestled in their silver tub and wafting a delicate hint of garlic. Their memory and theirs alone was why I found myself making for the southwest corner of Connecticut Avenue and L Street on a fateful happy hour in 1989, ducking into Washington Square, the shimmering steel-and-crystal office-and-shopping complex in which Duke's occupies most of the second floor.

Washington being Washington, and Duke's being Duke's, I was sure I would bump into a few people I knew. Unfortunately, I was right in the worst possible way. Slumped at the end of the bar was a manic-depressive radio reporter whose prolonged stays in Haiti during the last days of "Baby Doc" Duvalier's regime—and his own attempts at self-embalming through the medium of alcohol—had earned him the nickname "White Zombie." Luckily, W.Z. was engaged in heated debate with an over-painted PR woman, who was wearing a hat that looked like a manhole cover festooned with last week's salad bar remnants. Taking advantage of the cover it provided, I slipped around the corner of the bar, lit a cigar and ordered a bottle of Beck's Dark . . . only to be warned by the fellow seated next to me that I was drawing on his private stock. Any man willing to defend his favorite brand of beer to the death is my kind of guy; Bob Blumel, a widely traveled editor/publisher with a kaleidoscopic subject range, has since become a good friend.

So, too, have a number of the staff, one of the acid tests of a first-rate saloon. The senior bartender, Nick Wineriter, is an affable, intelligent master dispenser in his early forties. A man of many talents, he is an accomplished writer and photographer and, believe it or not, a member of the Secular Franciscan Order. Shortly before he was professed, Nick found himself wrestling with the seeming incongruity of being both a lay deacon and a bartender. He informed the spiritual assistant of the order, Father Stephen Sabbagh, of his reservations.

"I told him that I couldn't reconcile being a Franciscan and working in a bar. He asked me if I knew what St. Francis was. He told me St. Francis was a deacon. 'What is a deacon?' he asked. Father Stephen said that the word deacon comes from the Greek word *diakonos,* which means attendant. Restaurant workers are exactly that: attendants."

While I like the simile, its very ingenuity leads me to believe that Father Stephen is a trifle Jesuitical for a Franciscan. As for Nick, he finds further solace in a favorite passage from Alexandre de

Aram Bakshian, Jr., the editor-in-chief of American Speaker, *writes frequently on politics, history, and the arts.*

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Rouville's *Imitation of Mary*: "It is not the place nor the occupation that sanctifies a man; it is the man who must sanctify the place and the occupation."

Another star of the place is Duke's maître d', Al, an animated, gregarious Iranian who speaks flawless French and has a mischievous sense of humor. He heads a bustling staff of Farsis, Greeks, Chinese, and Latinos who, on a good evening, are as much a part of the banter and repartee as the customers.

Even some of the VIP guests are quite pleasant; I've enjoyed more than one lunch with cabinet members and publishing moguls at Duke Zeibert's. You also pick up the occasional interesting tidbit about the lifestyles of the rich and infamous (e.g., according to informed sources, talk show host Larry King is a lousy tipper).

Duke Zeibert himself is also a celebrity of sorts. Although his son Randy runs most of the day to day operations, Duke is still very much part of the picture, cracking jokes with cronies and banishing boors from the premises. Now in his eighties, with a scraggly, tonsured mane of white hair, he sometimes shuffles in wearing a golf cap and toting a large shopping bag.

On one memorable evening, when Duke was looking a little more rumpled than usual, I overheard an out-of-town guest—alas, as a capital landmark, the place gets its share of tourists—mutter knowingly to his wife, "They wouldn't allow bag people like that in here if Duke Zeibert was still running the place!"

I hope he will continue doing just that for many a year to come, for there is no other place quite like Duke's geriatric power bar in Washington. On top of everything else, it is only half a block away from another Great American Saloon, the Town and Country bar at the historic old Mayflower Hotel. Just the place for a nightcap (the last drink at Duke's is usually served by eleven), the bar at the Mayflower is presided over by Sam, Washington's—and perhaps the world's—only Cambodian-born magician/bartender. But Sam's career as a conjuring publican, and the charms of the Town and Country lounge, are the stuff of another story . . . ❐

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Running Time

by James Bowman

When I was a child, "The Fugitive" was my favorite grown-up television show. There was something particularly attractive and flattering to my boyish worldly wisdom about the idea not of the innocent convict but of the wanderer, the outsider, and the actor. Here was Kafka for Americans. Dr. Richard K. was a man wrongly accused of a crime who found himself not caught up in some Central European nightmare of military-judicial bureaucracy but turned loose in the great anonymous open spaces of America, where men have always gone to start their lives over again, to reinvent themselves.

Dr. Kimble, played by the late David Janssen, did that every week. In fact, if it wouldn't have been scandalously inappropriate in the televisual world of the 1960s, I'd have liked it better if he *had* been guilty of his wife's murder. We could have cut out all that silly stuff about the one-armed man and there would have been more subtlety, more ambiguity about our fondness for him. He would have been a man torn between wanting to do better in his new life and bound by justice to answer for the sins of his old one. There is something in all of us that wants the pursued to escape the pursuer, and that could have been exploited without making the pursued into a cliché of wrongly convicted innocence.

But even without such subtlety, Janssen's TV fugitive was an attractive, lonely figure. He harbored, like any Byronic hero, a guilty secret, but there was no time for self-pity. He lived by his wits from week to week, moving on from one new life to another. For all the imminent peril the law's pursuit was supposed to put him in, he was the freest man on television to me. He had been liberated by the threat of capture from those normal ties that hold most people to one life only. How odd, then, that the new film of *The Fugitive* cuts out all that interesting stuff and leaves in only the lurid murder mystery and the shadowy one-armed man; how very much odder that it has had such success at the box office. What in this generic thriller is there to get excited about?

Well, there is a great bus-train wreck that proves an appropriately drastic means of springing Harrison Ford (as the new version of Kimble) from incarceration. There's also the performance of Tommy Lee Jones as the pursuing Lt. Gerard who, when Barry Morse played him on TV, was rather a dull dog. Here he is the sort of cop who, if there were any justice in the world, would be immediately elevated to the directorship of the FBI. In fact, I'm not sure he's *not* the director of the FBI. He is ostensibly a federal marshal, but we haven't seen one like him since Wyatt Earp. His being so completely focused on apprehending his man is dramatically very powerful. I only wish that the film-makers could have been half so focused on Kimble instead of introducing a tedious conspiracy by a wicked, multinational pharmaceutical company to suppress information about the side-effects of one of its drugs.

You'd think that any self-respecting wicked pharmaceutical company could find a more direct and efficient way of silencing a whistle-blower than getting a one-armed man to murder his wife and then getting him sent to the chair for murder, but there it is. The bad guys must be motivated, and Hollywood cannot pass up a chance to sell its political worldview—according to which any villainy not originating with the CIA must be the work of big corporate interests. In fact, the only thing better (i.e., worse) than a large corporation is a large foreign corporation. And add fifty bonus points if it is Japanese.

But don't get me going on *Rising Sun*. The film is beneath criticism for taking the superstition that the Japanese trade surplus with the U.S. arises from a diabolical sort of cleverness on the part of the Japanese, and encompassing within it a much more elemental prejudice against little yellow men with buck teeth and thick glasses. I would have thought that even a child looking at the problems of the adult world for the first time would want something more substantial.

But give Hollywood a rich—or a military/CIA—man and the wellsprings of human evil need be plumbed no deeper. John Woo's spectacularly choreographed but dramatically negligible *Hard Target*, for example, introduces a gang of rich villains with seemingly unlimited numbers of henchmen (as Roland smote the Saracens, so Jean-Claude Van Damme smites the capitalists), who make their money by providing homeless Vietnam veterans as human quarry for amateurish but even richer white hunters. No further explanation is needed. And, as this is a film about excess, Woo gilds the poison lily by making the chief bad guy's chief henchman a sadistic South African given to heavy-handed irony about his tender feelings and called, like the late prime minister of his homeland, Pik (Arnold Vosloo).

Where the rich are not scheming to murder doctors' wives or hunting down homeless people, they are as bloodless and feckless and pathetic as the effete Lord Craven (John Lynch) in *The Secret Garden*. But there are other reasons to hate *The Secret Garden*—most of them little and cuddly and unbearably cute. I only wish that my confidence in the good sense of America's children were robust

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enough for me to believe it will be as hated as it deserves. Suffice it to say that it takes a strong stomach to sit through all the soft-focus shots not only of gardens but also of baby lambs and baby birds. I don't remember the book being so sick-making, and I'm quite sure that Mary Lennox, the young heroine played here by the much too pretty Kate Maberly, was more awkward and difficult. She lacked, I feel sure, Miss Maberly's charming self-possession. Even with a story set in England and a Polish woman director, this film stinks of Hollywood money and sentiment.

It's not that I'm against children taking an interest in nature and planting things, mind you, but I do resent the crass manipulation of feelings involved in accompanying their horticultural pursuits with lush music and photography. Such sentimentalism is really the other side of the coin to villain stereotyping. For every Little Eva there is a Simon Legree, for every Little Nell a Daniel Quilp. What the children who watch this stuff take in is, in my view, at least as toxic to their psychic health as all the sex 'n' violence celebrated in the moralists' strictures. Children will see R-rated films—if only because they are proscribed—and will know when they do that they have a mystique, that the "adult" material is not for casual watching. But who will do children the favor of similarly marking out sentimentalism—something dangerous not to their present innocence but to their prospective maturity?

Luckily, it just so happens this month that there are not one, not two, but three new films that do a much better job of presenting adult situations to children. So, for this one time only, I proclaim them all three Movies of the Month. None of the three is in itself perhaps quite of the standard we normally expect of the Movie of the Month. Steven Soderbergh's *King of the Hill*, based on A.E. Hotchner's memoir of growing up in St. Louis during the Depression, is just a little too suffused with nostalgia's golden glow; Steven Zaillian's *Searching for Bobby Fischer*, is terrific until the climax, when it wimps out of making a resolution for the terrible problem it has set itself; and Mel Gibson's *Man Without a Face* bogs down in a false accusation of child abuse. But all three have found excellent child actors for the lead roles, manage to tell a good story interestingly, and, in the course of doing so, arouse some genuine emotions.

King of the Hill is the most accomplished bit of film-making among the three. It gives us something of the true flavor of the Depression as seen through the eyes of a child, Aaron Kurlander (Jesse Bradford). With his mother in a sanitarium, his brother sent to live with relatives to save money, and his father on the road looking for work or trying to sell watches, Aaron is left alone in their hotel room somehow to stave off eviction, feed himself, finish elementary school, and hold his head up among his school friends from more prosperous families by never letting them know of his own family's poverty. There is no real plot but instead a series of well-observed vignettes ranging from Aaron's telling his little brother the etiquette of stealing food at school lunch ("Only steal from fat boys and never steal anyone's dessert") to the suicide of a marvelously raffish hotel neighbor (played by Spalding Gray). Most of the stories up until the rather pat ending are told with exemplary dispassion and the whole is both tough-minded and life-affirming.

In *Searching for Bobby Fischer* another cute kid, Josh Waitzkin (Max Pomeranc) is a chess prodigy whose father (Joe Mantegna) is determined to give him the chance to exploit his gift in the cutthroat world of children's chess competition. In a nice touch we are allowed to see how insufferable and pushy are most chess parents—easily as bad as stage parents—along with Mantegna, who has to work out as he goes along how to run interference for his son without trying to run his life. The climactic scene comes when Josh's mother (Joan Allen) and father argue about how important they've all allowed chess to become to them. "He's not afraid of losing," says mom, "he's afraid of losing your love. How many ballplayers grow up being afraid to lose their father's love every time they come up to the plate?"

Mantegna replies, simply but forcefully, "All of them."

But this great moment is not followed up. As the two parents recognize for just a moment, if winning is more important than anything else, then you live one kind of life; if it is not, you live another. But thereafter the film takes the easy way out by pretending that no hard choices are involved after all. Josh goes on winning without having to sacrifice anything else to his desire. Up until that point, however, Zaillian does a good job of setting out the hard choices of life.

Endings are the problem with all three of these films. *The Man Without a Face* is yet another example of good acting and story-telling that leads up to a muddled finish. It has some beautifully observed moments drawn from the family life of its young hero, Chuck Norstadt (Nick Stahl), including his fierce rivalry with his two half-sisters, longing for his dead father and resentment of his mother's penchant for marrying and divorcing new husbands. Mel Gibson plays the eponymous man without a face (actually he has one but it is hideously disfigured), who is overdrawn and lacking in subtlety, but this hardly matters. The point of his character is the hero he becomes to the child. Making him too realistic a person would only interfere with this. Unfortunately, for similar reasons the baseless charge of child abuse against him is also a distraction. It is too hastily introduced and confusingly resolved.

But children could do a lot worse than take this film—or either of the two others—as almost as good an introduction to serious thinking about adult problems as the old TV Fugitive. ❐

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SIMONE SIGNORET

Catherine David, translated by Sally Sampson

Overlook Press / 225 pages / $22.95

reviewed by JOHN SIMON

One sunny afternoon in Paris, in my Fulbright year of 1949-50, I was nearly blinded by beauty. I was coming out of an early screening at the Cinémathèque Française just as a young couple was heading in for the next. Everyone stared, transfixed. The man was handsome, elegant, and proudly smiling. But the young woman was triply radiant. There was her slimly impeccable, exquisitely dressed figure. There was her face, at once earthy and aristocratic, and marvelously feline. Above all, there was her coloring: the proverbially alabaster skin, the sun-drenched-sea eyes, the champagne-colored hair—and the perfect harmony into which these colors blended. It was Yves Montand and Simone Signoret, and a luminousness I have never forgotten.

It all came vividly back to me reading Catherine David's *Simone Signoret*. I learn from this biography that Yves and Simone had met at Saint-Paul-de-Vence in August 1949, when each was 28. She immediately left Yves Allégret, her movie-director husband and father of her daughter, to move in with Montand, whom she married two years later. My path crossed theirs during that long, ecstatic prenuptial honeymoon. I never saw Simone Signoret again in the flesh, yet her premature on-screen physical decline some years later affected me almost as strongly as if I had been living with her. But it never obliterated that initial vision.

Simone Henriette Charlotte Kaminker was born in 1921 in Wiesbaden to an officer in the French occupying army, the son of Polish and Austrian Jews, who himself wanted above all to be French; and Georgette *née* Signoret, his very French middle-class wife. André Kaminker returned to civilian life, and little Kiki grew up in Neuilly, an archetypally bourgeois suburb of Paris. She was much closer to her liberal mother than to her desperately proper father, whose gift for languages she nevertheless inherited, and who, when things became impossible for Jews in France, escaped to and remained in England. Georgette respected and encouraged Simone's intellectuality, but as the girl grew, she grew away from Neuilly's staid atmosphere and her mother's overprotectiveness.

She began to come of age with her baccalaureate philosophy dissertation, "Define the connections between passion and will," although she scored only 14.5 out of 20, and more fully at the Café Flore, where she scored 20 out of 20. The Flore was the best university in Paris in the forties; not only were Sartre and the existentialists holding forth there, but so, too, was the entire flora of the seven arts, notably writers, theater people, and filmmakers. Simone Kaminker was, with the possible exception of Juliette Gréco, the prettiest girl in attendance, and though she worked for a right-wing newspaper (whose publisher showed real courage in hiring a Jew), became one of the muse-mascots of the café, and absorbed the intellectualized leftism of the place. She also began landing roles in movies and theatricals.

Equally important is what she did not do: join, like so many other artists, the Resistance. Bad conscience about this plagued her throughout her life, and no doubt helped propel her to the left, which was then perceived as the cause of peace and social justice. The theater did not agree with her; her main achievement there was making off with the sandals she wore in a Grecian-style play from which she was fired for giggling; in a previous production, they had been worn by Jean Gabin, whose shoe size matched hers. (Feet were the problem of many glamorous French actresses, Brigitte Bardot and Juliette Gréco included.) In movies, things went much better, especially when, after brief affairs with the actor Daniel Gélin and the writer Marcel Duhamel, she ended up with the film director Yves Allégret, younger brother of the popular filmmaker Marc Allégret.

Yves, who fathered the actress Catherine Allégret on Simone and eventually married her, was more leftist, more pessimistic, and more talented than his brother. It was in the leads of two of his bleak films, *Dédée d'Anvers* (1947) and *Manèges* (1949) that Simone Signoret, no longer Kiki Kaminker, achieved stardom, her good English making her employable in that language, too. I saw the films in reverse order, and so, for me, Simone remained the sleek rich bitch of *Manèges* rather than the touching tart of *Dédée* (and a bit later *La Ronde*). Either way, here was an actress who clearly combined talent, intelligence, looks, and versatility, and was headed for great things. Yet when the journalists Tacchella and Thérond (as they report in their book *Les Années éblouissantes*) talked to her about stardom, she replied, "I don't have a star's life. They give me parts to play, I'm happy, and I eat to my heart's content. There's nothing else to say."

This pragmatic approach to her work allowed her to remain unspoiled. As Mme David puts it, "She was drawn to anything working class or left wing, and, the sexual side apart, this would be the key to her original attraction to Yves Montand." To recuperate from *Manèges*; she had gone to the charming and still fashionable Colombe d'or at Saint-Paul-de-Vence. There she met Montand under circumstances that have since been glamorized beyond what they actually were. The setting was, admittedly, romantic, and the two artists were looking their casual best.

Montand, whose real name was Ivo Livi, came from an abjectly poor Italian working-class and Communist family who had fled to Marseilles from the Fascists. Young Ivo could not even indulge in the luxury of secondary

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school, but worked at various menial jobs that led to his becoming a ladies' hairdresser who entertained the clients with jokes and songs. He started singing professionally from an improvised platform to working-class women, and changed his name. From her window, his mother would call down into the street to him in Italian, "Ivo, monta!" Ivo became Yves; *monta* (come up), Montand.

Through enormously rigorous practice of every kind, he made it to Paris as a singer, becoming for three years the lover of Edith Piaf, from whom he learned a lot. When she left him, he fell back on groupies, of whom—whenever Simone wasn't watching—there was to be a lifelong supply. But at first this was the great, absolute love, Montand wanting Simone all to himself, and she ready to give up her career for him. Soon she moved in with Montand—as she always called him, "Yves" being reserved for Allégret—in his apartment in, of all places, Neuilly. Schooled and well-read, she educated Montand; he took her to meet his folks in Marseilles, and for the first time she experienced working-class life.

They never joined the Communist Party, but were its enthusiastic supporters, partly out of guilt feelings. Montand had became *embourgeoisé*, unlike his older brother Julien, who became a Communist official and organizer. The right-wing press sneered at the couple—he with his Bentley, bought from the Prince of Monaco, she with her furs and *haute couture*—but they stayed cool and committed. Later, when both of them changed politics, Montand was to say they had been exploited by the Party. True enough.

Their spirits were lifted when they discovered the apartment on the lovely Place Dauphine in the delightful Ile de la Cité, one of the most desirable spots in all of Paris. They named it the Trailer (Sally Sampson, translating *la Caravane* into British English, calls it the Caravan). Eventually they acquired the entire building, and were able to put up family members, close friends, and not-so-close friends on the designated floors, sometimes housing as many as twenty. Julien and his family lived there until much later, when he and Yves had their biggest political falling out, and the brothers hardly ever spoke again.

The talented Jacques Becker had to use shrewd psychology to lure Simone back into acting with his *Casque d'or* (1952), which proved to be one of her biggest international successes. A story of love and crime in the working-class Paris quarter of Belleville during the *belle époque* (not so *belle* in Belleville), it displayed Simone, in the words of the critic Georges Sadoul, "in the full bloom of her beauty" and, it might be added, happiness. Simone played Marie, the belle of Belleville, who proves fatal to lovers and enemies alike. Because she wears her golden tresses piled up on her head, she is known as Casque d'or, golden helmet. Signoret was superb in the rustic love scenes, and perhaps even more so in the staggering final scene, watching her essentially innocent lover being guillotined. In Becker's painterly film, fastidiously observing period atmosphere, Simone looked like a cross between a Manet and a Renoir, a little fuller than in her earlier films, and glowingly alive.

Montand and Signoret were mutually supportive, she in particular. Not only was she out front, as he wished, for his concerts, and backstage before and after, she also accompanied him on his tours. In literary matters, he was to acquire another mentor besides Simone, their friend Jacques Prévert. In twentieth-century French poetry, Prévert is the sung and unsung hero. Unsung, because the snobs still patronize him; sung, because countless of his poems have been set to music, chiefly by the brilliant Joseph Kosma, but also by many others, and these *chansons* remain beloved of all. But he was also the author of splendid screenplays, most notably *Les Enfants du paradis*; and it is he who wrote the words for several of Montand's biggest hits, e.g., "Les Feuilles mortes," "Barbara," and "Les Enfants qui s'aiment."

When Yves and Simone were married at the Colombe d'or, Prévert was best man, and Picasso sent a drawing done with something new in France: a felt-tipped pen. It was to be an often turbulent, sometimes rocky, but invigorating marriage until Simone's death from cancer in 1985. As Montand's biographers, Hamon and Rotman, have written elsewhere, Simone "was a sorry housewife but a wonderful hostess. In 35 years of married life she only once—*once*—cooked dinner for Yves Montand: overdone spaghetti (a rash choice)"—because Ivo Livi was an expert on spaghetti. Instead, the cooking was done by a "woman you never, never called 'the maid.'" In due time, the couple acquired a comfortable country house in Autheuil, where Montand had a mini-theater to rehearse in, and many guests came to stay.

Both of them had double careers: he as singer and dramatic movie star; she as movie star and, later, writer. There had to be what Mme David calls "a secret rivalry, probably subconscious, which led them to be constantly shifting the balance from one to the other in the public eye." But there was also the opposite urge, to reinforce the other. Thus on their arrival in America, when the fame of Signoret was at its height, her "main worry," as she said, "was that people would take Montand for an actress's husband."

Yet even their rivalry was useful. It was a sneer from Montand that prodded Simone into accepting the lead in Marcel Carné's *Thérèse Raquin*, the Zola heroine becoming another of her chief successes, prompting the novelist Jean Dutourd to pronounce her "a female Jean Gabin." Sometimes the spouses pooled their talents, as when they appeared—first on stage, later on screen—in the leads of an adaptation of Miller's *The Crucible*, the movie version written by Sartre. In the popular *Sleeping-Car Murders*, daughter Catherine acted as well.

How serious was their Communism? David doesn't mention the incident when, told by the Party to distribute a

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Communist Sunday paper in the Tuileries Gardens on May Day morning, they chose to sleep late and send the woman never called "the maid" to do the job. Rebuked by the Party, they expressed remorse, which is what Signoret's Communism was largely about, whereas Montand simply followed in the footsteps of his father and elder brother. The couple remained deaf to accounts of Soviet horrors, but the Hungarian tragedy of 1956 did shake them. Even so, Montand having committed himself to a Russian concert tour, they went amid deep misgivings.

Montand's singing, like Simone's looks and Hermès outfits, duly impressed the Russians; the couple were astounded one evening to be transported to a private dinner with Khrushchev and his top brass. Lecturing him on behalf of French artists about Hungary, they salved their consciences, but achieved only new grounds for subsequent remorse. They noticed none of the misery around them. On a later concert tour in Czechoslovakia, Simone ignored a distant cousin whose husband she might have helped get out of political imprisonment. Many years later, she translated and introduced the woman's memoirs. But it was not till the crushed Prague Spring and two books by victims of Communist "justice" that Simone, in 1969, finally saw the light.

Meanwhile her film career got a boost when Jack Clayton (not, as the book has it in one place, Peter Glenville) cast her in *Room at the Top*. When that film made her, again, a star, the Montands realized a long-standing dream: a trip to America, where Yves was to have a run with a one-man show on Broadway. He was a hit, and sang also at the Academy Awards ceremony where, a bit later, Simone walked away with the Oscar for *Room at the Top*. She then went off to Italy for another movie, while Yves started shooting *Let's Make Love* with one of their many new Hollywood friends, Marilyn Monroe. His knowing no English and having to learn his lines phonetically brought him especially close to his similarly insecure co-star, and a world-famous affair resulted. Simone was outwardly understanding: "Can *you* think of many men who wouldn't have responded to Marilyn's charm?" Inwardly, she was gravely hurt. It was then that she started hitting the bottle heavily and letting herself go physically to pot.

She invited old age in with open arms, in retaliation or self-defense. But her movie career, like her husband's flourished. Particularly touching was her difficulty, in Costa-Gavras's *The Confession*, with the part of a rabidly Communist wife who leaves her Communist husband unjustly jailed by his party—because that husband was played by her own husband, whom she couldn't think of betraying. Though *he* had affairs on the side (unmentioned in most books), the couple became more than ever emotionally dependent on each other.

Both continued being political, with Montand veering much more sharply to the right, where she did not always follow: "Sometimes Abbott appears without Costello," she commented. Her own interest was mostly in cases where individuals were grossly mistreated for political reasons: "You never know whether the people you're siding with are really innocent or guilty," she remarked. "Most of the time you're siding against those who think that they have the right to side against the accused, when they have no right at all." The French title of Simone's last international hit, *La Vie devant soi* (here called *Madame Rosa*), was prophetic: a new life lay before her, as well as behind her. She gradually discovered writing, and so rediscovered her past and ancestry. In her two autobiographical works and her lengthy novel, she also addressed her Jewish origins, and settled her accounts with Communism. Spending long, systematic hours on her writing despite failing health and fading eyesight, she continued writing to the end (as well as acting), and finished a body of work to be reckoned with.

Madame David's book, regrettably, is not quite worthy of its subject. It commits virtually every error a biography is capable of. Thus it is a psychobiography, more interested in reconstructing Signoret's feelings than in relating the facts of her story. This despite the author's having known the actress only during the last year of her life. And though the book comes with a rudimentary, incomplete filmography, the films are barely, if at all, gone into, even when, as in *Les mauvais Coups*, they bear a striking parallel to Signoret's own life—something unnoticed by the biographer. She does not even sketch in the important related lives: nothing about the later years of the father, very little about Montand's six years after Simone.

The author does make several honest stabs at defining Signoret's acting style, but the big problem is Mme David's writing style. It often verges on prose poetry, and hardly of the best kind. For example:

> I have spent months living with her ghost; it has become an obsession. My loneliness has made friends with hers; in my little study perched in the trees that have woven a green curtain in front of the lycée Fénelon, she has played every part for my benefit—friend, sister, mother and confidante; she has been, in turn, evasive, intensive, open-hearted, irritable, unpredictable, and fascinating.

And so on and on, up to, most characteristically, "Probing her life story, it is my own dream that I am exposing."

There are sloppinesses, authorial as well as translatorial. Sometimes it is the uncritical taking over of a French spelling, "Jdanov" or "Ehrenbourg" for Zhdanov and Ehrenburg. Sometimes there are the author's misspellings: "Obratsov," for the great puppeteer Obraztsov; "Plessetskaya," for the magnificent ballerina Maya Plisetskaya; "Berthold" for Bertolt Brecht. And it would be nice if Sally Sampson avoided *enthused, anxious* (for eager), and "who [sic] for years they had assumed to be dead."

Still, even this slender and unsteady book does ultimately convey why, two years after Signoret's death, a *Paris-Match* poll soliciting "the twelve most significant French personalities of the century" listed Simone Signoret along with De Gaulle, Schweitzer, Picasso, Marcel Pagnol, and Jean Gabin, with whom, alas, she made only one picture. And although in his final years Montand had a son by a young mistress of long standing, he never married her. As Simone predicted, no one could take her place. Among my cherished possessions, there is a two-CD set, *Jacques Prévert et ses interprètes*, whose high point is the 27-second recitation of a tiny Prévert love poem, "Le Jardin," by Signoret. She reads it with incomparable straightforwardness and authenticity in that low voice so exactly at the border between mellowness and raspiness, which epitomizes for me the troubling beauty of Simone Signoret and her talent. ❐

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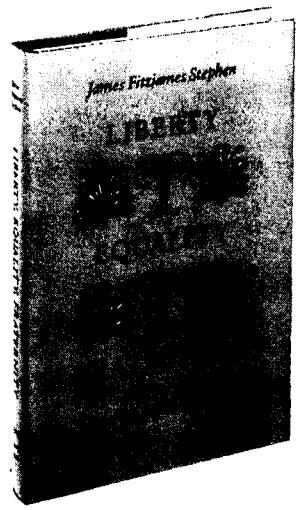

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BIG BLUES: THE UNMAKING OF IBM

Paul Carroll

Crown / 375 pages / $24

reviewed by BRIT HUME

This book is a horror story. Expertly reported and engagingly written by *Wall Street Journal* reporter Paul Carroll, *Big Blues* is the tale of how a great, indeed even a noble corporation went from being the most profitable company in history to a basket case in a decade.

It wasn't easy. In 1981, IBM had not only dominated the world computer industry for decades, but seemed poised to do so well into the twenty-first century. It made more computer chips than any company in the world. It had developed the disk drives that are now a part of every computer system. It spent $8 billion a year on research and development. The company had never laid anyone off and never intended to.

When the microcomputer revolution was born in the garages and basements of hobbyists and hackers in the late 1970s, IBM didn't just sit there. It sent a team off to Boca Raton, Florida, to build what would become the IBM PC, which set a standard for personal computers that nearly every PC in the world would follow.

The Boca group was unusual in that it had a mandate from on high that allowed it to work fast, without clearing everything through IBM's multi-layered decision process. The group made several crucial decisions that would ultimately help the PC succeed and, ironically, help IBM fail. The PC would be an "open system," which meant that most of its basic technology would be non-proprietary. Open architecture made the PC easier for outside software companies to write programs for, and helped outside hardware developers to build modems, memory expansion cards, and other products to enhance it.

But the fact that IBM did not own the PC's basic technology opened the way to competition. IBM would be bested in hardware by a number of smaller, more agile firms that were able to bring more powerful PCs to market at lower prices than IBM could, or would. But as much as other hardware makers hurt IBM, nobody hurt it more than the software giant Microsoft and its nerdy, brilliant founder, Bill Gates. At the outset of their decade-long struggle, Carroll writes, IBM had "340,000 employees, $27 billion of assets, $26 billion of sales and $3.6 billion of profits, while Microsoft began their relationship with 32 people and little else. IBM would still find a way to lose."

Throughout most of their battle for control of the personal computer industry, IBM and Microsoft were ostensibly partners. That's because the Boca team contracted with Microsoft to develop the operating system for the original PC. IBM was in a hurry and getting the job done in-house would have taken forever. (No computer can do much of anything without the operating system, which handles such boiler-room functions as managing memory, keeping track of disk drives, loading software, and copying and deleting data.) IBM was prepared to buy the DOS (disk-operating system) software outright from Microsoft for a million dollars, but Gates had other ideas: he wanted a small royalty on every copy IBM shipped. That was fine with IBM.

Gates's deal allowed Microsoft to sell DOS to any other PC maker it pleased. At the time, of course, there *were* no other PC makers, and IBM, with the insular view of the world that would contribute so much to its future blunders, no doubt thought there never would be. DOS has been a cash cow for Microsoft, fueling the company's rise from scratch to a value of more than $25 billion.

Even before its PC came to market, IBM had made mistakes that would cost the company billions, but it was just getting started. The early success of the PC fostered the illusion that the invincibility the company had enjoyed in mainframe systems would continue in the new world of microcomputers. The company worried not about whether its PCs would be competitive with other microcomputers, but whether they would compete with other IBM systems. When IBM brought out the PCjr in 1984, it deliberately made the machine difficult to enhance so that people couldn't expand it into a cheaper version of the PC.

By then, however, there already *were* cheaper versions of the PC. Other companies' IBM workalikes—the so-called "clones," or "compatibles"—were beginning to flood the market, and people who wanted cheaper PCs bought them. The PCjr was a spectacular, embarrassing flop.

Meanwhile, IBM and Microsoft co-developed a new operating system for more advanced PCs called OS/2. It had some new capabilities but it consumed vast amounts of storage and memory, and nobody wanted it. IBM stuck with it, but Microsoft hedged its bets with "Windows" software, a less piggish alternative to OS/2 which Microsoft owns alone, and which has been a smash hit. IBM is still trying to catch up.

Big Blues recounts in devastating detail other, less-publicized blunders from the same period:

- A small company called Software Publishing came up with a popular set of basic business programs, the "Assistant Series," which were sold under the IBM label. Software Publishing intended to improve the programs, but IBM decided it should knock out certain

Brit Hume, the ABC News White House correspondent, writes the syndicated Personal Computing column twice monthly for the Washington Post.

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improvements because IBM wanted to reserve those features for some other product it was planning. So Software Publishing went off on its own with what became the highly successful "PFS" programs. IBM got none of the royalties, and the PFS line competed with IBM's—exactly what the company had been trying to avoid.

• In 1982, Mitch Kapor, who founded Lotus Development, pleaded with IBM to buy the exclusive rights to a new spreadsheet program called "1-2-3." IBM said no. Lotus 1-2-3 went on to become the single most popular program ever written for the IBM PC, the program that made the PC a bestseller. The decision cost IBM billions.

• IBM owned 20 percent of Intel, the semiconductor company that produces the central processing chips that drive the IBM PC and its successors. In 1986, when Intel had just brought out the 80386 chip that would power a new generation of PCs, IBM started selling its Intel stock, for an eventual profit of $625 million on a $400 million investment. If IBM had held the stock, its shares would be worth more than $5 billion today. IBM made virtually the same mistake when Microsoft wanted to sell it a chunk of its stock in 1986.

• A Georgia company called Hayes Microcomputer products was doing a brisk business selling modems for the IBM PC. The Hayes software commands became the industry standard. When IBM finally got a modem to market, it used a different command set that left it incompatible with the modems people already owned. It bombed.

• When IBM brought out its first laptop, the PC Convertible, in 1986, it didn't have a bright screen, a feature already available in laptops from Toshiba and other competitors. Even more inexplicably, it had no modem, because, as Carroll reports, "the product manager couldn't bring himself to put a Hayes modem in the computer and IBM didn't yet have a modem available." The Convertible became a laughingstock.

• As Compaq and other makers of PC clones seized a growing share of the market, IBM tried to distinguish its products with a new, proprietary standard that the clone-makers could not match. It came out with a new type of internal circuitry it called the "Micro Channel." The trouble was that the effect of this circuitry was not noticeable to users, who were just as happy with the circuitry the clone-makers were using, the same circuitry IBM used in its AT series.

The AT was the most popular PC IBM had ever made, but since IBM wanted to make the "Micro Channel" the new standard, it decided it to kill the AT. Other companies continued making AT-compatibles, and made a fortune on them. IBM eventually reversed itself, sort of, and brought out an AT-class computer called the XT-286. But the XT-286 box was smaller than the AT's, so circuit boards and other products made for the AT wouldn't fit in it. It flopped, naturally.

All along, there were people inside IBM who had good ideas and wanted to see IBM compete. But IBM's bureaucracy consists of a host of baronies that guard their turf ferociously. It was often necessary to get nearly everybody to agree to nearly everything. As Carroll puts it, "IBM had turned into a company where everybody could say no, and no single person could say yes, and IBMers were considered wimpy if they didn't say no at least a few times on each project." Anything major had to be approved by IBM's Management Committee at headquarters in Armonk, New York, where the thinking born of years of IBM dominance in mainframe computers prevailed. Anything that didn't carry the kind of profit potential IBM was accustomed to was regarded with suspicion. The IBM printer division in Lexington, Kentucky, couldn't get anywhere with a line of printers that cost less to make than comparable Japanese models, but which had only an 8 percent profit margin.

The result of such management was that IBM ended up with products nobody wanted to buy at prices nobody wanted to pay. Its share of the PC market declined from more than 80 per cent to less than 20 per cent today. The company remained profitable into the 1990s, thanks to its mainframe sales. But when that business fell off, as it was bound to in an age of smaller systems, Big Blue hit the wall.

The consequences have been crushing. Roughly 140,000 IBM employees have lost their jobs. IBM stock has lost $75 billion in value. "About half of that money," Carroll reports, "was lost by the half-million individual holders of IBM stock, most of whom thought of IBM as a classic 'widows and orphans' stock that they could sock money into and count on for their retirement."

As Carroll notes, "This is a very sad story." And this fine book should be read as a cautionary lesson by Al Gore and the other high-tech enthusiasts in the Clinton administration, eager to "invest" taxpayer money in a data superhighway and other such ventures. If IBM, whose viscous bureaucratic structure resembles nothing so much as the federal government, could make such a hash of things, imagine what Washington will do. It doesn't, of course, have IBM's hidebound Management Committee to deal with.

Instead, it has Congress. ❐

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THE LAST BROTHER

Joe McGinniss

Simon & Schuster / 626 pages / $25

reviewed by THEO LIPPMAN, JR.

In 1974, Joe McGinniss arranged an interview with Sen. Edward Kennedy through his press secretary, Dick Drayne. Drayne warned him not to talk about the Kennedy mystique. "He absolutely freezes . . . that muscle on the right side of his face starts to twitch and then it's all over, buddy."

McGinniss told the senator he would like to spend some time with him, get to know him. He wanted to put him in a book he was writing. The senator turned him down. That may have been because Kennedy knew McGinniss's reputation. McGinniss had come to the fore a few years back by writing a funny, popular book about Richard Nixon's advertising and p.r. campaign in 1968. The word around Washington was that McGinniss had misrepresented himself to get an insider's view of the campaign, then had misrepresented some of what he saw and heard. On the other hand, maybe Kennedy just regarded the McGinniss project as belittling.

The book, McGinniss explained, was to be about why there used to be "heroes" in America, like "your brother Bobby," but weren't anymore. McGinniss writes, "He remained silent. And then the muscle on the right side of his face began to twitch. The meeting ended. I did not see him again for almost fifteen years."

In the pages that follow, McGinniss often presents Ted Kennedy's thoughts in dramatic moments. For example, Kennedy was caught in a traffic jam in the moments after he learned his brother Jack had been shot. McGinniss writes, "There was construction going on outside the State Department. It was a useless goddam organization anyway, in Teddy's opinion, and to be caught in a construction delay right there seemed somehow more than he should have been expected to tolerate."

The reader might assume McGinniss knows what Kennedy thought because, almost fifteen years after that botched interview in 1974, as he prepared for a new book just about Ted Kennedy, they talked and Kennedy told him. But when you ultimately get to 1988 and the reunion of McGinniss and Kennedy, you learn that Kennedy still wouldn't give him the time of day. There are no interviews.

Sometimes McGinniss merely speculates on Kennedy's thoughts, as when he writes of the disappearance from home (to an institution, without explanation) of Kennedy's retarded sister Rosemary, "It might well have begun to seem that could be the price of failure within the family. . . ." But most of the time, McGinniss writes with the certitude of a man who knows what was in his subject's mind: "he didn't know," "he could scarcely believe," "he could not help but harbor," "the lessons were not lost on Teddy . . ." "to Teddy's dismay . . ." etc. Not much of it is credible.

This kind of imagining precipitated the first wave of criticism of the book. If I am right and McGinniss hoped to fool the reader, he was foiled by his own publisher. Simon & Schuster prepared for the copyright page a disclaimer to the effect that McGinniss made up some of the material for his biography. This became public knowledge. McGinniss protested, and the disclaimer was removed, but the author was forced to admit in an afterword, "I have, as is apparent, written certain scenes and described certain events from what I have inferred to be his point of view."

That McGinniss set out to write fiction based on fact rather than traditional journalism (or even traditional New Journalism) was "apparent" in a sense before he began this book. In 1988, he signed a two-book contract with Simon & Schuster, subjects undetermined. That's rare for non-fiction. "But I wanted to sell books like novelists," McGinniss told *Publishers Weekly*. "You don't ask Philip Roth for an outline of his next book."

This book was suggested to him by Simon & Schuster's editor in chief, he continued. "Michael Korda had been struck during the 1988 Democratic convention by the fact that Ted Kennedy was only a bit player. Kennedy had become obsolescent in the blink of an eye." Korda suggested McGinniss write a book showing or explaining how Kennedy got to that point.

Korda himself was about to write his own imaginative Kennedy opus—about love affairs between John Kennedy and Marilyn Monroe and Bobby and Marilyn. It's fiction, presented in pure novel form, but labeled "faction" by its author. One reviewer described it as a compilation of "every . . . factoid, rumor and lie that has ever been circulated about the Kennedys."

McGinniss's book is not nearly that bad. Most of what he writes is factual. But the facts are not ones that he himself gathered, which brings me to the second wave of criticism. After the publishers' excerpts were distributed, John Taylor compared the first eleven chapters—about a third of the book—to William Manchester's 1967 narrative on John Kennedy's assassination, *The Death of a President*. Taylor reported in *New York* magazine, "The similarity between some of [McGinniss's] passages and Manchester's is really quite remarkable. Cynics might be tempted to say that McGinniss lifted his material from Manchester. Moralists might go so far as to call it plagiarism."

McGinniss replied in a letter to the editor that he was "appalled and outraged at the allegation that I plagiarized from William Manchester. . . I cannot allow it to stand." To which Taylor replied, "Legally the real issue at hand is not plagiarism but copyright infringement." He said he thought McGinniss may have behaved improperly not only by using Manchester's language or very close approximations of it, but also by using

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his selection and ordering of facts. Manchester thought so, too. He charged 187 passages were lifted from his book. He said he might sue. When I asked him later if he would do so, he declined comment, explaining that he had reached "that point at which lawyers advise not to talk to the press."

Meanwhile, another author charged McGinniss with substantial borrowing of her reporting—and her selection and ordering of facts. Doris Kearns Goodwin, who wrote *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys* (1987), said McGinniss "took a whole series of interviews I used and presented them as if they might have been his own. He quoted liberally from letters I unearthed at the Kennedy Library and quoted in my book, but he didn't say where he got them. He even quoted in about the same way secondary sources pretty much in the sequence I had." She stopped just short of labeling this plagiarism.

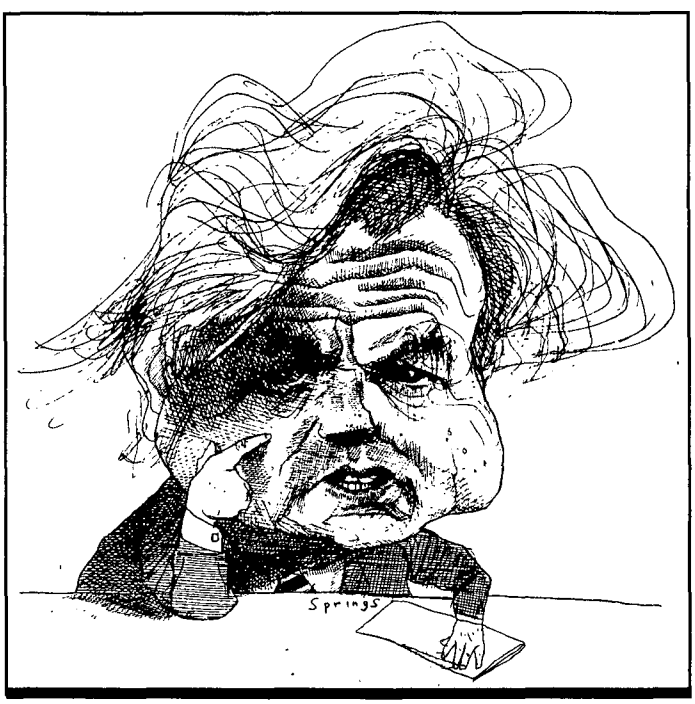
But her main (I think) complaint is about something McGinniss took from still another book—and acknowledged for a change. In *JFK: Reckless Youth*, Nigel Hamilton discusses the frontal lobotomy performed on Rosemary Kennedy. He cites in a footnote a "friend (female) of John Kennedy" as his source for speculation that Joseph Kennedy may have caused Rosemary's retardation by sexually abusing her. That strikes me as pretty low, but at least Hamilton is a serious historian who deserves the right to decide if a source should be so quoted.

McGinniss goes crazy with this. He speculates that the lobotomy was not botched but intended to turn the girl into a vegetable. Why? Rosemary was about to reveal Joe's sin. "In such a case, Joe's need to silence her quickly and permanently would have been strong, especially if he was planning to send his oldest son to the White House. . . . Documentation that might resolve the question remains sealed to researchers."

I tried unsuccessfully to reach McGinniss to ask the question, "What documentation?" I asked Goodwin if she could think of what he was referring to. She has seen the still-sealed papers of Joseph Kennedy and Rose Kennedy in the Kennedy Library. She says there is "nothing remotely like that" in them. She had no idea what McGinniss meant.

This is about as irresponsible as it gets, made worse by the fact that, according to the reference archivist at the Kennedy Library, McGinniss was never there asking for *anything*. Why a biographer of Ted Kennedy would not be searching through, among other things, the now-open papers of Robert and John Kennedy is beyond my comprehension.

Which brings me to a third wave of criticism. The book is not what Korda proposed in 1988. It doesn't take Ted Kennedy from some point long ago when he was thought to be a potential political star to Korda's "bit player" in Atlanta in 1988. It takes him only to 1969. The theme is the overworked one of the 1970s and early 1980s to the effect that Ted Kennedy was an unhappy failure. Only eight of the book's pages deal with Ted Kennedy post-Chappaquiddick. Where's the Rest of Him?



Now, it so happens that in early 1974 I called on Dick Drayne, too. I said I was going to write a book about Ted Kennedy and wondered about interviewing him and his staff. "I get some damn asshole in here every week wanting to write a book about the senator," he said. "Why should we deal with you?"

I told him I was going to write a book just about Kennedy in the Senate. No Chappaquiddick. No Camelot. No throwing fully-clothed people in the pool at Hickory Hill. No boozing. No sex. No family mystique. No "color."

What a concept! Suddenly I was *Mister* Asshole! I got ten interviews with the senator over the next year and numerous interviews with staff and ex-staff. I concluded that Kennedy was off to a great start as a senator (good senators went slow in that long-ago era), and I wrote (in *Senator Ted Kennedy*, W.W. Norton, 1976) that were he to remain there for a long time he would likely be assessed as a great senator.

That was nearly twenty years ago. Next year Kennedy will have served in the Senate longer than any other man from Massachusetts, longer than Daniel Webster, than Charles Sumner, than Henry Cabot Lodge Sr. Surely a biographer in the 1990s interested in writing about "the most significant aspects of Teddy Kennedy's life," as McGinniss says he was, would want to learn about and "ruminate" (McGinniss's word) on Kennedy's hours on the Senate floor in the years since 1969. (Not to mention his drunken post-divorce, pre-marriage womanizing hours on other floors; see "Ted Kennedy on the Rocks," by Michael Kelly, *GQ*, February 1990.)

Being a senator today is somewhat different from what it was a generation ago. Teddy exemplifies the new Senate—the good, the bad and the ugly of it. He is no bit player under the Capitol dome. Consider just a few of the things he has been centrally involved in that McGinniss ignores. In 1974, in small but not insignificant part thanks to Kennedy staff snooping, Congress chased a president from office. In 1980, in very large part due to Kennedy, another president became the first incumbent to lose a re-election bid in forty-eight years. Throughout the 1970s and 1980s and now into the 1990s, Congress has increased its power over the executive branch to the point that it is probably more influential, relatively speaking, than at any time since I first set foot in the Senate press gallery in 1961. →

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And it is, I believe, because Ted Kennedy and his ilk have become so powerful. He and other senatorial liberals who have learned to play the game, mastered the rhythms and rules and mores of life on the Hill, now dominate Washington. They do so by accruing power—through seniority and through clever alliances with senior moderates and even, on some issues, conservatives. No one does it better than Teddy. He has had several joint triumphs with such conservative Republicans as Orrin Hatch and Strom Thurmond. The last Republican vice president's greatest legislative achievement when he was a senator was known informally as "the Quayle-Kennedy Training for Jobs Bill."

Richard E. Cohen of the *National Journal* recently assessed Kennedy's status in the Senate and concluded that he will be on "Washington's center stage" in the next few years, "gatekeeper for President Clinton's social policy agenda." Such gatekeepers make life hell for Cabinet officers and their top aides. Ask any of them how much deference they have to pay to senior members of Congress. Even Al Gore now calls congressional "micromanagement" of the executive "a very serious problem."

The executive branch is not the only element of the national government that has lost power to Congress in the past two decades. Ask any governor how federal mandates are denying states the right to decide on their own priorities and wrecking their budgets. Medicaid, civil rights laws, crime laws, the list goes on—and behind much of it is the decision by liberals in Congress who, having been denied federal funding for pet projects by the debt crisis, just pass the bill along to the statehouse. ("Quit mandating what Louisiana has to do! If you're not going to provide us the money, let us decide," Gov. Charles Roemer exploded a few years back, speaking for his peers.) A lot of this policy is crafted in Chairman Kennedy's Labor and Human Resources Committee.

Federalism has even been assaulted by the Senate's designs on the judiciary. Remember Robert Bork? Ted Kennedy attacked him within minutes of his nomination, and he got him. Kennedy was also a prime mover (with Strom Thurmond) for sentencing guidelines, which most federal judges hate as handcuffs on their traditional independence. The assault on federalism is even seen on the Hill. House and Senate have long been antagonistic, but I have never seen representatives so frustrated and angered by senatorial imperialism.

McGinniss may believe that for a Kennedy, not being president means failure. That's silly, but in that case he should have reported on Teddy Kennedy's refusal to seek the presidency in 1976, 1984, and 1988 against Republicans—and his decision to seek it in 1980 against a Democratic incumbent. Apparently, the problem for McGinniss was that there are no existing Kennedy biographies for that period to draw upon. ❐

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, 1945-1959

Edited by Oliver Harris

Viking / 472 pages / $25

reviewed by THOMAS MALLON

The one time I saw him, eight years ago at a publication party for a novel he'd written three decades before, William Burroughs looked less like the "connoisseur of horror" he once called himself than someone's terribly frail grandfather, so stooped and skinny I swore I could see his ribs through the back of his jacket. The party at Mary Boone's art gallery was a freakish mix of the old downtown and the glossy new eighties version. The young people clinked their glassware and flashed their teeth, while Allen Ginsberg, full of energy and good will, scampered about, snapping pictures of everyone, including that bewildered-looking old Beat, the guest of honor. Jack Kerouac had been the movement's road correspondent; Ginsberg had taken care of the politics and bliss; and Burroughs was safely enshrined as its visionary of drugs and violence. That he lived to attend the party, much less be around even now, seems a sort of medical mystery. His just-published letters record the fifteen years of struggle that preceded the suc-

Thomas Mallon's most recent book is Rockets and Rodeos *(Ticknor & Fields), a collection of essays.*

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cess of *Naked Lunch*, a time of much solitary wandering and gluttonous drug-taking.

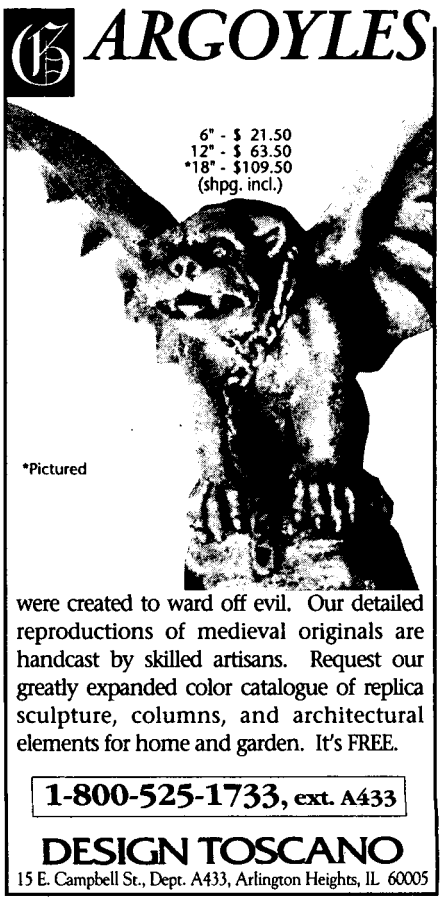
"I have given up junk entirely and don't miss it at all." These famous last words, written in 1946, are among the volume's first: the 32-year-old Burroughs was spending the summer with his parents after a narcotics arrest. As the next dozen years go by and the family's black sheep moves from growing vegetables in Louisiana to drinking *yagé* in Pucallpa and chasing boys and drugs in Tangiers, a reader almost requires a Burroughs adding machine (source of the family fortune) to count Bill's climbings onto and off the junk wagon. New Orleans proves a distraction from his farming ("Putting out feelers in the local junk market"), and Burroughs ends up being one of the few men who can say their rehab was thwarted by dislocations in the farm economy: "I had hoped to go to a sanatorium for a 10 day cure on my carrot money. Now that hope is blasted." On New Year's Day 1950 he writes Jack Kerouac to praise the lack of Mexican efforts "curtailing self-medication. Needles and syringes can be bought anywhere." By March of '51 he's taken "the Chinese cure and [is] off the junk," but thirteen months later, with the departure of a lover, he's "got another habit. Start cutting down tomorrow." It goes on like this, year after year, from codeine to Eukodol, Peru to Morocco, in and out of "the straitjacket of junk," crawling between resolute cleanliness and "degenerate spectacle: I just hit a vein (not easy these days. I don't got many veins left). So I kissed the vein, calling it 'my sweet little needle sucker,' and talked baby talk to it."

Somehow, Burroughs slogs through all the kicking and lapsing with more plainspokenness than the average social drinker can summon. He may have flirted with the orgone boxes of Reichian psychiatry, but he pretty much saw analysis for what it wasn't ("In the end people will do what they want to do, or the species will become extinct"). Whether he's writing about the Texas drug laws ("For some idiotic reason the bureaucrats are more opposed to tea than to stuff") or making fun of Ginsberg's short-lived "normalization program," by which the younger writer hoped to turn heterosexual, Burroughs somehow keeps a perspicacious head above the ocean of dope. Even while he wallows in Tangiers, a sort of peripheral vision permits him to see the city for what it is: "Things here are so typically Tangiers—'My dear, *anything* can happen in Tangiers'—that it is positively sick-making."

Between hallucinations he was more than ordinarily respectful of common reality, going so far, in 1948, as to pronounce a philosophy of "factualism": "All arguments, all nonsensical considerations as to what people 'should do,' are irrelevant. Ultimately there is only fact on all levels, and the more one argues, verbalizes, moralizes the less he will see and feel of fact. Needless to say, I will not write any formal statement on the subject. Talk is incompatible with factualism." He meant his early writings, such as *Junkie*, to carry no message beyond mere descriptiveness ("You might say it was a travel book more than anything else"). He wrote mostly to stave off misery, but he preferred contracts and royalties to neglect and persecution. A good deal of what is in these letters ends up, sometimes word for word, in the novels he eventually published, and amidst all the paranoid phantasmagoria those books would contain, one can still detect a nod and a wink, the sly self-awareness of "That Junky writin' boy Bill," as he signed himself to Ginsberg in 1952.

Conservatism is hardly a seamless garment, and the question of drug legalization has always strained its libertarian lining. Those who would wish to see Burroughs strictly barred from any gathering of the faithful will still have to admit, when they read these letters, that he was no single-issue deregulator. In 1949, when renting the back house on his Louisiana property, he tells Kerouac of a dismaying discovery that he cannot evict his tenants "without removing the premises from the rental market. I tell you we are bogged down in this octopus of bureaucratic socialism." All liberals, he writes a few months later, are "vindictive, mean and petty," and from Mexico City he advises Kerouac always to keep his "snout in the public trough." Burroughs was frequently one step ahead of the police, but the totalitarianism his imagination feared, at least in this stage of his life, was of the looming socialist variety. "Why can't people mind their own f---ing business?" are his watchwords. Ginsberg, his intellectual foil for some of these libertarian pronouncements, thought Burroughs's "b.s. about Statism and Cops and welfare state is just a W.C. Fields act," but there was a bit more to it than that: "There are 2 bases for any ethical system," Burroughs declared to him in 1950. "(1) *Aristocratic code* (2) *Religion*."

That he was prepared to embrace neither didn't keep him from being a kind of ethicist to the Beats. He recognized Neal Cassady as an "inveterate moocher" and offered Ginsberg this moral evaluation of the cross-country trip Kerouac would turn into *On the Road*: "I can not forgo a few comments on the respective and comparative behaviour of the several individuals comprising this tour, a voyage which for sheer compulsive pointlessness compares favorably with the mass migrations of the Mayans." Ginsberg himself needed few lectures in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behavior. The letters in this collection are consistent testimony to his loyalty, patience, and simple niceness to Burroughs, whom he served diligently, and for a time quite hopelessly, as a literary agent.

Burroughs often let his own letters simmer "on the stove" for days on end; their composition betrays more shaping than haste. In them he stages some of the vaudeville vignettes that drive the novels, and he indulges in that fifties specialty, the sick joke: "In this life we have to take things as we find them as the torso murderer said when he discovered his victim was a quadruple amputee." He can mix hipster riffs, camp, and Papa Hemingway's Injun talk in a single letter, but he's at his best when playing it starkly straight. His flash photos of Peru have a terrible vividness: "Lima, a city of open spaces, shit strewn lots and huge parks, vultures wheeling in a violet sky and young kids spitting blood in the street."

He was a gun nut, thanks to that aggressive sense of personal liberty, and who knows what dope-soaked collisions of the sexual and death-seeking urges. He famously killed his common-law wife, Joan, in a drunken game of William Tell that the two of them enacted with a gun and glass. His literary exploitation of the incident is less repellent than his effort to explain it to Ginsberg. "May yet attempt a story or some account of Joan's death. I suspect my reluctance is not all because I think it would be in bad taste to write about it. I think I am *afraid*. Not exactly to discover unconscious intent. It's more complex, more basic and more horrible, as if the brain *drew* the bullet toward it."

He knew a passage like this might be read years later by more eyes than Ginsberg's. "Better save my letters," he'd written him three years earlier. "Maybe we can get a book of them later on when I have a rep." Now he has one, and these letters by and large confirm it. But it is a reputation for talent, not genius, and so the lines above must stand, loathsomely, amidst the grubby levelheadedness surrounding them. Genius may have its license, but talent is too common to be the basis for forgiving anything. ❐

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR

A.N. Wilson

W.W. Norton / 211 pages / $22

reviewed by STUART REID

A. N. Wilson is a bit of a rascal, a bit of a card. Some would say he is a bit of a bounder. Whatever, an *homme sérieux* he is not. He is too smart for that. At this writing he is a monarchist. Not long ago he was showing distinct republican sympathies. He changes his views as often as he changes his religion, and he changes his religion a lot (from High Anglican to High Catholic to High Anglican, again, to Fastidious Deist). That is what makes him such a powerful journalist: he always has something new to say.

Not that Wilson is a mere jobbing hack. On the contrary. He is a prize-winning novelist and biographer (most recently of Jesus). He was one of the original young fogeys, the right-leaning thirtysomethings who, in the early eighties, pursed their lips and strutted their stuff (and tossed their curls) in the columns of the *Spectator* and the *Daily Telegraph*. When it became clear that the right had won the economic and moral arguments, however—when it became politically acceptable, if not quite politically correct, to be a conservative—Wilson denounced Mrs. Thatcher and declared that henceforth he would vote Labour.

In spite of this, he remains a conservative; or at any rate, like many thoughtful middle-class Englishmen, he is a snob. At the beginning of the annus horribilis (1992), the target of his snobbery was the royal family. As the year progressed, the royals became the target of the Murdoch press. Since no man who values his position in society can afford to be seen in the company of the Murdoch press, Wilson began to defend the monarchy. That is not to say that he likes or admires the royal family. Very much the reverse. Here he is, hitting his stride, on page three:

> One does not have to be of a very vindictive temperament to savor the essentially comic misfortunes of a talentless and, it has to be said at the outset, largely charmless family who, by the accidents of birth and marriage, happen to be the custodians of the British monarchical system. It is they who have chosen to behave like characters in a Feydeau farce, and they cannot be surprised when the audience laugh.

By page four he is quoting Auberon Waugh's advice that the royal family "should be allowed to return to Germany with dignity and decorum, the plaudits of a grateful people ringing in their ears, and leave Princess Monster [i.e., Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales] behind on her own to receive the cheers of her adulatory fans, Madonna-like, until they grow bored and decide to tear her to pieces."

But if the British royal family is talentless and charmless, and German, why is it needed? What is its purpose? It is needed, says Wilson, because the vast majority of Britons want it; and its purpose is to provide Britain with a sense of continuity and to defend the people from ruthless pols and from scum like the New Brits who did so well in the Thatcher years. (As one might expect, Lady Thatcher is one of the villains in this book.)

Trouble is, says Wilson, that the next generation of royals is not fit to rule. He assumes that Prince Charles will divorce Diana. On the basis of this assumption he argues that it is virtually impossible for Charles to become king, since a divorced man can hardly be Supreme Governor of

Stuart Reid is assistant features editor of the London Sunday Telegraph.

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a Church that forbids divorce, as the Church of England does. Wilson is probably right, but what if the Synod of the Church of England agreed to change the rules on divorce? The Anglican Church was created to serve the state. Thus, if it were considered in the interests of the state, King Charles III would be Supreme Governor of a Reformed Church of England.

There is another possibility, perhaps less compelling. The Church of England is now a minority cult. Since the Synod agreed last November to ordain women, High Anglicans, many of them members of what is known as the "Prince's Party," have been talking of going over to Rome, and some have actually done so. It is not inconceivable that Charles himself might join them (though admittedly, it is more likely that he will embrace Buddhism). If he did, he would forfeit the crown. Under the Act of Settlement of 1701, neither the king nor his consort may be Roman Catholic, the purpose of the monarchy being to maintain the Protestant state religion. But if the Church of England were disestablished—and everyone believes that it will be sooner or later—and Protestantism ceased to be the state religion, the law against a Catholic monarch would no longer make sense, and would have to be repealed. And if that were to happen, Charles could approach Rome for an annulment. On what grounds? Non-consummation is, presumably, out, so how about Diana's "extreme immaturity" at the time of the marriage? Or mental incompetence, in either party?

Wilson, however, is a Di man, a stalwart of the Princess's Party, and has set his heart against a Carolinian monarchy. The game is up for the House of Windsor, he believes, but not necessarily for the monarchy. In what he coyly describes as a "modest proposal," he calls for the creation of a new dynasty. Headed by whom? Step forward, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, grandson of George V and Queen Mary. The Duke's mother, Princess Alice, is the third daughter of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch, who is a direct descendant of the first Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II. Monmouth—pay attention!—led a rebellion against James II, last of the Stuarts, and was beheaded, clumsily, in 1685. According to Wilson, the Monmouths have a stronger claim on the throne than the Stuarts or the Windsors. Furthermore, the present Duke of Gloucester is a decent cove—nonsmoker, married, three children, faithful, reliable, dull—and looks a bit like Clark Kent. Just what we need in a king.

But what tosh! The monarchy is doomed, even if it survives into the twenty-first century, and Wilson knows it. Yet he keeps ahold of nurse. "The monarchy," he writes, "is not just the golden bauble on top of the stone pyramid; it is more like a golden thread running through an entire tapestry. Unpick it, and much more than the thread itself would be lost." The end of monarchy, he writes, would signal the victory of the "bullies and brutes"; it would be "a symptom of the general coarsening of life in Britain today, in which the brashly new defeats the old, in which the ugly always overcomes the beautiful, and everything of which the British used to be proud is cast down and vilified." Who will not sympathize with Wilson here? Who in his right mind does not love the

familiar, fear change, resist the new, cling to the old? But hold the tears. Over the years the monarchy has done its bit to bully and brutalize the kingdom, and has contributed enthusiastically to the victory of the ugly, the new, and the coarse.

The modern British monarchy was created not to defend tradition but to destroy it. Look at the ruined abbeys of England, and you will know what the modern British monarchy is about: greed, lust, perfidy, and liturgical experimentation. The habits and customs of a thousand years were cast down and vilified during the Great Terror of the sixteenth century, and foreign ideas and creeds were imposed on the people with the help of foreign troops and, ultimately, a foreign monarchy. The royal family did not even pretend to be English until 1917, the year of Passchendaele, when, sensing that a PR gesture was called for, Edward VII changed the family name from Saxe-Coburg Gotha to Windsor. Fat lot of difference that made to the poor buggers on the Western front; they were still fighting a German army to further the interests of a German king.

It is not wise, it is harmful to the soul, to brood over historical injustices. It is far better to gloat over historical comeuppances. In a secular age, very few people believe in God, King, and Country. They may say they do, but if they had to choose between, say, Julia Roberts and Queen Elizabeth, they would choose Ms. Roberts. The British royal family has passed its sell-by date. That does not mean, however, as Wilson implies it does, that Great Britain must now choose between a monarchy and a republic. There will be no choice; no question of the royal family being legislated out of existence. Only a Marxian reading of events makes any sense: if the House of Windsor falls, it will do so suddenly, of its own accord, as a result of its internal contradictions. That is what happened to Marxism, after all, and it is what happens to most revolutionary causes and creeds.

Still, let's not cavil or carp. Wilson's purpose in *The Rise and Fall of the House of Windsor* is to entertain and provoke, and this he does splendidly. He writes beautifully, and he has made excellent use of newspaper-clipping libraries. He repeats himself occasionally, but so would you if you wrote as much as he does. Unlike so many other royal authors of recent months, he does not regale us with breathless "revelations." Instead, he places the crisis in context. In doing so he provides the reader with an easy, anecdotal history of the royal family since the seventeenth century. It is the blackest of comedies. Disinterested observers (and bitter, lapsed Jacobites) may feel that Tom Paine was sounder on the hereditary principle than Wilson, but Wilson defends that principle as well as anyone has done recently. In the end, though, the message of this book is that the House of Windsor hasn't got a leg to stand on, or a pot to . . . or a pot for the Lady of the Bedchamber to empty. ❐

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ACHESON COUNTRY: A MEMOIR

David C. Acheson

W.W. Norton / 215 pages / $23

reviewed by PHILIP TERZIAN

First, there was the mustache. Unlike his predecessors Elihu Root and Henry Stimson, Dean Acheson did not sport a simple, discreet silver-gray accoutrement to his curled upper lip. His was a flourishing, reddish, ostentatious affair, brushed up on the ends and waxed with Pinaud's, the sort of thing a Hollywood British general might possess. Then there were the eyebrows: thick, beetly, furrowed for emphasis, irony, playfulness, or anger. And the clothes: lots of tweed, firmly knotted neckties from J. Press, linen in the summer, chalk stripes in winter, stiff (but not too stiff) collars, gray homburg for greeting the president at Union Station.

His voice was low without being too basso, pitched somewhere in the south middle range, finely modulated to the moment, conveying an air of amiable superiority or natural command. The accent, of course, was unique: a vigorous blend of the Connecticut Valley, Canada, and England, with a touch of the Middle Atlantic in the vowels, destined to infuriate his enemies in the Senate. As a speaker, he was fortunate to have lived in the waning years of an epoch when occasional Latin phrases or fictional allusions did not send reporters scurrying to *Bartlett's*. To convey his anguish about his colleague Alger Hiss—the knowledge that Hiss was a traitor while Acheson was a gentleman—he had only to refer his interrogators to "the 25th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew beginning with verse 34. Have you any other questions?"

I mention all these superficial aspects of Dean Acheson by way of leading up to this fair-minded, amusing, and affectionate memoir by his son, a prominent Washington lawyer and distinguished public servant. This is neither a work of great literature nor a definitive portrait, but makes compelling reading in the ahistorical, all-night-pizza Washington of the Clinton era.

It seeks neither to explain Dean Acheson to posterity nor furnish details for the psychobiographer. It tells several anecdotes, retells some others, illuminates many shadows, fills in gaps, and answers numerous questions no scholar would ask: What was it like to ride a horse in Acheson's company, sing Christmas carols in his Georgetown home, spend an afternoon on his rugged Maryland farm, clearing brush or making chairs, share an afternoon cocktail with Felix Frankfurter and friends? It does what it purports to do—describe Life with Father when Father was the architect of postwar foreign policy—and does it to the satisfaction of anyone who ever looked at a newsreel of Acheson, saw him on the street, heard him in an audience, or read his famous memoirs and wondered about the character wrapped up inside the act.

I recently happened to attend a brief slightly comical ceremony at the State Department: the unveiling of the 29-cent Dean Acheson commemorative stamp. The postmaster general was there in his splendor, along with assorted bureaucratic subordinates; a formidable postal employee bellowed the national anthem. The author of this book with various relatives and friends, sat in attendance, and offered some brief amusing, appreciative words. At which point the assemblage—to my surprise, at any rate—was treated to a speech from Acheson's latest successor.

I suppose that my ill-defined hostility to Warren Christopher is grounded in my very brief service some fifteen years ago as a speechwriter for him and his patron Cyrus Vance. Having observed the horrors of Democratic policymaking up close, I was allowed on this occasion to watch Christopher at some distance, both spiritual and physical. At first glance, he appears to be a character in one of those low-budget cartoons of the 1960s—"Clutch Cargo," for instance—where the figures are inert but the eyes and lips move. At second glance, he has the look of an Indian on exhibit at the Smithsonian: Chief Warren, of the now-extinct Christopher tribe, who was brought to the capital in 1910 to be examined but died in the harsh winter of 1911, was embalmed and whose brown, waxy, deeply-lined countenance (clothed in western garb) now stares out at visitors in the final month before he is moved off display and buried with dignity in his ancestral lands.

What, I wondered, was the essential difference between Dean Acheson and Warren Christopher—apart, that is, from their obviously divergent views of the world, diplomacy, and American power? The answer, of course, is obvious: Acheson was a character, vivid and unabashed, with the courage of his principles, while Christopher is a frightened apparatchik, embarrassed by his countrymen and too ashamed to fight. And, it should be added, they personify the vital difference between the bad old political culture of Acheson's time, and the new, improved, diverse, multicultural, sensitized, total-quality-management philos-

Philip Terzian, associate editor of the Providence Journal, *writes a column from Washington.*

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ophy of our own—the downward spiral of national statecraft.

Much has been made, for example, of Acheson's mysterious dislike for Franklin Roosevelt and fealty to Harry Truman. Only a Marxist would fail to understand how opposites attract, prima donnas trade insults, and the ways of the world are ruled by human nature. Acheson himself offered a self-serving explanation in his memoirs, but we know better. The reason, to be sure, is simple: FDR and Acheson were birds of a feather—Roosevelt knew hundreds of Achesons all his life—while Truman was beguiled by his courteous, dutiful, industrious Groton-, Yale-, and Harvard-educated subordinate. Roosevelt saw nothing unusual in the bilious brahmin Acheson; this was, after all, a president who publicly wore a cape and pince-nez, favored bow ties, smoked his cigarette in a holder, and spoke English with an accent unheard before or since. But Truman, surrounded as he was by Kansas City yes men and ward heelers from the grimiest precincts in the East, found this character from a Marquand novel an adornment.

Truman was lucky to have gambled on Acheson, just as he was smart to rely on George Marshall. But Acheson, it should be said, was the better judge of character, principle, crisis, and intent. It was not for nothing that Truman left Acheson alone, asking only to be properly consulted and advised, a courtesy Acheson was born to observe.

Not only was Acheson a vivid symbol of American foreign policy at a time when it was being re-invented, but he also possessed the ability to articulate exactly what he meant, regardless of the vagaries of public opinion or congressional caprice, and the instinct to stick to the rules he understood. It is impossible to imagine what he would have made of this year's Clinton/Christopher expedition to the Balkans, or the earlier Carterian devotion to appeasement, which gave us the Sandinistas, the Ayatollah, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and a calamitous nuclear disadvantage in Europe.

Acheson, it is often said, did not suffer fools gladly, largely because to have done so would have been catastrophic, and partly because the kinds of fools who now govern us were utterly alien to the universe he inhabited. His skepticism about post-colonial Africa—mortifying to so many of his friends and admirers—was brutally correct, of course, as was his horror at the breakdown of the postwar bipartisan consensus in Vietnam. The world that he made was dismembered in his lifetime, but painstakingly reconstructed during the past dozen years.

This, however, is the background, the subtext, of *Acheson Country*. In a sense, it is encouraging that even so blithe a memoir as this could be published, much less written, in our time. The world to which we are cautiously introduced—the early-rising, tennis-playing, novel-reading WASP upper-middle class—is by no means so moribund as journalists like to think, but its valiant tradition of duty and service, combined with its code of high-minded comfort, has been beaten about the head a great deal, like its most recent exemplar, George Bush.

This is a realm in which the secretary of state retires to the country for the weekend to think, rather than fix his face with pancake for a chat with Cokie Roberts. This is a life in which religion is a private affair, even for a bishop's son, an idea to be wrestled with and fixed with a cold eye. Here is a place where people resign on principle, children are taught to swim in cold water, poems are memorized, presidents of Yale are selected by discussion, puns are exchanged, horses are broken, uncles are eccentric, money is acquired but not needlessly expended. The author tells a story that is typically in form, and readily convertible to the 1930s screen: a disastrous "date," while summering in Murray Bay, involving a debutante, the family Packard, and a downhill gravel drive. David Acheson is drawn to appear supremely foolish, but the identity of his companion, whose behavior is disgraceful, is gallantly protected from the curious modern reader. (I assume it was the late Brenda Frazier, whose picture appeared on the cover of *Life*, not *Time*.)

Acheson Country, as I said, is neither Literature nor History. It is nonetheless a beguiling thing to read, a satisfying visit to a place we don't know. And for the student of the news it offers a gentle lesson: how once our leaders—well, some of them, at any rate—were aristocrats of style, and sometimes of birth, the confortable inheritors of power, discretion, moral example and dread responsibility, who knew how to step on the stage with aplomb, and leave when the curtain began to descend. ❐

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 10)

watchful for government abuses of its police power and appalled when American citizens are needlessly savaged by that power, even if the victims are not personally appealing. For all its humor and verbal uppercuts *The American Spectator* is grown-up conservatism after all.

—Ross Nelson
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I am a regular reader of *The American Spectator* and one of Daniel Wattenberg's many fans. However, his article on the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms truly disturbed me.

Despite its faults, the ATF is one of the finest law-enforcement agencies in the world. Police and law enforcement officers across the nation (this writer included) benefit from their training programs, especially in the area of bombs and explosives. Their annual report on bomb and incendiary incidents is unparalleled.

Granted, their training and tactics may need some fine tuning, but I don't think ATF agents deserve the cynical comments and sheer speculation contained in Wattenberg's investigative piece, or James Pate's accompanying sidebar.

An example is Pate's reliance on quotes provided by a former ATF agent who hires out to attorneys suing the bureau. I've frequently read articles in your magazine, and other conservative journals, that condemn the media, especially shows like NBC's "Dateline," that use commentators with a vested interest in an issue (i.e., an automobile safety "expert" who represents claimants in legal actions). One thing I like about conservatives (again this writer included) is that we attempt to refrain from and expose hypocrisy.

—James J. Kouri, CPP
National Vice President
National Association of Chiefs of Police
Miami, Florida

(To be continued)

Dada Physics

Thanks for publishing Tom Bethell's remarks on Dr. Petr Beckmann ("Doubting Dada Physics," *TAS*, August 1993). I look forward to reading the fuller memoir of him Bethell hopes to write. . . .

Though my undergraduate degree in science is both too inadequate and too obsolete to enable me to understand Dr.

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Beckmann's discussions of Einstein's work, I have, for some fifteen years now, enjoyed reading Beckmann's environmental science newsletter, *Access to Energy*. It is no slight to the successor editor of that publication, Dr. Art Robinson (whose writings I also enjoy very much), to suggest that no one else could provide Dr. Beckmann's unique insights into our increasingly statist government regulations and the Kafkaesque environmentalist pressure groups that foster, draft, support, and, now, enforce those regulations.

Moreover, few could match Dr. Beckmann's mastery of our language—including its capacity for puns and satire. . . . Dr. Beckmann's surpassing genius shines through his clear, concise, and convincing—yes, and humorous—writings, on subjects not always of a scientific nature, but invariably illuminated by the careful reasoning of a scientist.

In that connection, your readers should be reminded of Dr. Beckmann's *The Story of Pi*, a lively exposition of a surprisingly interesting topic, which will surely appeal to any literate person regardless of his political persuasion or scientific training.

—Ralph D. Copeland
Spring, Texas

Tom Bethell doesn't know much about physics, but he knows what he likes. . . .

Bethell is not much for experimental tests of relativity. The only one that he seems to have heard of is the Michelson-Morley experiment and its kin, first conducted a scant century ago by Michelson in Potsdam, and reported on in 1881, and in its most famous instantiation by Michelson and Morley in 1887, in both cases confirming the assumption of the independence of the velocity of light from the motion of the light source. Bethell cites the Michelson-Gale experiment as contradicting special relativity, and one supposes that if he knew about it, he would have cited Dayton C. Miller's claim in 1925 that he had found a positive result. That the overwhelming majority of the physics community thinks that there was something wrong with the experiments, not with Einstein's theory, means nothing to Bethell. Of all of the other experiments of the Michelson-Morley type by all of the other experimenters with artificially generated light, with starlight, with radio frequency waves, on hilltops, and in basements that confirm Michelson

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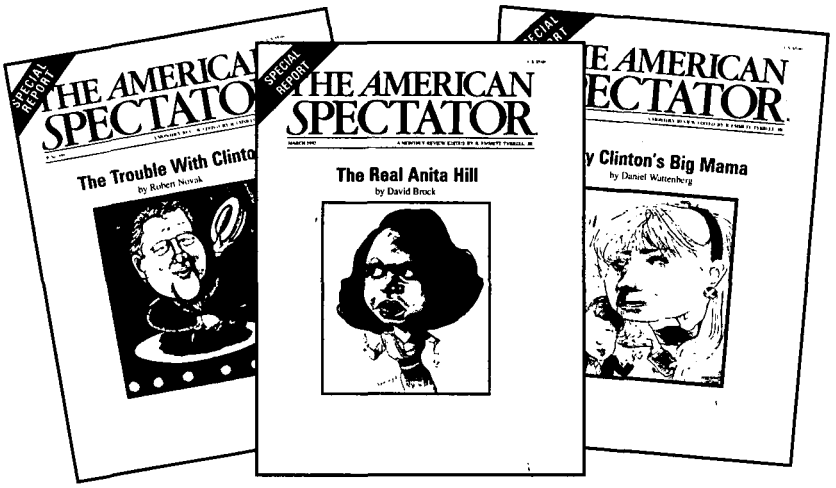

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and Morley's 1887 result, Bethell is silent.

Of the Fizeau experiment, of the Trouton-Noble experiment, of the aberration of starlight, none of which classical physics could explain, but which special relativity accounted for, Bethell says nothing. With regard to the prediction of the special theory, but not of classical physics, that a material particle becomes heavier as its speed increases, a prediction that is confirmed every time a high-velocity particle accelerator is turned on anywhere in the world, Bethell maintains a discreet silence. About the time dilation of special relativity, which has no counterpart in classical physics, Bethell maintains a dignified silence. NASA, however, believes in it and routinely applies relativistic time corrections in its satellite computations, particularly those for the satellites used in high-accuracy navigation systems. Of the transverse Doppler effect, predicted by the special theory but unknown to classical physics, and confirmed with great accuracy by the 1938 and 1941 experiments of Ives and Stilwell, deponent sayeth not. Of the difference between the half-life of muons moving with respect to the laboratory and those at rest with respect to the laboratory, yet another prediction of special relativity confirmed by experiment, *nada*. Of P.A.M. Dirac's application of special relativity to quantum mechanics that led him to predict the existence of the positron, which of course was subsequently detected, *bupkess*.

Of course, the most famous conclusion of Einstein's special theory of relativity is that energy and mass are equivalent, as expressed in the equation $E=mc^2$. In view of what happened over Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, Bethell can't very well doubt its validity. . . .

Bethell's ignorance of the theory of relativity, as displayed in "Doubting Dada Physics," is nothing short of breathtaking. Not only does he not have the foggiest idea about the mathematical structure of the theory, he doesn't seem to know much more about its history. He seems to know nothing about the crises in late-nineteenth-century physics, the only partially successful attempts, notably by Lorentz and Poincaré, to resolve them, and the resolution of the difficulties by Einstein's special theory of relativity. Bethell seems to have no idea of how fruitful for physics the special theory and, in particular, the general theory have been. He seems to be almost totally unaware of the vast literature on relativity, of the conferences, the books, the articles. He has no idea of the extent of the debates and the discussions about Einstein's theories, of the challenges to the theories, of the alternate theories. He seems to have no idea of what the unsolved problems in relativity are. . . .

No doubt Bethell's motives were good: he wanted to honor Petr Beckmann, no doubt a good and courageous man. But what Bethell has written not only does no honor to Beckmann, it is an embarrassment to *The American Spectator* in particular, and to conservative thought in general.

—Jerome S. Shipman
Potomac, Maryland

I read Tom Bethell's article with a great sense of déjà-vu. During my years at the University of Colorado, I would sit in class, or more commonly a local watering hole, discussing physics and the "magic" of the light waves and the electromagnetic spectrum with several physics students. While much of the conversation was highly technical (mathematical) in nature, it was my layman's question that brought the indoctrinated back to reality. Using the common example of the shift in pitch of a train's whistle as it passes you on the tracks, I asked why this wasn't also true of light. The astronomical example of the spectral shift (to the red) of extremely distant quasars was offered up as evidence that this shift does indeed take place. "So does this mean the speed of light actually does change, just as sound waves do?" I asked innocently enough. The response was silence. One brave man attempted to cite Einstein's relativity theory, which in turn, quickly moved us off the subject. Indeed, the Michelson-Morley experiments never even surfaced during our two years of after-class conversations. It seemed more fun to postulate further on relativity than to questions its basis.

Bethell's comment that "most students of physics shrug and accept relativity theory—not theirs to quarrel with" was, quite sadly, spot on. . . . Kudos to Beckmann for challenging the traditional, and Bethell for having the courage to report it.

—Brewster M. Miner
West Milford, New Jersey

Bethell states too briefly that Einstein developed his $E=mc^2$ equation independently of relativity, failing to realize that this doesn't mean it's unrelated to it. While fixating on the train passengers, clocks, and rulers of special relativity exercises that we all hated doing in college, Mr. Bethell doesn't even approach the theory of general relativity, a comprehensive view of gravity that builds on special relativity. Its most successful test is *not* the advance of the perihelion of Mercury as he suggests, but *the expansion of the universe*, a reality that was confirmed by Edwin Hubble shortly after Einstein's tensor equations suggested it. Nobody doubts the universe is expanding, not even Dr. Beckmann, I imagine.

But getting back to . . . special relativity—and time dilation. Time dilation is another subject that Mr. Bethell carefully avoids by pretending that the only point of contention in the special theory is the invariance of the speed of some carefully chosen light beams, again failing to realize what the invariance really predicts: time dilation and mass increase according to Einstein's formula, published in his 1905 paper.

Does time dilation happen? *Every day*. Synchrotrons, like the one at the CERN laboratory in Zurich, accelerate electrons to large fractions of the velocity of light, and the result is *they suffer time dilation and mass increase in the exact proportions suggested by the special theory*. Why? *Because the speed of light is invariant*, and all objects approaching the speed of light suffer contraction, mass increase and time dilation. . . . What further proof do you need when people do this for a living? (Among the practical uses of time-dilated electrons: probing defects in metals.)

Mr. Bethell should know this. With all due respect, his offer of a reward for reports of east-to-west light measurements is a red herring. A difference which makes no difference is no difference. That is why he's had no takers on the $2,000. Physicists have better things to do with their time, like pursue more rigorous tests of general relativity. I wonder if Mr. Bethell noticed an article by Robert Pool in the November '90 issue of *Science*, the same issue in which Mr. Bethell first offered his reward. Explaining that "repeats" of the Michelson and Morley experiment had confirmed Einstein to within 2 percent accuracy, Pool describes new experiments using stable lasers that improved this confirmation *by a factor of 4,000*. More experiments are planned for the Space Shuttle.

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It would seem hard to believe Mr. Bethell could have missed that article, but it's harder still to believe that Mr. Bethell can write an entire piece on twentieth-century physics and pretend that light is *only* a wave—and therefore needs a medium! . . . *Light is both a wave and a particle.* This is the essential paradox of quantum physics, yet *Mr. Bethell fails to even mention this once.* (Did an editor slip up somewhere?) Has he even heard of Planck's constant? . . .

Mr. Bethell makes some vague references to what he calls the "aberration of light from binary stars." Aberration of light is not an issue. I believe, however, that he is referring to the D.I. Herculis binary, the precession of which, it has been said, cannot be accurately predicted by general relativity. Wrong. It can be, and has been, when the speed of the stars' rotation and the angle of axis is taken into consideration. Nice try. I suggest Mr. Bethell read up on PSR 1916+13, a binary system of neutron stars whose precession, much more dramatic, is accurately predicted by general relativity as well.

Frankly, any future discrepancies with Einstein's theory will certainly not lead us back to the reductionist days of Newton in any case. They will lead us to a more comprehensive theory of gravity, taking Einstein as a point of departure. One such theory already being discussed is a "non-symmetric" version of gravity put forth by physicist John Moffat from the University of Toronto.

But Mr. Bethell's most careless error occurs when he states that Einstein squeezed space and time for the convenience of a postulate. This is an oversimplification. Einstein's road to relativity was born out of a sense of simplicity, his belief that James Clerk Maxwell's electromagnetic equations (which first assumed the invariance of light) and Galilean mechanics should be reconciled mathematically. It's a misnomer to cite Michelson and Morley (as so many pop science books do) as the main reason Einstein came forward. In fact, he makes no mention of them in his letters of the period. Other physicists were working toward the same theory *independently*—and would have come to the same conclusions about invariance *without Einstein*. The real monument to Einstein's genius, his personal stamp on the twentieth century, is not special relativity but the inspiring edifice of general relativity, whose predictions on a wide variety of effects (including black holes and expanding space) are being confirmed *all the time.* . . . —*John Farrell*
Braintree, Massachusetts

Further to the report on critics of Einstein, it should be noted that his 1905 Special Theory was in fact a desperate ad hoc attempt to get round the "perplexing" zero-velocity result of the famous 1887 Michelson-Morley experiment, because a return to the ancient geocentric paradigm was "unthinkable."

Yet today, an increasing number of top-notch Ph.D. scientists, such as the Tychonian Society in the USA, and the Cercle Scientifique et Historique in Europe, bring much recently discovered in quantum physics for the existence of the ether, and in astronomy that the earth is indeed located motionless at the center of the universe. The most straightforward explanation of the less well-known 1924 Michelson-Gale experiment is that it's *the latter* that's doing the moving!

All calculations for launching rockets into space are performed on the basis of a *stationary, non-rotating earth.* The geocentric model is also used as the truest possible one for artillery, satellites, navigation, weather forecasting, oceanography, gyroscopy, calendars, eclipses, etc.

One of Einstein's leading disciples, Lincoln Barnett, admitted: "We cannot feel our motion through space; nor has any experiment ever proved that the earth actually is in motion." To this day, not a smidgen of the earth's purported 67,000 mph velocity around the sun has ever been detected or measured: "Whether the earth rotates once a day from west to east as Copernicus taught, or the heavens revolve once a day from east to west as his predecessors held, the observable phenomena will be exactly the same: *a metaphysical assumption has to be made"* (Bertrand Russell).

Historians of science have drawn a linkage between the ideas of Copernicus, Galileo, and Einstein which dethroned the earth and mankind's centrality in the cosmos, and the English, French and American Revolutions, Darwin, Huxley, Evolution, moral relativity, atheistic existentialism, materialistic hedonism, despair, Nietzsche, and even Nazism and modern racism: "The difference in thinking between pre-and post-Copernican Man was so great, it was as if a new species of being had arisen on the globe!" (Arthur Koestler). —*Amnon Goldberg*
London, UK

I kept looking for the punch line in Tom Bethell's foolish "Doubting Dada Physics." Unfortunately, it appears he seriously believes the blather he wrote. Herewith a few facts to set the poor man right:

Sound waves and light waves: Mr. Bethell states that "Sound needs air; light needs . . . an oscillating medium, however rarified." This is wrong. Sound is a compression wave and must therefore have a medium to compress. For example, air, water, railroad tracks, etc. Light is a form of electromagnetic radiation, like radio waves, and behaves according to the equations developed by physicist James Clerk Maxwell. . . .

The 37 nanoseconds [difference between east-west and west-east light speeds]: No mystery or "embarrassment to Einstein" here. You do not even need a clock. Just basic algebra and three numbers.

To compute the difference in travel time of the light pulse we must remember that as the light travels from Washington to Los Angeles that Los Angeles is moving toward the light. On the return leg, Washington is moving away from the light. Thus the light is traveling two different distances and not simply the geographic distance between the two cities. We can therefore predict that there will be a difference in the time it takes the light to travel each leg of its journey. As shown in the accompanying derivation the time difference is 37.25 nanoseconds. No mystery, no magic with relativity. The simple rotation of the earth accounts for the difference. . . .

Perhaps Mr. Bethell should confine his reporting to politics.

—*Timothy L. Trowbridge*
Elbert, Colorado

Tom Bethell replies:
First of all, the sad news is that Petr Beckmann died on August 3, in Boulder. He was 68 years old. By a heroic effort he managed to put out his final issue of *Access to Energy*, which will be continued by Art Robinson (Box 1279, Cave Junction, OR 97523). Beckmann died knowing perfectly well that, even if he was right about relativity, it would take decades to overthrow the reigning orthodoxy. If he was wrong, he used to say, all

(continued on page 95)

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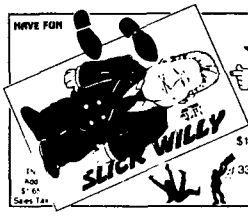

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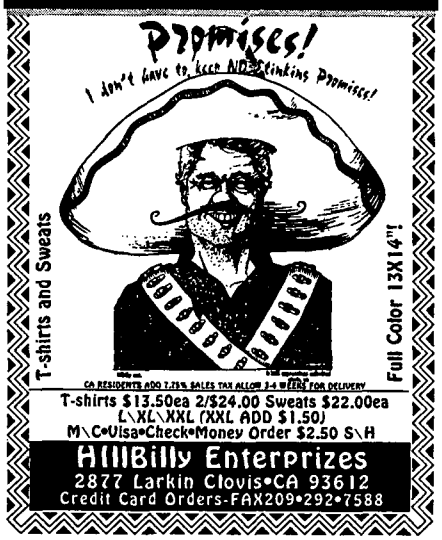

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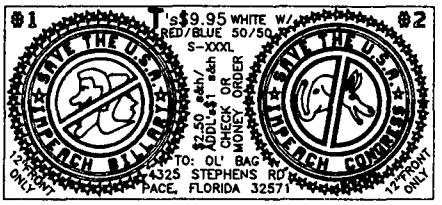

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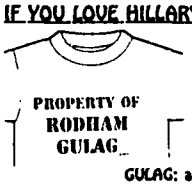

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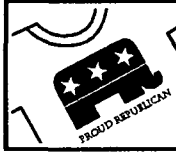

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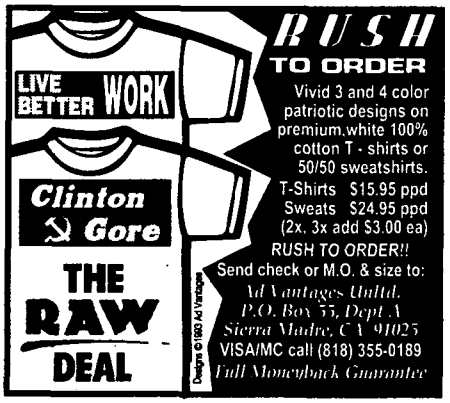

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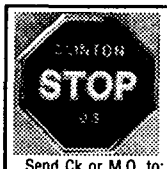

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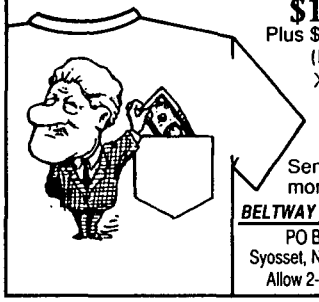

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he wanted to know was where and how he was wrong. In his lifetime, unfortunately, very few physicists knew or bothered to find out what he was saying. A common response when he did try to bring up the issue was precisely the scorn, arrogance, and misplaced self-confidence that are amply on display in the letters from Shipman, Farrell, and Trowbridge.

One who did take him seriously was Howard Hayden of the University of Connecticut physics department, and he will continue to publish the bimonthly journal that Beckmann founded, *Galilean Electrodynamics*. (Write to Box 545, Storrs, CT 06268 for info, but be warned that the journal is highly technical.)

Jerome Shipman falsely conflates the Michelson-Gale and Dayton Miller experiments. If he is claiming that the "overwhelming majority of the physics community thinks there was something wrong with" Michelson-Gale, then he is sadly deluded. The experiment has been conveniently excluded from the vast majority of physics textbooks, and most members of the "community" have never heard of it. "It has not been experimentally contradicted, nor is it in doubt," writes Hayden. "The optical gyroscope uses the same principle."

Shipman failed to grasp Beckmann's most basic point: the fringe shift sought by Michelson-Morley was in fact present, but was only one ten-thousandth of what they expected to find. Even with today's instruments that would be difficult to detect. In Michelson's day—whether on hilltops or in basements—it was impossible.

Shipman didn't read my article carefully enough to see that I did mention the aberration of starlight. Here, Beckmann and Hayden claim that the evidence definitely contradicts special relativity. For some binary stars, which circle one another at a high velocity, and yet are so close to one another that they constitute an unresolvable point in the sky, the relative velocity of the earth and star changes rapidly over a period of a few days. Yet these stars do *not* show differential aberration, as they should according to Einstein's theory. Einstein's 1905 special relativity paper plainly argues that stellar aberration depends upon the relative velocity of earth and star. Look it up, Mr. Shipman, if you don't believe me. Hayden has a paper on this in the next issue of *Galilean Electrodynamics*.

According to a speech recently given by Dr. Edward Teller, in which he discussed Beckmann's theory, satellites used in high-accuracy navigation systems are probably not accurate enough yet to discriminate between the predictions of Beckmann and Einstein.

I asked Howard Hayden to comment on the increase of particle mass with velocity. "There is no doubt about the increased mass of moving particles, or that energy is released when matter is annihilated, as when a nuclear bomb goes off," he said. "But $E=mc^2$ is easily derivable simply from the energy and momentum of a photon, as Einstein did in 1908 without reliance on his special relativity."

As for P.A.M. Dirac's application of special relativity to quantum mechanics, leading him to predict the existence of the positron, Hayden says: "If you don't need special relativity to get the mass increase with velocity, then you don't need it to get the Klein-Gordon equations, hence to get positrons."

The toughest challenge to the opponents of relativity theory may be the business about the half-life of accelerated particles or muon. The question is whether the lifespan of these particles is increasing because time itself changes in the accelerated frame, or "for cause," as Beckmann used to say. In other words, how do we know that rapid movement through the gravitational field doesn't change the internal processes of the particle in some way, so that it lives longer?

"If time itself is dilated," Hayden writes, "then an observer riding on the muon would see the lab clock ticking slowly. But if the muon-clocks slowed down due to internal changes in the muon—caused by velocity through the field—then the observer on the muon would see lab clocks running faster than his."

Nobody has ever hitched a ride with a moving muon to see which of these two is correct. But as Hayden goes on to say, this leads us to another intriguing challenge to Einstein. "In the Hafele-Keating experiment, clocks were carried around the globe with the observers traveling along. Comparisons were not made in flight, but when they got back. The eastbound clock ran slow [compared to the lab clock] while the west-bound clock did not slow down with respect to the lab clock, but rather *sped up*." According to relativity theory, both clocks should have slowed down equally. In Beckmann's theory, the difference could be accounted for because the west-bound plane was traveling rapidly through the gravitational field, whereas the eastbound one was traveling around the globe with the gravitational field.

Farrell says that the reward offer for an experimental finding that the velocity of light east to west is the same as it is west to east is a "red herring." What nonsense. Is it really beneath the dignity of every professor and grad student to go to the library for a $2,000 reward? You don't have to do the experiment, just find the paper and send the reference to Hayden. The offer was made in *Science* magazine nearly three years ago. Maybe Farrell is reluctant to look because he has an uneasy suspicion that the result isn't there. Robert Pool's article in *Science* reported on an experiment that failed to test the implications of Beckmann's theory.

If the proposed Space Shuttle experiments mentioned by Farrell include an investigation of the speed of light *in space shuttle coordinates*, as opposed to sidereal coordinates, then it could confirm or falsify Beckmann. Let us hope that it is done.

Farrell has failed to understand the implications of the fact that binary stars have the same aberration. Like Shipman, he should go back and read Einstein. The question whether Michelson-Morley gave rise to special relativity is the subject of legitimate controversy. Einstein did not cite sources and later gave conflicting answers when asked about it. But it is a reasonable supposition that Michelson-Morley was the trigger.

Trowbridge attempts to explain the 37-nanosecond difference by "basic algebra," but I am afraid he makes an equally basic error. He conveniently locates the observer in a different reference frame, outside the earth. The measurements, showing a small time difference east-west and west-east, were made on the earth's surface. In the reference frame of the earth's surface, D.C. and L.A. are not moving in relation to one another at all. For all his sarcasm, Trowbridge has failed to understand the implications of special relativity in this instance, and has made an elementary mistake. ❐

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CURRENT WISDOM

Dallas Morning News

On the correspondence page of a great gazette, another ebullition of sonorous stupidity from a cow of the New Age herd:

The report that Christian students giggled when Carl Sagan referred to our cousin the starfish made me sad. ("Students learn to defend faith," July 1). Was God making a joke when he created the starfish? Was St. Francis funny when he referred to his brothers and sisters, the birds and animals?

Many years ago I had the experience of wading in tidal pools among the starfish and sea anemones on the ocean side of Vancouver Island, Canada, and observing whales swimming by. It was a day to remember for a lifetime and I do. I am honored to be a cousin to the starfish and the anemone and a sister to the whale.

—Mary Sheldon
Dallas

[August 9, 1993]

Publishers Weekly

How a great book is born in this stupendous Augustan age:

After dreaming that Bill Clinton had given her a terrific neck massage ("When I awoke, my neck felt better"), Julia Anderson-Miller, art director at Academy Chicago Publishers, placed ads in newspapers around the country asking for Clinton dreams, and began receiving several letters a day from others with the same nocturnal tendency. She swears they aren't made up—"You can tell a bogus dream from a real one"—and has collected more than 200 dreams. After interviews on CBS and the Fox network about the project, Anderson-Miller and her husband, Bruce Miller, pitched the book to Steve Schragis of Carol Publishing, who made an offer to publish *Dreams of Bill* in the spring of 1994, tentatively in trade paper. . . . Schragis told *PW*: "This caught my eye. I have to admit I'm a big fan of Bill's and I can see dreaming about him. I haven't yet, but who knows?"

[July 5, 1993]

Washington Post

The ghoulish side of environmentalism, found in the classifieds of Washington's number-two paper:

ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY CASKET— Swiss engineered, recycled cardboard, no trees must die when you do. Mahog. type fin. No tool assembly. Use for storage or Halloween while alive. $199, while supplies last. 1-800-253-2460.

[August 9, 1993]

Prince George Citizen

The influence of Lani Guinier spreads to parts foreign:

People and companies accused of racism should be deemed guilty until proven innocent, says a private report prepared for the Ontario Human Rights Commission.

The report says the presumption of innocence—guaranteed under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms—should be tossed out the window, the *Toronto Sun*, which obtained a copy of the document, reported today.

Instead, the commission should presume "the complainant has a legitimate complaint and oblige the respondent to demonstrate otherwise," says author Donna Young.

Young says commission investigations are different from legal proceedings "where an accused's right" must be protected. She also maintains that "racism is, in fact, the norm," and so the legal tendency to assume the accused isn't racist skews the process. . . .

The report also states:

- The commission should stop demanding corroborating evidence from witnesses before adopting a complaint as genuine.
- The commission should learn to tell the difference between racist name-calling by minorities—which Young describes as understandable—and racist name-calling by whites, which Young says is far more serious.
- The commission should also develop "novel investigative techniques" to uncover workplace discrimination.

[July 19, 1993]

The Nation

From an interview that not even *Playboy* would have dared to run:

JE: *When you finally did speak out, you took strong exception to being referred to as "Willie" Horton. Why?*
WH: The fact is, my name is not "Willie." It's part of the myth of the case. The name irks me. It was created to play on racial stereotypes: big, ugly, dumb, violent, black—"Willie." I resent that. They created a fictional character—who seemed believable, but who did not exist. They stripped me of my identity, distorted the facts and robbed me of my constitutional rights. No one deserves that.

The public does not know the real William Horton. I think I'm intelligent, sensitive, caring and honest. I'm certainly more mature than when I was initially incarcerated. I understand myself better. I know who I am. I'm certainly wiser today. I read more, care more, feel more.

[August 23/30, 1993]

San Francisco Chronicle

Alarm in old Sonoma County as demon vodka spreads even into progressive parts:

An attempt by a tiny private high school in rural Sonoma County to provide students with complete information on issues relating to their sexuality has alarmed parents and county authorities.

As part of a sex-education course at the Cazadero Academy last spring, a school official distributed a one-page handout to 14- to 19-year-old students on how to induce an abortion with an herbal tincture.

The detailed instructions explain how to mix herbs such as cohosh and pennyroyal with vodka, then describe a daily and weekly regimen for drinking the tincture until bleeding begins.

But the sheet contains no instructions on what to do if any emergency arises or any suggestion that a woman should consult a parent or a physician.

Carol Miller, administrator and teacher

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at the small school, conceded that the omission was unwise but said that she covered that information in the classroom. "I told the kids if they are going to attempt an abortion on their own," she said, "they should also have guidance from a midwife." . . .

"It's basically a good school," said one parent, who asked not to be identified. "But this is too much. I was horrified."

Another parent, Terri Carpenter, said her daughter had discussed the handout with her—but, she added, "I didn't know about the vodka."

[August 4, 1993]

Arkansas Times

A "Far Left" editorialist for the *Arkansas Times*, the Marxist-Leninist organ of Arkansas' Communist elite, abominates and execrates one of America's most sensible and sedate journals of Enlightenment:

The great achievement of the Reagan and Bush administration was to shift taxes from the rich to the poor, a longtime goal of conservative ideologues. Now the Far Right is hysterically afraid that President Clinton will restore equity. *The American Spectator*, which panders to this crowd, feeds the panic in an advertisement for itself with claims that would embarrass the *National Enquirer*.

"The Clintons have declared war on productive, successful Americans," the *Spectator* screams. . . . "We reveal the hidden agenda of the Clintonistas—including plans the liberal press wants suppressed by all means possible. . . . How the Democrats will move to 'gerrymander' all of America to ensure a liberal dynasty. . . . How they'll expand the judiciary and load the courts with political favorites of Hillary Clinton and other radical feminists. And speaking of Hillary Clinton, you'll finally learn the covered-up truth about her hard-left past." [. . .]

You can see that the *Spectator* mixes moonshine and quotation marks in equal parts. The truth is that the bankers and bond dealers and utility executives who supported Bill Clinton were not looking to put a radical in the White House, nor would they permit one to take up residence there. Clinton is influenced by radicals like Mack McLarty and Maurice Smith. He is a centrist in any meaningful measure.

The shockingly over-reported truth of Hillary's "hard-left past" is that she left the Young Republicans to take up with the Young Democrats, a common and natural progression. . . . Neither the president nor his wife has declared war on productive, successful Americans, a class to which they and their closest friends belong. They have been sympathetic to suggestions that even the wealthiest among us should help pay the costs of a just society. It puts the economic royalists in a sweat.

[July 15, 1993]

Minneapolis Star Tribune

Susan J. Berkson, humorist and broadcast commentator, pays tribute where tribute is due, in fervor unmatched since the reign of Joseph Stalin:

Anna Quindlen was in town this month. and she sent her regards to the women.

Quindlen, the Pulitzer Prize winning *New York Times* columnist, was in the Twin Cities to address a conference on the Betsy-Tacy books and to read from and sign her own new book, *Thinking Out Loud*.

Quindlen, wise, articulate and compassionate, is the preeminent syndicated columnist writing today. Twice a week, millions of readers—the majority of these women—turn to the opinion page of the more than 100 newspapers (including the *Star Tribune*) in which her Public and Private column appears to see what Anna Quindlen is saying.

We turn to her because what she would say—to her children, to Bill Clinton, to the world—is, without fail, what we would say if we were as articulate as she. Anna Quindlen has given women a voice. In her column, we find ourselves. So traffic couldn't move fast enough to get me to her noon reading at Border's Books. I hurried into the bookstore 15 minutes before Quindlen's scheduled appearance, parked myself on a footstool, when, all of a sudden, there she was, coming up the stairs with her 4-year-old daughter, Maria.

Immediately fans lined up with their books. First in line was a demanding woman with a slew of requests. "Sign this, and this and this, and I want your signature here and here and I want your picture and I have a story to tell you."

Quindlen was patient and friendly, repeatedly telling her fans how grateful she was. "Most of the time being a columnist is very lonely work in which you can only imagine readers," she explained. "Ninety percent of the time it's me writing in this little room." Quindlen added that most of the 100 letters she gets each day are from people who loathe her . . .

[June 28, 1993]

But hold! In the same Minnesota daily a successor to Anna makes her first public pronouncement:

I am 8 years old. I went to the Minnesota Zoo with my mom to see the dinosaurs. I really liked them, but at the end I got very sad and mad. Where it showed the Ice Age, there were charts on the wall called "The Evolution of Man" and "The Faces of Man" that showed only men.

Does the zoo think that girls and women are invisible or aren't human beings? I don't think boys would feel good if the zoo showed women. It's hard enough to be a girl when almost all the kids' shows have boy heroes and boy cartoon characters, and even all boy Muppets, and the books at school hardly ever talk about any famous women. But now all the boys and girls who go to see the dinosaurs this summer will believe that even the zoo thinks that girls don't matter very much in the history of people.

—Alexandra Eisberg
Minneapolis

[August 8, 1993]

Incidentally, when it comes to men, Minnesotans know who they like, as reported in the indispensable *Star Tribune*:

The weary travelers who stumbled off the airplane in Havana could hardly believe their eyes: Fidel Castro—in his trademark military fatigues—was waiting to greet them in the blazing noonday sun.

"Oh my God. Can I kiss him?" asked an excited Liisa [sic] Roeder, a Minneapolis retiree who was one of about 300 people who joined a caravan last month to bring humanitarian aid to Cuba.

It was Aug. 1 when the "*caravanistas*" arrived after a grueling trip. One by one, they walked off the plane and shook the hand of the man who has been Washington's nemesis for over 30 years: Kori Lane, a former missionary, from Edina; Jim Stowell, a Minneapolis storyteller, and Lisa Port and Errol Edwards, organizers for Pastors for Peace, a Minneapolis group that has become a household word in Cuba because of its fight to end the U.S. trade embargo against Cuba. . . .

As Castro put it during his greeting at the airport: "Minnesota is an Olympic champion of humanitarian aid."

[August 15, 1993]

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Doom in Denver

by Dave Shiflett

As Pope John Paul II descended from his plane at Denver's Stapleton International Airport (leaving his dog in the cabin, for some unknown reason), it was clear to even us non-Papists that a powerful harmonic convergence was about to get underway, and that we would be a part of it.

It wasn't that we had suddenly come to renounce the heresy of the monk Luther, nor did the presence of the Holy Father cause us to put newfound stock in the idea of succession, apostolic or otherwise. After all, at the bottom of the steps, Bill Clinton awaited His Holiness, and a line of succession can be drawn straight back from this president to George Washington.

The sort of convergence we were about to experience had more to do with the Pope's unsettling effect on what might be called the activist community. Whatever else you want to say about him, the Pope enrages the right people. Nobody does it better.

John Paul went right to work. After a few welcoming remarks by the president, the Pope began beating Bill and his tarmac guests (Pat Schroeder, Donna Shalala, etc.) over the head. "If you want equal justice for all," the pontiff said in his heavily accented English, "and true freedom and lasting peace, then, America, defend life."

The president and his guests declined to clap at this point, but the Pope's fans, several hundred of whom were on hand, broke into wild applause. In your face, Bill. In the hopeful spirit of the moment, one imagined that if Joycelyn Elders had been on hand, John Paul might have noted her crack about Catholics' love affairs with fetuses just before letting a big pontifical quid sail her way.

Nearly all activists are to be despised, of course, and when the Lord returns, His first act will be to gather them together and run them off a cliff. That is how we will know it is He. The activists driven to the streets by John Paul's visit tended to be foot soldiers in the gonad wars—homosexuality (accept), priestly pedophilia (reject), female priests (promote), even celibacy (no good). They feel very, very strongly about these things.

Normal people who disagree with the Catholic Church's stand on these and other issues recognize them as wonderful justifications for Sunday morning golfing or fishing, but activists are not happy if not making noise. The high point in Denver came when Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, took a swipe at one besieged group in her effort to whack the Holy Father. In remarks delivered at the City of Brest park, she warned, "We're going to keep on defying and protesting and challenging the Catholic hierarchy. We're going to keep it up until the Pope stops calling U.S. Catholic feminists pagans."

For some reason these remarks were not protested by Denver's sizable pagan community, which generally complains at such slights. And one was also led to wonder what Ms. Ireland would say if women were made priests but forced to be celibate.

There were also a few atheist activists on hand. Lee Whitefield, a member of the Freedom from Religion Foundation, wore a shirt proclaiming "Christianity is stupid," a point undermined by subsequent remarks to a reporter: "Somalia is a Catholic country. Those starving children are part of Vatican policy." Somalia's official religion, of course, is Islam, which *Britannica* proclaims is "nearly universal" there.

On the other side of the theological divide, Marvin Simoneau sported a sign pronouncing that "Sodomy is Sin," which was soon grabbed by a homosexual activist and torn to pieces, whereupon it was immediately replaced by another sign with a sterner message: "God's word. No compromise." The most dynamic of all signs, however, was to appear during a large outdoor concert for the Catholic pilgrims put on by Wynonna Judd: "Repent and abandon the harlot's apostasy," it read. The sign-bearer carried on a fairly good-natured harangue while Wynonna sang about Jesus one moment and a "ready-made sex slave" the next.

But what no doubt disturbed the activists most was that there were, comparatively speaking, very few of them. Ireland's protest attracted about 200 people, while the Pope brought in 186,000—and 375,000 for the Papal Mass.

Activists' wounds were only salted by the ecstatic local media, which took less notice of the dissidents than one would normally expect. A review of the week's coverage, which included an adulatory front-page column by *Denver Post* editor Gil Spencer and headlines such as "It's Cool to Be Catholic," shows that the most interesting dissent story involved Sen. Ben Nighthorse Campbell. While numerous other Colorado pols were on hand to meet the president on *his* arrival, Campbell opted for a motorcycle gathering at the Buffalo Chip campground in Sturgis, South Dakota, where the major activity (according to one columnist), was a game called "Bite the Weenie," in which a biker navigates under a mustard-covered hot dog suspended from a string while his passenger attempts (no hands allowed) to bite off as much as possible.

In your face again, Bill.

And don't forget Al. As the pontiff prepared to climb back into the plane that would take him home, he stood beside the vice president and condemned the "culture of death." Al looked no more alive than usual as the Pope bid his farewell: "The culture of life means respect for nature and protection of God's work of creation. In a special way it means respect for human life from the first moment of conception to its natural end." Then he entered the plane, where his dog awaited him, and flew away. ❐

Dave Shiflett is deputy editorial page editor of the Rocky Mountain News *and* TAS*'s Rocky Mountain editor.*

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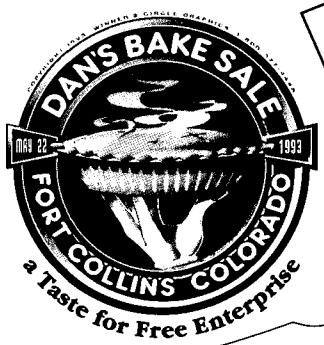

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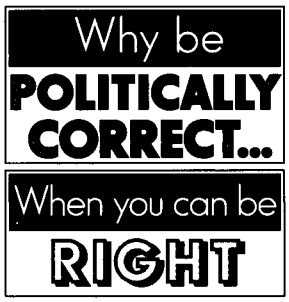
(FRONT)

(BACK)



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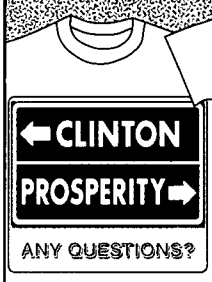

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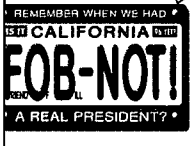

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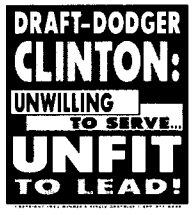

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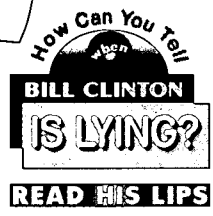

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